Bull, November 28, 1931.
WOPENCE.

JOHN BULL

OVER 1,500,000 CERTIFIED SALE

Vol. L.
No. 1328.

Platignum

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PENS · PENCILS
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AND DESK SETS
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"READICUT" RUG WOOLS

CUT INTO LENGTHS

No winding, gauging or cutting up. Supplied in HANKS if preferred. 100 shades to select from.

FROM **1/6** PER LB

1/6 RUG BOOK FREE. Containing 12 coloured designs, together with free patterns of Super Cable and Super 6-fold Rug Wool, Canvas, etc. Send a p.c. to-day.

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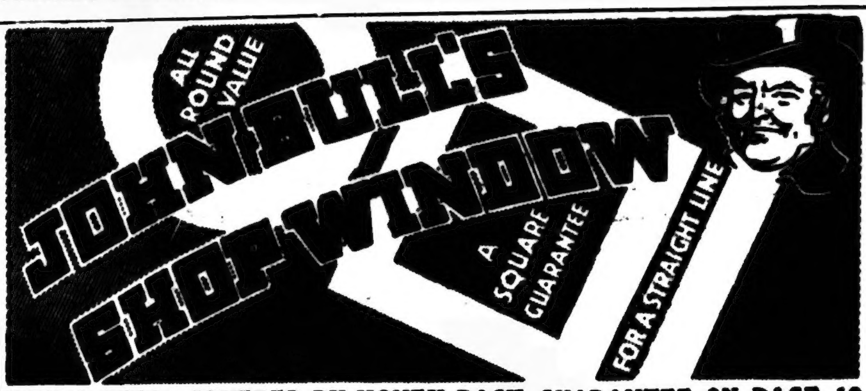
Dept. J.B., Ossett, Yorks.



EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 10

# This 1932 MODEL Loudspeak
for 2/6 down

Get the best out of your ... This latest model ... handsome compact, efficient ... thing ... that you have missed on your old speaker, those much valued low notes as well as the top ... of the piano. With this Loudspeaker to help, the entertainment value of your set, both in purity and volume, is increased ... Size 12½ x 10½. Terms 2/6 down and 10 weekly payments of 2/-, or 21/- cash down. Post to P.O.S.T. and P.O.S.T. ... POST to your Address Dept. ...

POST ORDER SERVICE TRADERS
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SEND NO MONEY.

Sent on Free Approval on receipt of a postcard.

The "SOUTHERN ISLES" UKULELE BANJO.

You can play this delightful instrument with very little practice with the aid of our Free Lightning Tutor. Brass Fretted Finger Board; sweet, mellow tone; solidly built; highly polished finish. 20/- VALUE for 11/9. We will send you one of these "Southern Isles" real Ukulele Banjos upon receipt of your name and address. If entirely to your satisfaction you send 1/6 on receipt and 1/- fortnightly until 11/9 is paid. Full cash with order or balance within 7 days, 10/6 only.—J. A. DAVIS & CO. (Dept. J.B. 49), 94-104, Denmark Hill, London, S.E.5

BABY CLOTHES 30/-

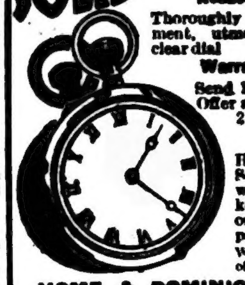
A CHARMING HOME-MADE LONG-CLOTHES LAYETTE (Everything Necessary).

75 beautiful garments (for Winter or Summer Baby). Silk and Wool Shawl, Bmb. Robes, Lawn or Wincey, Day Gowns, L'cloth, Flan. or Wincey Nighties, Wrapper Vests, Back Flannels, Hand-Knitted Wool Matinee Coats, Binders, Feeders, Turk Napkins, etc. Every purchaser delighted. Satisfaction guaranteed. SEND 2/- for parcel on appro., then judge yourself. (Bal. cash or terms.)

RECENT PURCHASERS WRITE :—"Worth £5." "No expectant mother would trouble to make if she knew of your bargain." "Highly satisfied." "Materials and make perfect." Etc., etc.

MRS. J. B. HOWARD,
60, Dover Rd., Portsmouth.

Gents SOLID SILVER WATCH



Reduced from 3 guineas.

Thoroughly tested jewelled movement, utmost precision, handsome clear dial 32/6

Warranted for 15 years.

Send 1/6 to-day for this Special Offer and 1/6 fortnightly. 2/- discount cash with order.

SPECIAL GIFT.

Handsome Hall-marked Solid Silver Albert to wear with this excellent timekeeper given Free of Charge on completion of regular payments.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue of our famous Wrist Watches

HOME & DOMINIONS WATCH CO.,
6, White Hart Court, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2.

HIDE GAUNTLETS

Overall length 15 inches

Of pliable nut brown stout hide, specially treated to render absolutely waterproof. Cut in one piece, fingers gusseted and fleece lining. These splendid Gloves are well-nigh indestructible and will give endless wear.

3/6

Postage 6d.

Money-back Guarantee.

Take advantage of these surplus Government Military Gauntlet Gloves now, as they are an absolute bargain and undoubtedly cost treble our price to produce. Full Men's size only.

NUTTALL,
1, GOODMAYES, ILFORD.

WADDED DOWN QUILTS free

To advertise this complete bale for 20/-.

2 Woolly Blankets	90 x 70
2 Bolton Sheets	90 x 70
2 Pillow Slips	30 x 18
1 Bolster Case	58 x 18
1 Lovely hand-painted Bedspread	80 x 60
2 Turkish Towels	

All double bed size.

We are giving Free of Cost a 66 x 48 Beautiful Wadded DOWN QUILT

If cash sent with order we will also include a pair of Artificial Silk Stockings.

Money back if not satisfied.

Cash or C.O.D. Sent Carr. Free

MANCHESTER TEXTILE CO.,
Dept. B.S., 112, Grosvenor St.,
MANCHESTER.

MONSTER BEDDING BARGAIN

CARR PAID 40/-

The value of our Bedding Bales is well known, but the contents of the Monster Bales now offered exceeds by far anything we have ever offered previously. The **quantity** of articles has been **doubled**, but the quality remains the same. **Guaranteed British Made** and for **Full Size Double Beds**. In addition we shall include with every Bale the remarkable gift of a handsome 12-piece Stainless Cutlery Set, nicely packed in an attractive case.

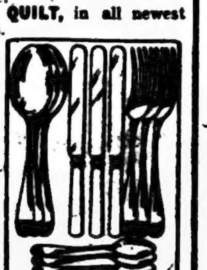
WITH FREE GIFT OF HANDSOME 12-PIECE CUTLERY SET

ONE Art **DOWN QUILT** (in good quality Sateen cover and panels).

FOUR WHITE WOOLLY BLANKETS, English-made, whipped and bordered.

FOUR FINE TWILL SHEETS, real Lancashire woven, soft and durable.

ONE lovely **ALHAMBRA QUILT**, in all newest colourings and designs.



TWO PILLOW CASES, pure White Longcloth, hemmed and buttoned.

ONE BOLSTER CASE, pure White Longcloth, hemmed and buttoned.

TWO STRIPED TURKISH TOWELS.

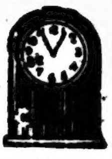
ONE BEDROOM RUG, coloured floral design.

TWO PAIRS of lovely **CREAM CURTAINS**, or

PAIR of long **NOTTINGHAM LACE CURTAINS.**

FREE GIFT of handsome 12-piece Cutlery Set comprising 3 Sheffield Stainless Dessert Knives, also 3 Dessert Forks, 3 Dessert Spoons, and 3 Teaspoons, all in good quality Stainless Nickel, nicely packed in an attractive case.

40/- Carriage Paid

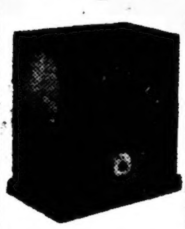


EXTRA GIFT *of this charming* **CLOCK**, *suitable for any room, if full cash sent with order.*

This Bale can be purchased by easy instalments. Send for particulars. *Treasury notes should be registered.* Money refunded if not satisfied.

L. & C. MOSS (Dept. 25), 38, CANNEL STREET, Ancoats, MANCHESTER.

Eclipse RADIO-BARGAI



The Harmony

for **10/-** down

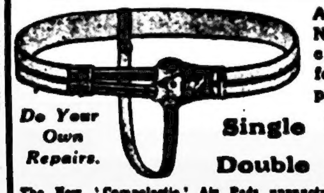
A powerful 3-valve British Made Radio Receiver, absolutely complete with Loud Speaker, Osram Valves, Exide Batteries and Exide Accumulator all entirely self-contained in a handsome Walnut Cabinet. Sent Carriage Paid to your home ready to switch on for

£5-7-6 cash or 10/- monthly. No extra

Write at once for Beautiful Illustrated Booklet

ECLIPSE RADIOPHONES (Dept. 3.H)
97, GRAY'S INN ROAD, LONDON, W.C.

RUPTURE ELASTIC TRUSSES AND APPLIANCES



Any style. No extra charge for large pads.

Do Your Own Repairs.

Single **12/6**

Double **17/-**

The New 'Compolastic' Air Pads unpuncturable. Best quality elastic Webbings and Spare Parts supplied for any kind of Elastic Truss. Money returned if not satisfied.

FREE TRUSSES for National Health Insured person. Send for Illustrated Price List and measurement form. POST FREE.

C. A. MACBETH (J.B.F),
124, St. John's Hill, Clapham Junction, London, S.W.11. 'Phone: Batt. 4947.

HALF-PRICE DRY CLEANING SERVICE

The Cheapest and Best in the whole Country.

SUITS, COSTUMES, LIGHT COATS, **3/6**

DRESSES (Pleating Extra.) *Cash with order or C.O.D.*

POST YOUR ORDERS. WE PAY RETURN POSTAGE

FOUR DAYS' SERVICE

Write for complete Price List. We can save you money.

BARE DRY-CLEANING WORKS
Dept. J.B.,
BARE, MORECAMBE, LANCS.

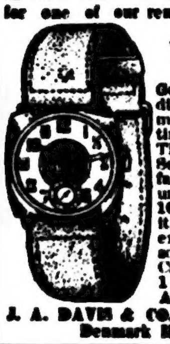
WOULD YOU LIKE A FREE RILEY BILLIARD TABLE for your HOME?

Write for details and price list.

E. J. RILEY, Ltd., Anson Works, Accrington.
and at Dept. 6, 147, Aldersgate St., London, E.C.1

SEND NO MONEY

for one of our renowned "Day or Night" LADY'S OR GENT'S WRIST WATCHES



Outstanding Value!

Gent's Size—Fully luminous dial, splendid quality tested movement, highly polished platinon case, leather sewn strap. Timed to a minute a month. Sent on free approval. If satisfactory, pay 1/6 fortnightly until 17/9 is paid. Cash price 16/9. Lady's Size—Same quality on Black Moire band or expanding Bracelet, in handsome velvet-lined case, 17/9. Cash price 16/9. Same terms, 1/6 fortnightly after receipt. Also another superior, 18/9.

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Wadded Down QUILTS FREE

2 White Woolly Blankets	90 x 70
2 Good Bolton Sheets	90 x 70
2 White Pillow Slips	
1 White Bolster Case	
1 Hand-dec'd Bedspread	80 x 80
2 Coloured Turkish Towels	
½ doz. Dainty Handkerchiefs	

ALL DOUBLE BED SIZE.

Money back if not satisfied.

The Lot **20/-** Carr. Free.

Cash or C.O.D. Immediate Delivery.

A Handsome Wadded DOWN QUILT and a pair of Artificial Silk Stockings free with each Bale.

STANDARD (MANCHESTER) Ltd.
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RAZOR BLADE RESETTE & ASHTRA

BRITISH MADE

TWO useful articles in one—a money-saving ... for safety razor users and a ... useful ashtray. ... made of crystal glass ... "Dulcet" Resetter ... keen edge on old blades ... super-edge on dull ... Saves its cost in ... and lasts for years.

For all types of razor blades. Simple to use and always on the spot. The cheapest and most efficient sharpener yet invented. Full instructions supplied. Send P.O. NOW

EMARSON & CO., (Dept. J.B.), 30, Horsley Rd., LONDON, E.4.
Dulcet Blade given free to all purchasers

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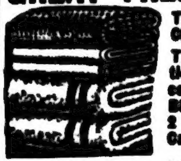

To Agents forming 1/- Weekly Clubs. 1,000 Agents Wanted.

The BALE is FREE, in addition to usual commission. It contains Bedspread, pr. Woolly Blankets, pr. Grey Sheets, 2 Pillow Cases and Bolster Case. Fill up the Coupon.

COUPON

To the BRITISH BENEFIT STORES, LTD.,
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Please send me particulars of your Free Gift Offer as advertised. *Please write in CAPITALS.*

NAME ....

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Post in unsealed envelope with ½d. stamp.

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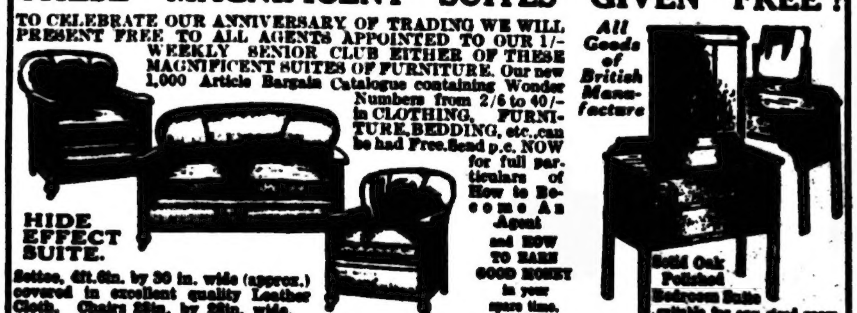
TO CELEBRATE OUR ANNIVERSARY OF TRADING WE WILL PRESENT FREE TO ALL AGENTS APPOINTED TO OUR 1/- WEEKLY SENIOR CLUB EITHER OF THESE MAGNIFICENT SUITES OF FURNITURE. Our new 1,000 Article Bargain Catalogue containing Wonder Numbers from 2/6 to 40/- in CLOTHING, FURNITURE, BEDDING, etc., can be had Free. Send p.c. NOW for full particulars of How to Become An Agent and HOW TO EARN GOOD MONEY in your spare time.



All Goods of British Manufacture

HIDE EFFECT SUITE.

Settee, 4ft. 6in. by 30 in. wide (approx.) covered in excellent quality Leather Cloth. Chairs 28in. by 28in. wide.

Solid Oak Polished Bedroom Suite suitable for any sized room.

DAVE'S BENEFIT STORES (Dept. J.B.), 136, Ashton New Rd., MANCHESTER.

FROM 5/7
Per Month DELIVERED ON FIRST PAYMENT
THAT SHED You Nee

For storing Tools, Cycles, Prams, Household Goods, etc. Prompt despatch ... easily erected ... Carriage paid to your station in 6 strong ... 5/8-in. planed, moulded, rebated weatherboards. ... Felt supplied. Floors extra. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Long Wide High		Cash			Payments
6 ft. x 5 ft. x 6½ ft.	..	£3	1	0	10 8
8 ft. x 6 ft. x 6½ ft.	..	£4	11	0	15 11
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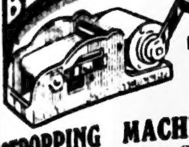
BIG CATALOGUE of Portable Buildings F...

F. & H. SUTCLIFFE, LTD., 82, Wood To...
Hebden Bridge, Yorks. London Showrooms, 40-42, Oxf...

STROPS TEN BLADES AT ONCE

GILLETTE PATTERN

AMAZING BARGAIN



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SALE PRICE 1/11

STROPPING MACHINE Postage 4d.

A few turns of the handle and your Gillette or Gillette-type blades (old or new pattern) have a KEENER EDGE THAN WHEN NEW. Strops 1 to 10 blades at a time, requiring no longer to sharpen ten than one—just a few seconds. In box with easy instructions. Extra strong, well finished. BEST BRITISH MADE. Clearance Price 1/11 (post 4d.). Send NOW 2/3 P.O. to—K. PENN (Dept. 30), 78, JUNCTION ROAD, LONDON, N.19. MONEY BACK IF NOT DELIGHTED.

Make Rugs and Mats on your Sewing Machine!

WITH THIS WONDERFUL LIGHTNING RUGMAKER.

Fits any make of sewing machine (hand or treadle) and no adjustment required. Speedily makes full size hearthrug or a dainty slip mat. Uses any Wool or odd strips of cloth. Wonderful effects obtained with special attachments for making long, short or medium pile. Scores of testimonials from delighted users. Simple illustrated directions supplied with this guaranteed British made invention.

WHY NOT MAKE AND SELL RUGS IN YOUR SPARE TIME AND ADD TO YOUR INCOME? RUG MAKING IS FASCINATING AND PROFITABLE.

SALE PRICE 1/- (Post 3d.), send NOW.

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"TRIMIT," the Superior British Self-Trimming Comb, complete with adjustable blade, ready for use, keeps your hair neatly trimmed for a life-time. For Ladies Gents and Children.

1/- Post 3d.

Two spare Blades 3d. extra

TRIMS AS IT COMBS

Saves endless time and expenses in visits to hairdresser

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YOURS FREE!

3,000 FACTORY BARGAINS & FREE PRIZES
Lady's fine Chromium plated Wrist Watch One payment only 7/6

5 000 amazing money-saving Watch and Jewel Bargains fill H. Samuel's monster **FREE BOOK!** Send postcard to the Factory now! Handsome **FREE PRIZES!**

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H. SAMUEL Ltd.
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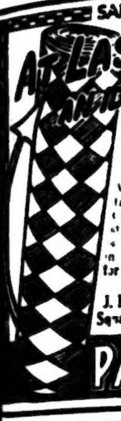
SAMPLES FREE

AT LAST! AN IDEAL FLOOR COVERING



60 SQ. FT. for 10/6

THICKER THAN LINOLEUM

Waterproof, Rotproof and Sanitary. For either Brick, Stone, Concrete or Wood Floors. Being stainless, a damp cloth is all that is required to clean it. Supplied in rolls containing 60 square feet for 10/6. Longer lengths pro rata.

All rolls are two yards wide.

J. B. ANDREWS & SONS, Sutherland Square, Walworth Rd. London, S.E.17.

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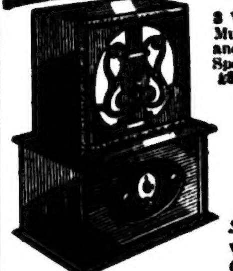

FULLY GUARANTEED

3 VALVE set complete with Mullard Valves, all accessories and handsome Cabinet Loud Speaker. Usual Price £8:8:0. Our Price

£5.19.6

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Ready for use. Nothing more to buy. Numerous other models at similar reductions, from 79/6.

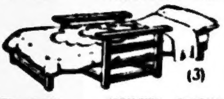
Send for illustrated list.

VICTORIA C. & C. CO., (Dept. W.33), 11, Victoria St., Westminster, S.W.1.

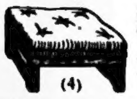
FULL LENGTH BED CHAIR with SPRING SEATS 2/6

(1)

(2)



(3)



(4)

ONLY send 2/6 and we deliver to your address this handsome Bed-Chair with SPRING SEAT. 12 further weekly payments of 2/6 complete purchase. SOLID OAK FRAMES polished rich nut brown, 3 velvet cord cushions, any colour, 2 seat cushions reversible. Leg rest detachable and very useful as fireside seat (see illus. 4). Our patent spring seats ensure comfort with permanent springing. Carr. Free Eng. P.O.'s only. CASH PRICE 30/-

Send for new Coloured List J.B.

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GENUINE South African Field Boots

Marvellous Bargain as illustrated, fine, pliable full chrome black calf uppers, Double Tongues, Double Soles. Built for long service and hard wear 7/9, postage 9d. Better quality, 8/11, postage 9d. Extra stout, in black dull chrome grain leather, with or without toecap, 9/11, postage 9d.

7/9 Post 9d. Sizes 6–11.

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Over Midland Bank

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to every "John Bull" Reader.
A BONUS OF 3 EXTRA BLADES.

24 FOR 1/- post free
Try 3 free

Why pay 4d. each for **RAZOR BLADES?** Our "Best" is guaranteed by "John Bull" to give you every satisfaction. We will refund your 1/- in full if not fully pleased after trying 3 blades.

Trade enquiries invited.

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CASEMENT CURTAINING—SALE

LAST 7 DAYS

29,500 Yds. FADELESS CASEMENT SUNGLOW NETS AND CRETONNES

1D. P.C. BRINGS Pattern Book Post Free.

Actual Samples of plain Hemstitched. Inserted. Guaranteed Fadeless Cretonnes, Reps, Nets, Poplins, Satins, Stripes, etc.

Post Free PATTERN BOOK Actual Samples.

FROM 3D. Per Yard.

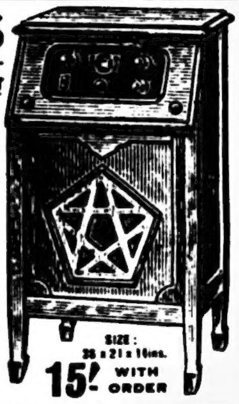
SEND P.C. TO-DAY.

CRETONNE and FADELESS CURTAINING $4\frac{3}{4}$D. yard. WITH A GUARANTEE

CASEMENT MFG. CO. (Dept. JB 42),
Allum Street Mills, Manchester.

GRAVES

SCREENED GRID THREE-VALVE WIRELESS SET



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SIZE: 38 x 21 x 16ins.

15/- WITH ORDER

J. G. GRAVES LTD.
SHEFFIELD

WADDED QUILTS FREE

£1 ONLY

Woolly Blankets	80x60
Strong Sheets	80x60
Pillow Slips	30x18
Bolster Case	58x18
Art. Bedspread	80x60
Check Glass Cloths	
Turkish Towels	42x20
Damask Table Cloth	54x54
Pair Art. Silk Stockings	

COMPLETE BARGAIN BALE ONLY 20/- Carr. Free.

No further Payments Cash or C.O.D.

FREE GIFT of a handsome WADDED QUILT, sent with each bale.

Satisfaction or money back.

TON MILL Co. Dept. C, St. MANCHESTER.

THE WORLD'S BEST WATCH

AT BEST VALUE EVER GIVEN

1/- DOWN

YOU WILL BE PLEASED

GENT'S LEVER WRISTLET

Elegant cushion shape, luminous dial, unbreakable face, ¾ plate gilt movement, straight regulator. A CHARMING PRESENT. CASH PRICE 17/6, or 2/- weekly for 9 weeks (19/- in all). **LADY'S MODEL** same price. Written guarantee with each Watch. Money returned if not satisfied. **SPECIAL CHRISTMAS OFFER:** Cash customers will be presented with a **Free Gift** of a beautiful **COTTAGE CLOCK** for the wall, giving good service for many years.

(A) **EXPRESS MAIL ORDER CO.** *(for Satisfaction)*,
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THE WORLD'S BEST VALUE

GENTS POCKET WATCH

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Warranted

Not to be beaten in keeping time, chromium plated, luminous dial, unbreakable face, pin lever, ¾ plate gilt movement, straight regulator. A VERY FINE PRESENT. Reliable, dependable, strong. Written guarantee with each watch. CASH PRICE 11/6, or 2/- weekly for 6 weeks (13/- in all). Money returned if not satisfied.

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(for satisfaction)
336a, Station Rd., Harrow, Middx.

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FROM 5/5 DOWN

ARMY HUTS PAVILIONS BUNGALOWS GARAGES etc., etc.

Span Roof type Sheds as above. A novice can erect. Complete, ready for use. 6 sections to bolt together. ¾ in. weatherboards. Planed framing. Roofing felt. Useful for storage, cycles, workshops, etc. Prompt despatch on first payment. Balance monthly if satisfied.

Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash Price.	6 payments	Or 12
6 ft.	4 ft.	6½ ft.	£2 . 19 . 0	of 10/4	of 5/5
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Carriage Paid. Send for large Free Book No. 46 of over 1,500 sizes and designs. Delivery to door arranged anywhere.

Works open till 5 p.m. Saturdays.

J. THORN & SONS. (Box 46), Brampton-rd., Bexleyheath, Kent.

ENJOY THE WINTER NIGHTS

play BAGATELLE

7/6 DOWN brings the 6ft. Riley Bagatelle Table on 7 days' Free Trial.

Everybody at home will revel in the never failing joys of Bagatelle. The 6 ft. Riley Bagatelle Table is delivered on first payment of 7/6, carriage paid and transit risks taken by Rileys, balance payable by easy monthly instalments. All accessories included. Cash price £8 10s. There are also two other sizes, 7 ft. and 8 ft. All fold away when not in use. Send for illustrated list.

32 Free Billiard Tables. Write for details and price list.

E. J. RILEY, LTD.
Lane Works, Accrington.
and at Dept. 18, 147, Aldersgate Street, LONDON, E.C.1.

AMAZING VOLUME OF SOUND FROM HAND'S WONDERFUL LOUDSPEAKER SOUND BOX

SEND NO MONEY

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For the People— *—the Right to Justice and Truth*

THURSDAY,
for Week ending Saturday, Nov. 28, 1931. Twopence. *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, 1d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.*

"If you see it in 'John Bull,' it is so"

Kylsant Case Sequel—The Coming Storm

Sweep Idea Comes Back

Piling on the Rent Agony

MUCH more is to be heard of the Kylsant case, for stockholders, having recovered from the shock of the prosecution, are raising new problems.

The sum of **£2,000,000 was invested** in Royal Mail Steam Packet Company debentures in 1928 on the inducement of the prospectus which has now been pronounced by high judicial authority to be false in a material particular.

Stockholders now rightly protest that not a penny of the £2,000,000 would have been invested had this prospectus indicated the true position.

Trouble to follow

Fresh complications arise because other distinguished names appeared on the prospectus besides Lord Kylsant's, which, stockholders declare, all helped to inspire confidence, and they want to know why the resignations of three of these directors, tendered long ago, have not been accepted.

It may be that these directors were unaware that the prospectus was false, but the fact remains that they signed it.

• • •

Stockholders have so far failed to discover any official explanation for this and other problems; so we invite the Rt. Hon. Walter Runciman, the President of the Board of Trade—who, prior to his present appointment, was called in to assist in the investigation of the company's affairs—to issue some authoritative statement on the subject.

• • •

Meanwhile, a number of courageous stockholders are uniting to see if litigation in the Civil Court can bring them any redress.

Land tax doomed

As John Bull foreshadowed a few weeks ago, the Tories are demanding that the Land Values Tax must be killed and all the work of valuation suspended. Look out for an early announcement by Mr. Chamberlain, Chancellor of the Exchequer.

• • •

According to the agreed plan, the valuation should be completed in about eighteen months' time, and the tax of d. in the £ is to be collected from April, 1933.

While we have been—and still are—keen advocates of "collecting the economic rent of the land," we have no regrets over the scrapping of Mr. Snowden's cumbersome machinery.

Higher rents

The cuts in unemployment pay now beginning under the Economy Act will mean *higher rents* for hundreds of thousands of working-class families unless immediate action is taken.

• • •

Under the Rent Restriction Act, the landlord can add to the rent the amount of any increase he has to pay in rates. Many of the people now losing their unemployment pay will have to apply for Poor Relief, which comes out of the rates.

The result is that the Poor Rate in many towns will show an increase when the scale for the next half year comes to be settled. The landlord's property will be called on to bear a bigger rate.

• • •

But, as the law provides, he will not pay it. He will simply pass it on to the tenant.

The whole situation is exceedingly grave, as shown in the passive resistance of certain London tenants. Last week we urged the Minister of Health to act speedily.

The bread question

The Government will pass a law to give the British farmers a Wheat Quota early next session. The quota will probably be 15 per cent. That means that every loaf baked will have to contain 15 per cent. of British wheat.

The plan is easy to work, and there is not likely to be any difficulty about putting it into operation. It will not put many more acres under wheat, but it will give the farmer a guaranteed market for his crop and a guaranteed price per bushel.

Millers' fight

But the difficulty will come with the next step—a quota for Empire wheat, or a preferential tariff.

The Empire Tourist

Nobody in the Cabinet can pluck up courage to tax wheat, so they are falling back on the quota, and to try to make terms about it they are sending Mr. Thomas on his tour of the Empire.

An added complication is that British millers are now demanding a tax on flour and Empire millers who do a huge trade with us are up in arms.

Unless the Government is careful, its Empire preference plans are going to cause as much trouble in the Empire as Mr. Thomas' famous speech at the time of the last conference, when he criticised the Canadian tariff proposals.

It means work

Back Bench Conservative M.P.s are suggesting to their Ministers that there should be no further granting of trade credits to Moscow until the Anglo-Russian debt question has been settled.

They are also demanding that a prohibitive tariff be imposed on all the Russian timber, flax, butter, eggs, wheat and farm products generally that are coming into this country from the Soviet Union.

Farseeing industrialists do not agree with this propaganda and if the meddling of M.P.s causes them to lose any of the big contracts they are negotiating—which will bring much work to British factories—there will be trouble in the Party camp.

A woman's warning

The only person in the new Parliament who has yet made a demand for a reformed electoral system which will give minorities more adequate representation is Miss Eleanor Rathbone, Independent Member for the English Universities.

The wind may change, she says

Miss Rathbone warned the Government that another time the wind may blow from a different quarter, and Conservatives may meet the fate that has recently overtaken the Labour Party. She suggests it is not a good thing that Parliament should act like a distorting mirror in reflecting opinion in the country.

Putting present Party considerations on one side, it is clear the electoral machine needs reconstruction.

A little extra

It is now fairly certain that the London passenger Transport Bill Mr. Morrison's measure to group together under one great publicly-controlled Board the London tubes, trams and 'buses—will be passed into law in substantially its present form.

• • •

Amendments of detail will be made, however, to satisfy some of the companies and Corporations who are now complaining of the terms they were offered.

The Metropolitan Railway, for instance, will probably have its Home Counties system dealt with on a "main line" basis and its city and suburban track on a similar basis to that of the London tubes.

Slightly better terms than at present may also be offered to the London County Council.

Important ruling

Unless the Government frames a new Order immediately, the compensation rights of tinplate workers all over the country will be affected by a judgment given in a compensation case heard at Swansea the other day.

David Jones, a Swansea tinplate worker, claimed compensation in respect of heat cataract of the right eye, contracted, it was claimed, while he was employed at a local tinplate works.

His Honour Judge Rowland Rowlands decided that Jones was not engaged in the manufacture of iron and steel and therefore not in the heat cataract Order of the Workmen's Compensation Act.

This is one of the most important compensation rulings of recent years, for it deprives tinplate workers of a compensation claim under the heat cataract Order. And tinplate workers suffer from heat cataract almost to the same extent as iron and steel workers.

Lotteries here?

Supporters of the legalising of lotteries for charitable purposes in England declare there is a substantial majority in the House of Commons in favour of such a step, and already a proposal is under consideration to introduce a Bill for this purpose early next year.

At least four prominent members of the Cabinet are stated to be in favour of these lotteries, under proper control and safeguards, but it is quite another matter whether they can bring their fellow Ministers to their way of thinking.

The proposed Bill will be a purely private member measure, and only if the feeling of the House is overwhelmingly in its favour will it receive Government support.

Out-patient problem

The British Medical Association is tackling the question of the number of out-patients treated at voluntary hospitals.

It considers that numerous cases could have been equally well treated by a private doctor, a panel doctor or by the Public Assistance Service.

The overcrowding of out-patient departments has long been a grave scandal, and we think that all cases might be referred to appropriate doctors or authorities, except where it is in the patient's best interest to be treated at the hospital.

A pricked bubble

John Bull cannot shed one single tear over the decision to break up and sell to the scrap yard the airship R100.

The only regret is that all the men connected with it and its tragic sister-ship R101, have not been absorbed into suitable employment.

For years we have opposed these costly gas-bag experiments—costly in life as well as treasure. The success of Dr. Eckener's Zeppelin and America's latest launch of the world's super-airship leaves us cold.

The airship in its present state of development is a failure, and we have no hesitation in saying that its possibilities can be more safely and usefully examined in the laboratory and the workshop.

“If You See It—” —continued

Friends in need

We are glad to see that the Society of Friends is again coming to the rescue of the unemployed allotment holders whose funds have been withdrawn by the Government.

In 1928, the Society of Friends formed allotment societies all over the distressed areas in Wales, and gave thousands of out-of-work miners a plot of land to cultivate, tools and seed. Something like half a million pounds' worth of food was grown in Wales, and later on the movement spread to the North.

They are now trying to raise a sum of £30,000 to keep the work going which the Government has dropped.

Sweat shops

In our leading article on page 19 we deal with "Shameful Shop Slavery" as exposed in the report of the Special Committee.

An inspector of factories at South Shields now supplements the indictment: a manageress of a bakery receives 22s. 6d. a week for about 55 hours' work. At another shop, women assistants are paid 13s. 4d. a week. One large draper pays young girls 3s. 6d. a week!

Life-savers

The long battle of miners' representatives to secure the compulsory use of automatic gas detectors in coal mines is very nearly won.

Fighting for pit safety

Further tests of newly constructed detectors under working conditions in Yorkshire pits have proved beyond doubt that the new instruments are reasonably reliable.

Mr. Foot, the Secretary for Mines, has convened a conference of representatives of coal owners and miners to discuss with him how best to make use of the instrument to minimise the risk of pit explosions.

We hope that the Minister will not tolerate further obstruction to an extensive use of this appliance. *It was invented many years ago.*

Queer excuse

To find jobs for as many Conservatives and Liberals as possible in the new Government, the Prime Minister has made a surprisingly large number of appointments—particularly in view of the need for public economy.

When he was questioned in the House as to the reason for reviving the post of Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Pensions—after a period of two and a half years—the Prime Minister said that the work of the Department during the past two years had been somewhat in arrears.

• • •

This was not very complimentary to the hard-working and efficient ex-Minister of Pensions, Mr. F. O. Roberts. It would be interesting to know what Mr. Roberts has to say on that point.

Action

Less than a month ago **JOHN BULL** pointed out that people in Chorlton-on-Medlock, Manchester, were living under dreadful conditions of overcrowding. We said that there was not time for long arguments in council chambers, and advised Manchester to get on with the job.

Since then a report has been presented to the Public Health Committee, and action is to be taken in respect of cases where the number of lodgers exceeds the number for which rooms have been registered. In one instance seven people of both sexes were crowded into one room, while another house contained no fewer than forty-two lodgers.

A good beginning, Manchester, but there is still plenty of scope for the Committee.

Honoured

Major-General Sir Wyndham Childs, who has presided over **JOHN BULL'S** Investigation Department for the past three years, has been nominated High Sheriff for the Counties of Huntingdon and Cambridge.

The post is a much-coveted one, and we are proud to know that Sir Wyndham has thus gained one more honour in his unique service to the State.

In spite of increasing responsibilities, Sir Wyndham intends to continue his fine work on **JOHN BULL**.

Fruity suggestion

Fruit is being displayed in shop windows in all parts of the country with the slogan, "Buy Empire Produce," appearing conspicuously amid the crimson and gold. But what of the baskets?

The baskets in which some of this fruit is displayed are made abroad!

The blind workers, the deaf, and thousands of ex-Service men who have been trained to make light of their injuries are suffering through "trade depression," whilst £425,000 worth of foreign baskets are imported every year.

750 per cent.

Profiteering is not allowed, we are told. But what else is the action of a Home Counties public utility company which buys electric current from a neighbouring concern at one penny a unit and retails it at 7½d.?

It's high time to curtail the wide statutory powers enjoyed by public utility companies when they are put to such scandalous use as this.

Sweep "receipts"

Judging by a pile of counterfeit Irish Hospitals Sweepstake ticket receipt forms that reached us anonymously, it is very evident that jiggery-pokery has been going on in regard to the disposal of tickets by some unprincipled sweep.

The imitation of the official receipt is cunningly done, and would pass a casual inspection.

Forged receipts are a new departure and we recommend it to the attention of the Free State police.

An attack on "Dora"

Ever since "Dora" was invented, the holders of off-licences have been hampered by the most ridiculous and childish restrictions on their sales.

His jab for "Dora"

As the law now stands it is impossible to buy less than a bottle of whisky from off-licence premises, and illegal to buy spirits at all from such a place on Sundays.

Strong pressure is being employed for the removal of such stupid regulations, and Mr. W. J. Womersley, M.P., who is working hard in this connection, has hopes that they will be wiped out in the next Budget.

Postal Nosey Parker

Readers in Yorkshire, Middlesex and Surrey have written to complain that their landlords have received mysterious communications from a Mr. S. Probyn, of Excel House, Whitcomb Street, London.

Mr. Probyn wants to know whether the readers referred to are still at their usual addresses or whether they have removed elsewhere. But he doesn't say why.

The mystery deepens when we find that Mr. Probyn is rarely in evidence at Whitcomb Street, where nothing is known of the nature of his business.

"Not necessitous"

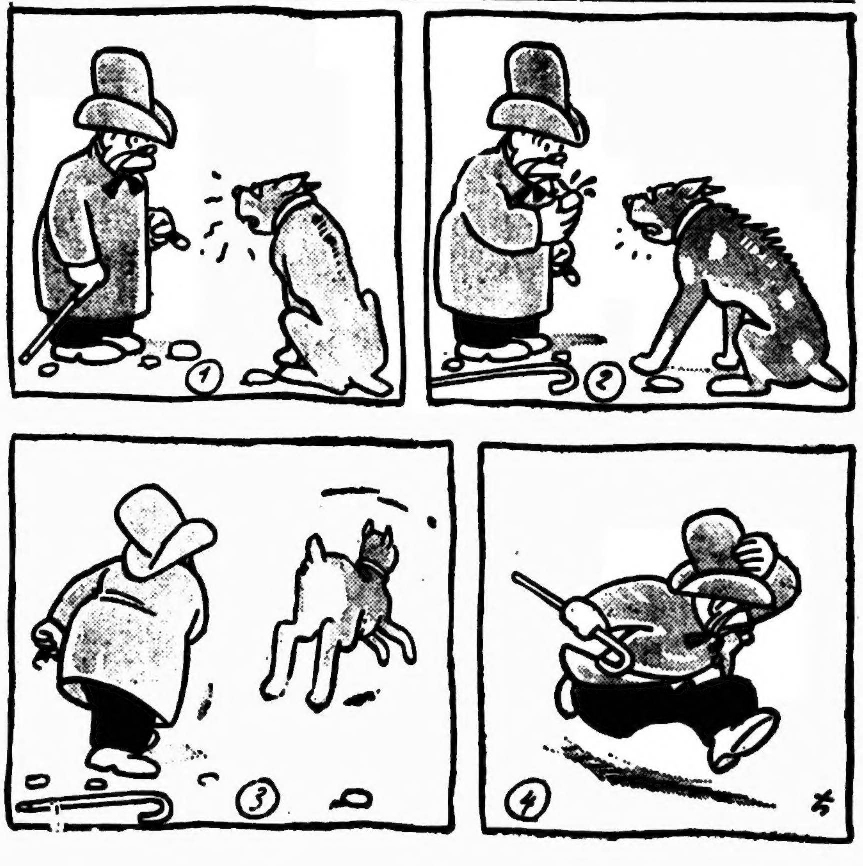
Because he cannot get a house, Mr. A. Bawden, of Minehead, Somerset, ex-Service man, lives with his wife and family of two girls and two boys in a loft over a cellar at Minehead Quay.

The loft can only be reached by an outside flight of stairs, and has no sanitary or washing arrangements whatsoever. The whole family sleeping in one part of the loft, wh is partitioned off, though Mr. Bawd eldest daughter is seventeen and eldest son fourteen.

Minehead Urban Council know circumstances, but they turned do the man's application for a Cou house on the ground that his was a necessitous case.

Minehead calls itself a health res

ADAMSON'S— —Lucky Stone!



Martyr pose

"I will never pay for another ma sin!"

With this dramatic outburst, Pas Bertram John Russell, of Bridgwa has elected to serve six weeks in rather than pay arrears of maint ance to a young woman he wronged.

This theatrical pose is typical o man who has exploited evangeli fields for his own gain. But it wo wash.

He has been found guilty in a co of law, and was, as **JOHN BULL** poin out, self-convicted by letters which penned to his victim assuring her t he would "stand by her" in trouble.

Missing!

An Irish reader complains t though he sent a remittance to a f known as Home and Foreign Suppli Ltd., of Haymarket, London, for c tain hardware, he has never he anything more.

The reason for the silence is app ent from inquiries here in Lond This company has abandoned offices, leaving no address to wh correspondence can be forwarded.

• • •

Meanwhile, a big London hardw company is protesting that the miss firm has impudently misused its ca logue in booking orders with authority.

Traders everywhere should t warning.

Fagging for others

Mr. George Giddings, of 30, Co harbour Lane, Camberwell, Lond S.E.5, the kind-hearted cripple who so assiduous in collecting "fag-card which he sells in sets, giving proceeds to King's College Hospi reminds us that he is still in need cards.

We have previously commended Giddings' good work, and again bri it to the notice of **JOHN BULL** reade Send him your spare cards.

Brazen sneer

Described as a "life-long crimina Frederick Albert Dennison has j been sentenced to three years' pe servitude by Mr. Justice Acton at Br tol Assizes.

This conviction will be of interest our readers, for Dennison was fu exposed in **JOHN BULL** last October a "Forger With Forty Faces."

He maintained this reputation to t last and went down to the cells w a sneering smile!

Another doorstep dodge

An ingenious swindler, posing as ex-Service man, is calling on hous wives in South London, offering repair boots and shoes at a low ra and re-deliver them when the work done. Nearly two months ago he c lected several pairs of men's bo which the unfortunate owners are n likely to see again.

A blackguard jailed

People every day are being stru off the "dole." What do the genu recipients of the "dole" think James Hodgson, of Dorset Stre Salford?

Offered work at 6s. a day, he refus with the boast that he could get nea as much for doing nothing. He w too lazy to go and draw out-relief his starving family, but drew une ployment benefit for himself a squandered it gambling.

Now, for neglecting his wife a children he has gone to jail for fo months. The magisterial comme "you are a rotten little blackguard a a thief," is one we can heartily e dorse.

A Woman Looks at the Crisis

OUR GREAT TASK

by the DUCHESS of ATHOLL, M.P.

THE Duchess of Atholl is a woman with long legislative experience. She was Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Education in the last Baldwin Administration and may yet attain ministerial rank in this Government.

We do not necessarily agree with her views, but gladly give them space as being representative of a big body of opinion.

"The responsibility resting on us . . . to set the feet of this country on a new road to prosperity"

A NATIONAL Government has been returned with the greatest majority ever obtained in British political history, a majority gained at a moment when the Government might well have drawn on itself widespread un- pularity for reductions in salaries and "cuts" unemployment benefit, absolutely necessary save the national credit and the national urrency, but difficult and disagreeable to im- ose, and still more so to suffer.

That the great majority of the electors ould have given so emphatic an endorsement these economies is a remarkable proof of the tent to which they had grasped the national ril. It should give a tremendous stimulus to e exercise in future of that moral courage the ck of which is one of the besetting sins of blic life.

First fruits

THE first fruits of the mandate received were seen last week. The "consideration" of all possible means to restore our ad- rse trade balance, to which the National overnment are pledged, has already shown w seriously that adverse balance is being in- eased by the imports which are being rushed to this country week by week.

A Liberal President of the Board of Trade, ho is able to bring a clear and unprejudiced ind to bear on the subject, has therefore ob- ined emergency powers from Parliament to ace duties up to 100 per cent. on manufac- red goods coming into the country in ab- rmal quantities.

The speed with which this measure has en introduced and passed through Parlia- ent should give assurance that it will be effec- ely used. If so, at least a breathing space will have been given to manufacturing industries.

We may hope to see the many enquiries lately received from abroad for factory sites maturing into definite purchases, and a continued diminution of the now decreasing roll of the unemployed.

But to stop "dumping" of manufactured imports is only the first of many steps necessary to restore our adverse trade balance, and so to build up the value of the £.

All are agreed as to the necessity for increased national production. In no direction can this be more speedily or more fruitfully achieved than on the land. No sites need be purchased there, no factories erected, no machinery installed. The land is there, the farm buildings and the workers' homes.

All that is needed is the assurance—and a speedy one—that everything possible will be done to encourage the production at home of cereals, dairy products, vegetables and fruit, and a new hope will dawn for a countryside that in the last year or two has seen thousands of acres go out of cultivation and thousands of men drift, workless, into the towns.

A helping hand

THE welfare of every farmer, every farm-worker in the country, hangs on the Government's decision, and this week, when the November "term" or engagement-day comes in Scotland, at least, many will lose their jobs unless some hope be held out before them.

Again, if we can bring ourselves to deal with the "dumping" of agricultural and other primary produce in this country, I personally am convinced that we shall take the first step towards the restoration of prosperity in other countries besides our own.

Wheat farmers in Canada, Australia, the United States and the Argentine are suffering severely from the catastrophic fall in prices on our market due to the sale of Russian wheat here at prices below all others.

Producers in New Zealand, Denmark and Holland are suffering from the forcing down of prices here of butter or eggs, due again to the Russian "dumping."

Flax-growers in Belgium and Holland have had to face severe losses owing to the sale here of cheap flax from Russia and Latvia; and the purchasing power of Sweden and Finland has been severely limited by the large purchases made here of Russian timber.

We are "letting down" many other nations so long as this great market places no restrictions on the importations of primary products from Soviet Russia, the Government of which, to carry through a Five Years' Plan of economic expansion, conscripts the labour of men, women and children, and exports foodstuffs and other necessaries urgently needed by the Russian people, in order to purchase the machinery desired for the Plan.

The "Macmillan" Committee, set up by the late Government to advise them in regard to finance and industry, reported last summer that the first task of international statesmanship must be to restore to a level offering some profit to the producer the wholesale prices of primary products.

The real job

LAST week the Prime Minister stated that such a rise, if properly controlled, might be an essential condition for a reviving World Trade. No surer step, I believe, could be taken to this end than that this country should place restrictions on the imports of this kind from the Soviet Union, as many other countries are already doing.

And we hope that before many months are passed we shall have carried through agreements for preferential trade with the Dominions and Colonies which will add to the purchasing power of the best customers of our manufactured goods and assure us a plentiful supply of various foodstuffs grown by fellow citizens across the seas.

These and other measures for the restoration of our trade balance and the stabilisation of our currency—such as an attempt to settle the problem of war debts and reparations—must be the main work of this Parliament; but though no great developments in the social services can be expected, so long as the present financial stringency endures, there are Members of Parliament, new and old, who can be trusted to see that the best that these difficult times permit is done for these vitally important services.

Woman's part

AMONG the thirteen Unionist women members, in particular, we have members of housing committees of Local Authorities, members of Local Education Authorities, social workers, a farmer's wife, and an ex-factory inspector—a variety of practical experience which should mean wide and varied knowledge and sympathies.

And I have met no supporter of the Government who has not come to Westminster imbued with a deep sense of the responsibility resting on us all in these critical days, and with an earnest desire that it may be given to this Parliament to set the feet of this and other countries, both within and without the Empire, on a new road to prosperity.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

THE TRADE PUSH HANDICAP

VISCOUNT HAILSHAM,
Secretary of State for War, Whitehall

MY LORD,—I note that various interested parties in the House and elsewhere are pressing for a restoration of the grants to Cadet Corps which were withdrawn by the late Labour Government.

I hope that you will do nothing so foolish.

At a time like this when education, child welfare and a score of vital social services are submitting cheerfully to sacrifices, it will ill become us to vote extra money, so that schoolboys may play more adequately at soldiering.

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ARTHUR HENDERSON,
Transport House, London, S.W.1

DEAR SIR,—Now that you are almost recovered in health, I hope it will not be long before you resume your work for next year's World Disarmament Conference.

The statesmen of every country know the valuable things you have done towards the pacification of Europe during the last two years. For that you were elected as President of the Conference.

I hope that no political wire-pulling will prevent you from taking up the task for which you are so eminently fitted.

JOHN BULL.

Mrs. L. M. HILL,
Mayor's Parlour, Harwich

MADAM,—As Mayor, you recently presided over a Harwich Juvenile Court, to consider the theft of a bicycle lamp, worth 2s. 6d.

Before you stood a youngster, who told how he had gone to the "pictures" and, having his own lamp stolen during the performance, helped himself to another.

The act was wrong, admittedly; but he was a boy, and it was his first offence. Yet you and your fellow magistrates ordered him to be birched and fined his father 10s. as well! Such punishment is far more thoughtless than the lad's own act.

JOHN BULL.

The Hon. SIR ARTHUR STANLEY,
Chairman, Red Cross Society

SIR,—The latest report published in connection with the Red Cross Clinic for Rheumatism points out that in October, a record number of treatments was given. Over 10,000 treatments were given in the general section, and 1,500 in the private wards.

Your figures are the clearest indication of the prevalence of a serious complaint which has for long been merely regarded as something to "grin and bear."

It will be news to many that a clinic so splendidly controlled by your society is available for sufferers; but it is a pity that there are not more general clinics of the kind throughout the country.

JOHN BULL.

Not from the B.B.C.—MR. MONTAGU NORMAN, Governor of the Bank of England, tells of

The Mystic Thirteenth

WHY, you ask me, am I smiling, smiling gaily, brother mine ?
Can't you guess the gladsome reason ? Cannot you the truth divine ?
Of all the bad old year, brother, to-day will brightest rank—
For I'm to be Boss of the Bank, brother, I'm to be Boss of the Bank.

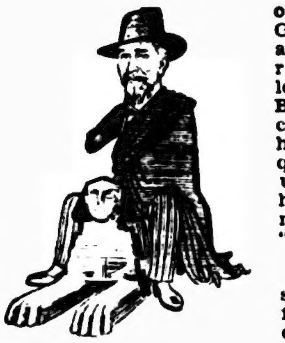
There are some with sad, sad looks, they say; and some who twist and squirm
At the thought that I'm to rule the roost for another—my thirteenth—term.
But what care I for the critic's grouse and the sneer of the carping crank ?
For I'm to be Boss of the Bank, brother, I'm to be Boss of the Bank.

It's easy to sneer and jeer, brother, asserting This and That;
It's always the rank outsider who talks through his silly hat !
But when we went back to Gold, brother, I was the man to thank—
And that's why I'm Boss of the Bank, brother, that's why I'm Boss of the Bank !

Therefore, brother, call me early; call me early, brother dear;
For there're heaps of problems waiting and a sticky mess to clear !
But put your trust in me, brother, and hand me a cheque form blank—
For I'm still Boss of the Bank, brother, —I'm still Boss of the Bank !

I am sadly aware that the announcement that I have been nominated Governor of the Bank of England for the thirteenth year in succession has been received in some quarters without enthusiasm. But envy has ever been the fate of prophets—especially when their names are associated with losses !

There was a time when the Man in the Street would no more have thought of questioning the decrees of the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street than of trying to thread Cleopatra's Needle.



But, alas ! times have changed, and of recent years when I and my fellow High Priests of Finance have gone on or off the Gold Standard or have raised or lowered the Bank Rate, crude critics have acquired an unseemly habit of demanding "Why?" or "Whaffor?"

Needless to say, I have followed tradition by wrapping myself in a robe of mystery and refusing to answer. But even my silence is misinterpreted, and Industry is apt to assume that the answer is a lemon.

It seems impossible to make the ordinary person understand that high finance is something he can't understand—and even if he thinks he can he has no right to !

It is constantly being pointed out that the Bank has immense power and that decisions taken by the panjandrums of Threadneedle Street may make or mar the prospects of a trade recovery. Admittedly, they can. But this only constitutes another good reason for leaving such decisions to the men who know, you know.

We are the priests of the temple;
We are the cocks of the walk !
Whatever we say is wisdom—
What *you* say is foolish talk !

Marvellous myst'ries we've mastered;
Secrets we cannot name
To our keeping have been entrusted—
We have the key of the game !

WE know the grips and the password;
The Where and the Why and How !
While our's is the right to thunder,
Your duty is but to bow !

Learned in abracadabra,
We own the magical cloak;
Ours is the wizard's formula—
You're just an ignorant bloke !

The PRINCE OF WALES,
St. James' Palace, S.W.1.

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,—There is no man in the Empire, with the exception perhaps of your Royal father, who could have made a more effective appeal than yours the other night on behalf of British industry.

But what I was particularly glad to hear was your remark to the effect that slogans were not enough, that there must be team-work by *sellers* as well as buyers, that, in short, trade and industry must get down to it.

I hope that statement sank home. But while so many of the largest British firms are run by family groups instead of capable business heads, your appeal for efficiency will fall largely on deaf ears.

JOHN BULL.

Rev. R. SOUTER,
St. Magnus Manse, Birsay, Orkney

DEAR SIR,—You were recently the victim of a burglary, and I note that the principal items of plunder consisted of three quart bottles of whisky and four smaller bottles of the same spirit.

The offender has been brought to book and it has been revealed that the whisky had been in your possession for eighteen years. Although the manufacturers have passed away, the spirit endureth.

Surely this disproves the old Scottish assertion that "Whusky'll no' keep!"

JOHN BULL.

WILLIAM COTTAM,
Shaw Bridge Street, Clitheroe

DEAR WILLIAM,—For a fourteen-year-old you are a winner!

In the early hours of November 13, when a tremendous fire was already raging at Deerhouse Farm, Gisburn, you rescued and drove into safety, at considerable personal risk, five horses, thirty-two cows, and several pigs.

But for your action these would all have been suffocated by smoke, or have died even more agonisingly by the flames, which destroyed farm buildings and hay to the value of £2,000.

A splendid answer, William, to the pessimists who decry the present generation.

JOHN BULL.

The Rev. A. J. KLAIBER,
Holloway Baptist Church, London, N.

REVEREND SIR,—After an amateur dramatic performance in your church hall, with the players still bowing before an enthusiastic audience, you rose to voice objection because the word "damn" had been spoken by "a village policeman" and a "local farmer" in the play.

Was it necessary to condemn the efforts of those who had given unstintingly of their time and talent in a good cause?

And did it mend matters to add that you had just come from an Army Reunion dinner, "where the language was such as could be spoken in a drawing-room"?

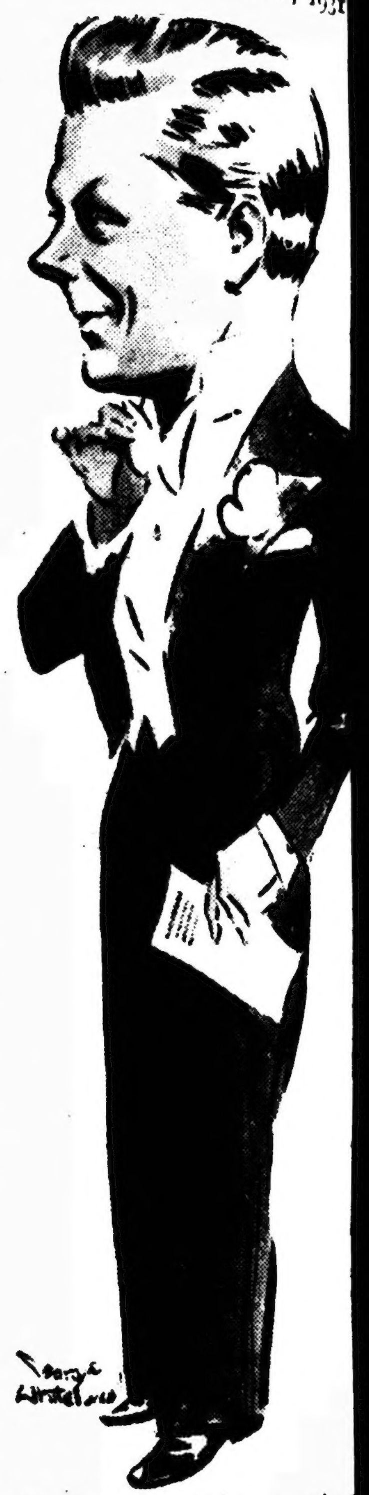
By making these statements you forfeit the respect of your congregation.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. D. G. RICHARDSON,
Consulting Surgeon, Keswick Hospital

DEAR SIR,—In defiance of the management committee's orders you recently admitted a maternity case which required an operation.

Admission to the hospital had already been refused. The committee had demanded that the case be sent to the County Hospital, Carlisle, but you replied from your knowledge that



such a course would be not only
but most criminal.

You save life while your commit
quote inhuman regulations. My
gards to you.

JOHN BU

Mr. THOS. HUDSON,
President, Hull Trawler Owners' Ass

DEAR SIR,—I congratulate the m
bers of your Association who have
viously acted as agents for fore
caught fish on their decision to
up the agencies.

Their exemplary action shows
despite monetary loss, they are anx
to do their bit to assist the Bri
fishing industry.

This is the right spirit and
Hull has led, I hope other of our
ing ports will follow.

Charity begins at home.

JOHN BU

STRAIGHT *from the Shoul*

LADY ASTOR: "All decent people
sick to death of those vamping
actresses who in private life would
so boring that you would not tal
them for ten minutes."

***I suppose that is** why women get*
***jured in the crush** seeing them ar*
at the station.

• • •

DEAN INGE: "Happy marriage is
best thing in human life."

***And they nicknamed** you the Glo*
Dean!

• • •

MAHATMAJI GANDHI: "I do not
sider that a woman is beautiful
requires powder and jewellery."

***You are badly out-**voted by the*
***and the men, of your** own countr*

Can RAMSAY Ride the Storm?

He has control of a complicated machine—can he keep its nose up?

—asks— A. G. GARDINER

THE Government has been in action three weeks and already speculation is busy with its fate.

How long can Mr. Mac- onald hold his team together? A ar? Six months? Three months? n he weather the storm and bring e ship into port?

If not, who is to seize the helm and tate the course? Mr. Churchill? ere are things more unlikely—none re to be feared.

The possibility is not to be ruled out, cause the dominating fact is that e MacDonald Government does not present the House of Commons.

Nearly four-fifths of the House is nservative: the Government is ly Conservative to the extent of -half. It follows that it exists on present basis only by grace of the rwhelming majority of the House ose views are not represented by it.

This situation will be aggravated as e goes on and as the Government comes unpopular, as it is bound to come.

Mere flag-wavers?

The danger is intensified further by e crude character of the Conserva- e majority. It consists to an un- cedented extent of what may be led the "raw recruits" of politics men without experience who were t up simply to keep the party flag ing without any expectation of vic- y and who were swept into Parlia- ent by a wholly unlooked-for tidal ve.

They constitute the real menace to e Government. They constitute o the perfect material for a reckless d brilliant adventurer like Mr. urchill to manipulate and mobilise. If events go ill during this winter, it not outside the bounds of possibility t he may stampede the back- nchers and sweep the Government ore him.

It is against such a catastrophe that ery responsible element in the coun- should be organised. It is no ex- vagance to say that the fate of this country hangs upon the maintenance of Mr. MacDonald at the helm, not because he is Mr. MacDonald, but because he represents the only scheme of government that can save us from shipwreck.

It may be that even the MacDonald Government cannot do that; but it is certain that it offers the only prospect of that being done.

In these circumstances it is important that the public should understand its difficulties and should steel itself against the inevitable disappointments that are ahead.

Even a Cabinet of archangels could not steer the country through the perils that encompass it to-day without misfortunes, and we must be prepared to endure much that we do not like from a Government which is not composed of archangels but of very fallible men.

The first consideration we have to bear in mind is that the problems that face the Government are not self-contained internal problems. If they were that, action would be simplified. But they are not that. They are all entangled with issues not limited to this country but involving the whole world.

A world in pain

There is not a question that we can touch or a decision that we can take that has not its repercussions from east to west and from pole to pole. It is not our country alone that is sick . all the world is sick.

Even the great American Republic, which, until two years ago, seemed to have absorbed all the negotiable wealth of the world to itself, is in the most desperate straits. Its budget deficiency has reached the incredible sum of £400,000,000, and it is faced this winter with a problem of unemployment and poverty altogether beyond anything in our experience.

So it is throughout the South American republics ; so it is in Australia, in South Africa, in India. There is not a country upon the map of the globe on which we can put our finger and say, "Here all is well : here is one happy land that has escaped the universal disaster."

The root cause is the collapse of the economic structure of society. The medium of exchange has failed, and each community is stewing in its own juice.

Swim together—

There are those who believe we are witnessing the final breakdown of the credit system on which the world has rested and trade has functioned. I am no authority on such things, but I do not take that gloomy view.

We have smashed the economic mechanism of society, it is true, but in sheer necessity we shall have to restore it, for the simple reason that we are all discovering that we cannot live without it.

But the point that emerges from all this is that Mr. MacDonald and his Government must be judged in the light of these world considerations. They cannot divorce the interests of this country from the general scheme of things.

—or sink together

Take, for example, the immediate danger-point of the financial situation. Germany is on the brink of disaster. She is threatened within the next month or two with a currency collapse as calamitous as that which wrought such ruin in that country ten years ago. If that catastrophe comes, all Central Europe will crash with her.

But that will not be all. The United States and this country have vast frozen credits there which will go into the abyss with the rest. And in going into the abyss they will bring havoc on the city of London.

Our banks have been blamed, and perhaps justly blamed, for the risks they took in giving those credits. But they were given to enable Germany to stave off bankruptcy—not on sentimental grounds, but because the bankruptcy of Germany would be a catastrophe to the whole world, and most of all to this country, whose recovery is dependant on the recovery of world trade.

Here is a question, immediate and tremendous, which the Government must approach not in a narrow, insular spirit but in the light of the world consequences that will follow upon their action.

Or take the problem of redressing our trade balance, which Mr. Runciman has approached during the past week.

No one questions the necessity of keeping the equilibrium of imports and exports. If that equilibrium is lost the pound will go too, and inflation with all its desperate consequences, will be upon us.

But this great question must not be cluttered up with dishonest surrenders to ignorance. There is doubtless need for certain action against "dumping," and Mr. Runciman may be trusted to take that action within judicious limits. But do not let us be the victims of ignorant cant about dumping. Do not let us damn honest trade with a stupid label.

A foolish cartoon which appeared in last week's "Punch" seemed to suggest that all imports constituted "dumping." If it had any meaning, it was that all our ports, London, Liverpool, all of them, should be locked, bolted and barred against imports.

And this in a country which lives by its exports, has the greatest international trade in the world, and depends for 60 per cent. of its food and raw material on overseas countries.

Tax imports, and the whole cost of living goes up, just at a time when, having gone off the gold standard, the price of commodities is rising and the value of the pound is falling. And how are we to pay for our food with a depreciated pound?

And if we refuse to buy from our customers, how can we expect to sell to them? If the Government wants a short cut to revolution, this is the way to take it.

They must not fail

But I have confidence in Mr. MacDonald and his Government. I believe that they see their problems against the vast background of world problems and may be trusted with our fate in this critical hour.

It is because of this that I want the country to back them, sustain them in power, and enable them to stand four-square against the wild rushes from behind.

Homely Wisdom—by CANON R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

Disheartened

READERS of JOHN BULL often ask me to give advice on their private troubles in this column, but omit to sign their names. It is but seldom that I can comply with such requests, for of course we can only deal with subjects here which form part of our common experience; but occasionally I can send a private answer if the correspondent encloses his address.

* * *

Here, for instance, is a long letter from a man of twenty-seven who wants me to tell him what I think he ought to do with life.

He says he writes to me because he feels the need of pouring out to somebody the hopelessness that fills his heart. I can assure him he is not the only one who feels like that: there are thousands conscious of a similar need. People bottle up their sorrows and eat out their hearts in silence through sheer lack of a sympathetic ear to which to communicate their doubts and fears.

This young fellow feels himself beaten in the battle of life. His early ambitions have been completely foiled through no fault of his own; he tried hard to fit himself for a responsible position, and has not only failed to obtain it, but has been out of work altogether for the past two years. He has poor health, an unprepossessing appearance, and a diffident manner, which leads people to undervalue him. To make matters worse, he has been crossed in love and cannot get over it.

So acute is his feeling of discouragement that life has become to him little better than a hell of darkness and despondency, and he wants to know if there is a way out.

Yes, there is. I remember a friend of mine once telling me that the cure he most needed in his own case when he had given way to long-continued brooding over his ill-luck was someone to give him a good kicking. I do not suggest that such a drastic remedy would be efficacious in the case of this young man, but I do think he ought to be taken out of himself. There is nothing more paralysing to hope and courage than chronic pre-occupation with oneself.

* * *

Look away from yourself; seize every chance of being a good comrade. Never mind whether your lot in life is humble or not; happiness does not depend on where you are, but on what you are. Your personal appearance does not matter a scrap, nor your young woman either. As H. G. Wells makes one of his characters say, there is nothing sillier than to imagine that life has come to an end for you because some particular girl won't have you. There is no lack of others who will if asked.

Finally, let me recommend you to read "A Tenement in Soho," the story of a plucky slum family known to John Oxenham, who have cheerily endured handicaps of infirmity and poverty compared with which yours is a fleabite. It is one of the best tonics I know.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

COCHRANE & SONS help you to make money. Men's Shirts, 18/- per doz. Ladies' Art. Silk Hose, 7/11 per doz. Genuine Tremola Shirts, 2 Collars, 3/11 each. Boys' Ribbed Jerseys, 12/- doz. Ladies' Overalls, 7/6 doz. Hundreds of Bargains in our Warehouse. Wholesale only. Quarter dozens supplied. Come and see us, or write for Catalogue. Post Free.—Cochrane & Sons, 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

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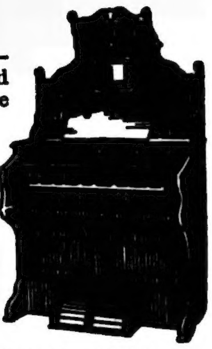

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INDIGESTION.—A new form of taking medi cine which results in a speedier relief. Humpho zone Digestive Capsules—Apply, HUMPHO **ZONE BRAND PRODUCTS,** LTD., 153, Clapha Road, S.W.9. 1/6, post free.

CATARRH.—Vapo-Cresolene gives quicker re lief in coughs and nasal and bronchial catarrh Write for Free Booklet No. 46C. to Allen Hanbury's, Ltd., London, E.C.3.

BLUSHING, NERVOUSNESS. Don't wast money on cheap quack remedies. Send for fre book on the cure of Self-consciousness.—M Rivers (J.B.87), 40, Lamb's Conduit St., W.C.1

GANGEE OINTMENT, the wonder healer proved cure for Bad Legs, Old Wounds, Ulcer Sores or other troublesome skin complaint Succeeds or money back. 2/9 post free fro Gangee Products, 98, Bromham Road, Bedfor

A FREE BOOK describing "PHYLLOSAN" **TABLETS** for increasing your vital force will b sent to readers filling in coupon on page 57.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds Plat.num, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Denta Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable Property etc Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return Bentley & Co., 10, New Bond St., London, W.1.

ANY kind old gold, silver, jewellery, diamonds old false teeth, platinum scrap bought. H[illegible] cash by return.—Bell's, Upperhead Road Leeds

HOUSES FOR SALE.

£590 FREEHOLD.—5 Rooms, Bath etc. £ cash, 19/- weekly.—Maddox, 22, Turnpike La (nr. "Wellington," Wood Green).

MISCELLANEOUS.

INTIMATE ADVICE TO THE MARRIED Read T. Bowen Partington's powerful article in **HEALTH AND STRENGTH,** 3d. all news agents. Specimen copy free. J. B. Burt, 4 Greville Street, London, E.C.1.

DUKE'S JELLIED ALMONDS

Also JELLIED LIQUORICE. Most Delicious

All Sweet Sh

GIVEN AWAY TO BOOKLOVERS — a 7 **Novel. Write for gift book** No. 3, mentioning ***John Bull*,** to **Postal Library** Service, New King's **Road, London, S.W.6.**

BUY AN "IMPERIAL" PIPE AND WIN **CASH PRIZE.** Complete the Limerick on pa 35. Read the conditions carefully and mentio ***John Bull*** when you send your entry.

FREE.—A large sample of FRY **MALTED MILK COCOA** with EGGS. Simpl fill in the coupon in the advt. on page 31.

WRITE to ROWNTREE'S, Gift Dept. H York, for booklet showing wonderful ran of Free Gifts in exchange for coupons fro ROWNTREE'S COCOA and JELLIES.

FREE.—£50 first prize and other cash pri are offered by the proprietors of "DIPLOMA" **CHEESE** for the best line to the Limeric appearing in the advt. on page 35. Send in many attempts as you like, but each must accompanied by a label from a portion "DIPLOMA" CHEESE or other commodit mentioned in the advt. Send your entry no

FREE.—A de Luxe Beauty Outfit of TOKALO Preparations. Read the offer on page 35 care fully and get your free outfit.

PARTICULARS of a **SPECIAL OFFER** by th proprietors of **HALL'S WINE** will be sent readers mentioning this paper. Simply send p.c. to the address in the advt. on page 37.

by MAJOR-GENERAL SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

DARING Midnight SHARE FRAUD

. . . by specially chartered motor-boat

Lerwick, Shetland, object of the hustling share-pushers' midnight dash . . .

ENQUIRY into a complaint from one of my readers in the far-away Shetland Isles has put me in a position to expose one of the most audacious share swindles ithin my experience.

Drama and romance enter into it, r I shall have to tell of a midnight ash by a specially-chartered motor-at in seas so stormy that normal eamer services had been postponed.

When I say that this dash was ade by share-pushers, who risked eir lives in their eagerness to keep ppointments with prospective victims, will be seen that the story is no dinary one.

The first move in the share-pushers' everly-planned scheme is the dis-ibution of impressive circular letters mong investors as far afield as Ork-y and Shetland.

This is achieved through the edium of the post in the name of lan McGregor and Company, of onduit Street, London, W.1.

This firm, so the notepaper boasts, as been established since 1889 and ecialises in investments, banking nd foreign exchange.

It professes to be able to place a nique offer before the public, with definite yield of 100 per cent. profit nd the possibility of 200 per cent.

Astounding claims

The National Government is edited with making this offer pos-ble. "Never before in our many ars of business experience," the rcular runs, "have we seen a similar uation."

That Alan McGregor and Com-ny is entitled to speak with some thority is supported by its claim to ve proved highly successful in rmer recommendations. Though ese have been limited to six in the st year, the figures published are tonishing.

"We recommended purchase of ustin Motors at 5s. 4d., and recom-ended sale at 35s. 6d.," is one asser-on, while other shares recommended r purchase at low prices are shown having risen appreciably.

Alan McGregor and Company does t reveal the name of the company whose shares it is now recommending, but hints that it is the largest concern of its type in the world, and is one of the few businesses which have been able to rise above the general world depression.

Yet it offers full details free of all charge to anyone who undertakes, when acting upon the information, to place the order through Alan McGregor and Company.

The 100% trick

Now let me cite the experience of a Shetland reader who responded to this offer. His application for shares was formally acknowledged from London, and in little over a week he received a telephone call from Lerwick, seven miles away from his home.

The speaker introduced himself as "Mr. Mason," of Alan McGregor and Company, and he asked the investor to see him as soon as possible as the shares he had purchased at 80s. had risen to 120s.

An appointment was made for the following day, and on Mr. Mason's assurances that the shares would continue to rise the investor agreed to extend his holding substantially.

Although he was promised early notification of how the transaction was progressing, my reader has heard nothing further, and letters he has addressed to Alan McGregor and Company at Conduit Street, London, have been ignored.

He tells me that he is quite in the dark as to how this firm obtained his address in the first place, as he had never done any previous business with it, and its circular was quite unsolicited.

I am satisfied that at least two representatives of Alan McGregor and Company have been active in Orkney and Shetland—one the Mr. W. H. Mason mentioned by my reader, and the other a Mr. W. Pointing.

These men are described as speaking with strong American accents, and both figured recently in the dramatic midnight dash which I mentioned at the commencement of this article.

As it gives a graphic idea of their hustling methods, I will tell the story:

Having favoured Kirkwall, Orkney with a flying visit, they were anxious to interview prospective dupes in Lerwick, Shetland.

But the weather was stormy, and even the skipper of a mail steamer had deemed it prudent to delay sailing, though he had an urgent hospital case on board.

Mason was determined to get to Shetland before the investors he was cultivating there had time to cool off. He made repeated attempts to charter a boat, but was met with refusals on every hand because no one was willing to undertake the perilous 100-mile voyage, which usually occupies a passenger steamer anything from nine to a dozen hours.

At last, in desperation, he telephoned to a neighbouring town, where two carpenters, named Bruce and Duncan, agreed to attempt the trip in their motor-boat *Bazalean*.

They actually set out from Scapa Flow shortly after midnight, and Mason reached his destination at ten on the following morning.

Pointing, I find, later returned to London by the regular route.

Mason's spectacular dash cost him £30, but doubtless he considers this a mere sprat, sacrificed to catch many valuable mackerel.

Pathetic victim

Already numerous victims have been caught. "If I do not get my money," writes one poor man, "I do not know how I shall meet my accounts at the end of the year."

Enquiry here in London reveals the despicable nature of this scheme, for Alan McGregor and Company, despite its claim to have been established since 1889, is not even registered as a business name and does not possess an office!

The premises in Conduit Street, which figure so conspicuously on its stationery, are those of a small organisation which lets out its address to about thirty different firms, some of which are of questionable standing.

Letters are collected there for a small fee, and some sort of "office service" is available for those clients who desire it.

A woman official of this organisation, whom we have interviewed, has very little information to give about this queer concern or the people behind it.

All she can say is that a man who gave the name of Alan McGregor, and the address of the "Second Mortgage Trust," Torrington Square, London, W.C.1, originally registered there.

But no representative of Alan McGregor and Company has troubled to call for letters lately, and there have been many anxious enquirers.

At the Torrington Square address there is no sign of any Second Mortgage Trust.

It is, in fact, a residential hotel frequently used by aliens, where no one has registered in the name of Alan McGregor this year.

The shaking hand

The "Alan McGregor" who took the office at Conduit Street is described as a grey-haired man of sixty, "rather rheumatic," and only able to sign his name with difficulty—a striking contrast, in fact, to the two bustling Americans.

If any reader can furnish information regarding this man, or about W. H. Mason and W. Pointing, I shall be pleased to hear from him.

Meanwhile, I think that this unparalleled share scheme merits immediate official investigation.

Hubby Won't Go Down the Mine again!

THERE was no happier miner's home in the kingdom last week than that of Mr. James Hewitt, at 42, Holmsley Avenue, South Kirkby, when news arrived that Mrs. Hewitt had successfully solved JOHN BULL's 139th Crossword Competition. As the only competitor to send in an all-correct solution, she had become the winner of the first prize of £750.

"It seems too good to be true," explained Mrs. Hewitt. "My husband was too excited to eat his dinner."

Both her husband and nine-year-old son share in the success, she exclaimed, for both assist her with the weekly competitions, which they have sent in for over a year.

The family have lived at South Kirkby for four years; they occupy a little council house in this large mining district, where Mr. Hewitt is employed at the local colliery.

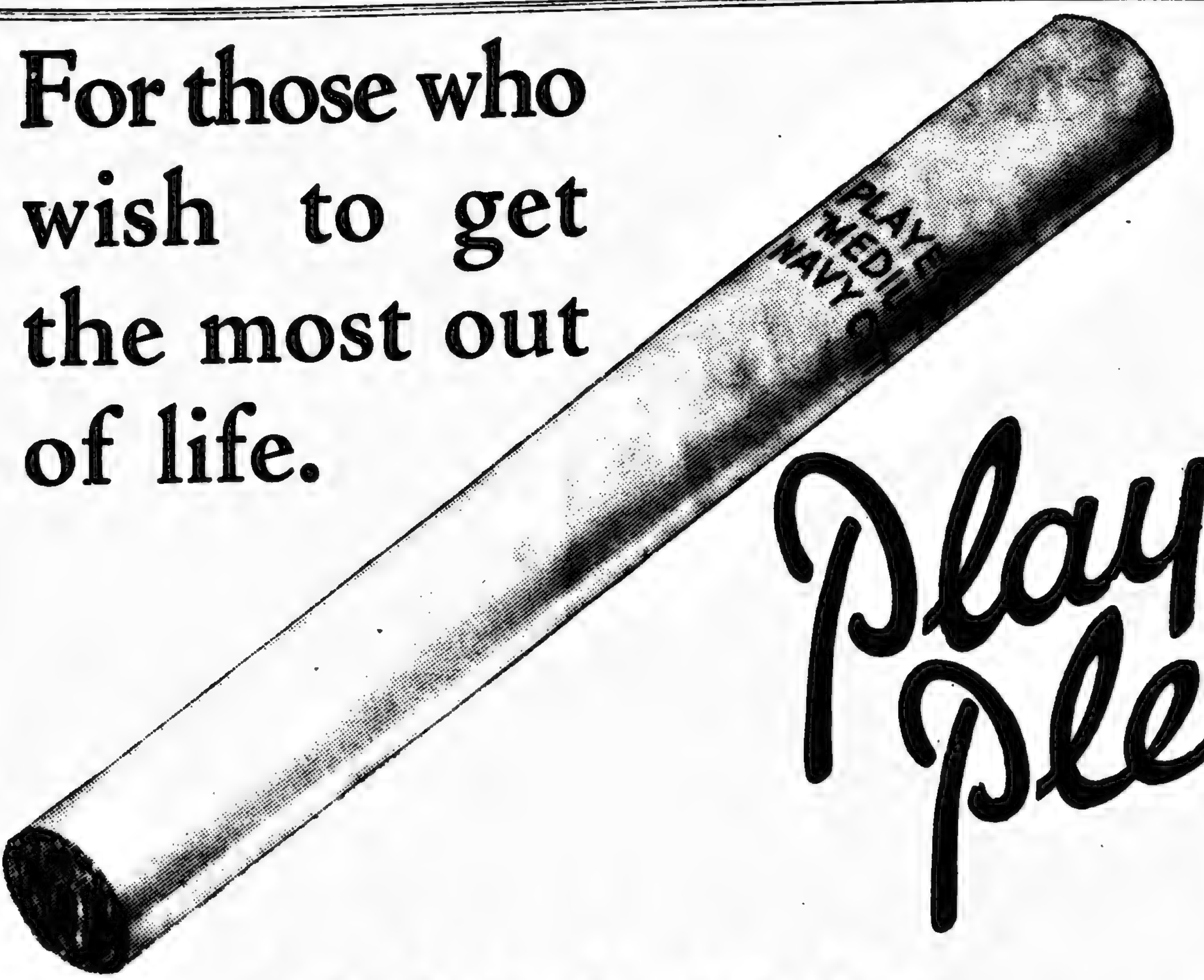
Now—his wife smiled in anticipation he would be able to leave the colliery. "Also, of course, there is the boy's education," she added.

"This will be the best Christmas we have ever looked forward to."

* * *

There's time for you to get acquainted with a crossword fortune and to make this the happiest Christmas ever. See page 36.

For those who wish to get the most out of life.



Player's Please

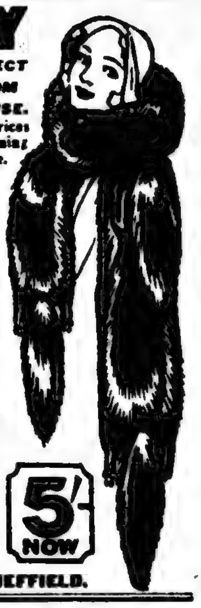
THE FULL VALUE CIGARETTE

N.C.C.711

LOVELY FURS

DIRECT FROM THE GRAVES WAREHOUSE.

There is no need to pay fancy prices for Furs. You save pounds by coming to the fountain head for value.



Magnificent Kolinsky Marmot Stole 68 inches long by 8 inches wide, made of carefully selected pelts of the lovely Golden Brown Shade which is now so fashionable. Beautifully lined with Silk to tone, and trimmed with 4 tails and 8 paws. A handsome corded drop and hook are fitted. The Fur is of excellent quality and extremely reliable in wear. Offered at the marvellously low price of 35/-

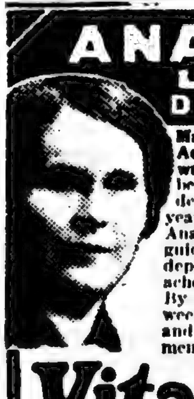
TERMS: Send 5/- now, and 6 Monthly Payments of 5/- if you are fully satisfied. Fullest Approval.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE containing many other genuine Bargains. All the most fashionable shapes and styles in the most attractive Furs, including Trimmings for Winter Coats, etc. Every lady should send for this money-saving book today.

5/- NOW

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

ANAEMIC LANGUID DEPRESSED



Mrs. REEVE, 9, High Terrace, Ackworth Moor Top, Yorks., writes: "I have derived great benefit by taking your wonderful tonic Vitadatio. Several years ago I became very Anaemic. I was always languid, very miserable and depressed, and awful headaches continually troubled me. By taking Vitadatio for a few weeks my ailments disappeared and I am now always recommending it."

Vitadatio

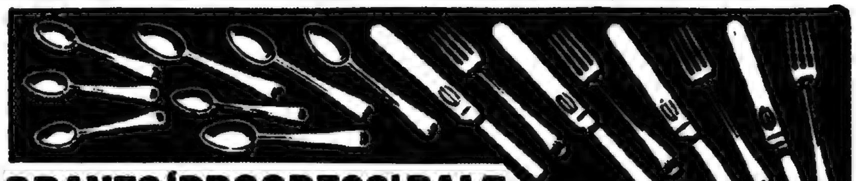
Invaluable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney and Internal Ailments. Sold by Boots, Taylors', Timothy Whites, and most Chemists and Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle, or per post 6d. extra, in Gt. Britain only. Special 21/- Bottles, containing 3 weeks' supply for Export only, post free from VITADATIO, No. 121, Armley, Leeds. V163

SEND FOR FREE BOOK OF TESTIMONIALS

The Shaving Cream that remains moist, softens the beard—and soothes and invigorates the skin!

Cuticura
SHAVING CREAM

Price 1s. 6d. a tube. Sold at chemists. British Depot: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E. C. 1.



GRAVES 'PROGRESS' BALE

WORLD'S FINEST HOUSEHOLD VALUE.

This Bargain Bale includes the following superb quality goods:

- TWO Super quality WHITE ALL WOOL BLANKETS with neat Blue Borders, and whipped ends. Weight 7½lbs per pair, size 68 x 86ins (approx) each.
- TWO ALL WHITE FLEECY BLANKETS of excellent make and finish. Extremely durable. Whipped edges. Size 60 x 80ins. Weight 4lbs pair.
- TWO GREY BOLTON TWILL SHEETS of guaranteed quality. Hemmed & finished ready for use. Size 70 x 90in. Weight 4lbs per pair.
- ONE Fadeless Coloured ALHAMBRA QUILT of tasteful design, finished and hemmed ready for use, in Sky, Red, Nectarine, Pink, Lilac, or Navy Size 73 x 94ins. Weight 3½lbs.
- BLEACHED DAMASK TABLE CLOTH in a very handsome floral design, beautifully finished. 54ins square.
- TWO WHITE PILLOW CASES with flap and buttoned ends. Size 30 x 16ins.
- ONE WHITE BOLSTER CASE to match. 30 x 60ins.

IMPORTANT! By way of extra benefit and to demonstrate that reliable Sheffield Cutlery is still the finest product of its kind in the World, we are including in the Graves 'PROGRESS' Bargain Bale a 16-Piece Sheffield Cutlery and Plate Service for the use of Four Persons.

The 16-PIECE SERVICE comprises 4 Knives of Stainless Sheffield Steel with keen edged blades and beautiful ivory-grained handles; 4 Dessert Size Forks, 4 Dessert Size Spoons, and 4 Tea Spoons of 'Columbian' Silver, an amalgam of metals which resists acid stains and wears perfectly white and silver-like all through.

The Complete Bale (including the 16-piece Cutlery Service) Ready for Immediate Delivery, Carriage Paid. Price £3

TERMS. Send 5/- with order, and 5/- monthly if entirely satisfied. Fullest Approval in your own home.

CATALOGUES POST FREE. Ladies' Fashions, Household Drapery, Footwear, Sheffield Cutlery, Cycles, Men's Wear Gramophones, Records, Wireless Sets, Baby Cars, Carpets, Lino, &c.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

Warded off INFLUENZA.

"LAST Saturday I had a temperature and all the symptoms of influenza. I ached all over. On a friend's advice I decided to try your Musterole Brand Ointment. I applied the ointment before going to bed Saturday night and put on a second application Sunday. Monday morning the cold was completely broken up, and in a day or so was entirely gone."
—A.R.C., Burlington Gardens, Chiswick.

● ● ●

If you feel feverish and ache all over, ru on this clean, white ointment, and fe the pain easing . . . going . . . gone, as th tingling, soothing warmth penetrat deep down, draws out the inflammatio stops the pain. Thousands have used th famous ointment for years because brings such quick relief. Ask any use They will tell you how effective it is f relieving those 'flu pains, breaking u congestion and drawing out inflammatio Your favourite chemist has Mustero Brand Mustard Ointment. Get a jar toda

MUSTEROLE BRAND

MUSTARD OINTMENT

Thos. Christy & Co., 4-12 Old Swan Lane, E.C

Callous Swindler's RACE-GANG Threat

Lt.-Col. H. P. Hunter, Chief Constable of Staffordshire, should make a strenuous effort to bring Cadagan to book

A BAREFACED robber is at present operating in Staffordshire ; and a **JOHN BULL** investigator has just concluded an inquiry into his ivities in the Black Country and Potteries.

e specialises in obtaining one type victim—the unemployed artisan o in despair after long idleness can induced to speculate his savings or row money to enter a new occupa- n.

here is no more heartless class of nd. Men who were in sore straits ore are now in utter ruin.

his brutal cheat is named George ncis Cadagan, and, for the infor- tion of the authorities who, we hope, will act upon this exposure, we have found that his permanent address is 23, York Street, Stone.

His frauds are not committed there, however. Among the numerous places to which he has gone for dupes are Dudley, Stafford, Darlaston, Walsall, Wolverhampton, Shelton, Lichfield and Newcastle-under-Lyme.

Each coup takes about a week to complete, whereupon Cadagan, on the non-stop principle, immediately casts his net elsewhere for another haul.

There is no variety in his methods. When he descends upon a town, he first searches for a furnished office to let.

If one is not available he usually finds an empty shop which he equips with some second-hand chairs bought at local auction sales and a rude table which he persuades a tradesman to make for him.

Then he visits a printer and has produced, for window display, placards announcing that he is an accountant and estate and business transfer agent.

In this connection, we may mention in passing that he never pays the rent of the premises, which he quits after his fraud is complete in the next few days. Even the printer goes unpaid.

Fake documents

Cadagan next advertises for an office assistant and gives the post to the first person willing to pay him £20 or £30 for the appointment at a salary of £4 10s. weekly.

The first and only work ever performed by the assistant is to fetch—from a place where they have been hidden since the last robbery—a miscellaneous collection of documents and old ledgers.

These he has to bring to the newly-opened office and decorate the table with them.

Needless to say, these papers and books are only so many stage-properties and they have been used as part of the confidence trick in every case we have investigated.

Meanwhile Cadagan baits the trap for bigger game.

He advertises now for a partner in what he invariably calls an "established agency," offers to teach the business, and make the appointment permanent with a weekly salary of £4 and a one-third share of profits.

On his doorstep

A substantial investment in the supposed business is, of course, demanded, and Cadagan always takes care to ascertain if his potential victim can pay quickly in cash or easily realise any securities which he may hold.

Unfortunately, because of the depression in the big industrial areas where he carries on this cruel exploitation, Cadagan finds plenty of applicants for these mythical partnerships in non-existent businesses.

In response to one of his numerous advertisements alone there were next morning at least twenty men waiting on his doorstep ready, even eager, to part with all the money they possessed or could raise in a last despairing effort to find employment. On that occasion his price was £50.

Cadagan is always ready with an answer to the question why he is seeking a partner without experience. His reply is that every trained estate and business transfer agent is already in business on his own account and that his personal connection is so wide and prosperous that he cannot deal with it single-handed.

The bank's his pocket

The prospective investor is impressed not only by the array of documents and books in the office but by the fact that Cadagan has adorned the windows with imposing announcements of businesses which he is prepared to sell or buy—all creations of his imagination.

For sheer audacity Cadagan wants a lot of beating. As soon as he finds someone who can pay him what he requires at once, he actually conducts him to a solicitor. He insists, as a further token of his genuineness, that the money shall be paid over in the presence of the lawyer after the partnership deed has been signed.

These solicitors discover after only a few days that, innocently, they have been used as tools in a fraud, and, needless to say, Cadagan never goes to the same legal firm twice with victims.

He stipulates in his agreements that the money shall be paid into partnership bank accounts. But this is never done. He just pockets and keeps it.

Pigeons chase wild geese

When Cadagan wants to get victims out of the way, while he is setting his snare in another locality, he takes his ingenuity a step further.

He inserts in local newspapers a spurious advertisement offering to buy a business on behalf of an imaginary client. This produces a crop of replies, and Cadagan despatches his dupes all over the countryside, at their own expense, to interview the letter-writers!

They quickly recognise that they are chasing wild geese, but complete disillusionment comes generally at the end of the first week, when they find that Cadagan has flitted from the improvised office, with his collection of papers and ledgers, leaving their wages and the rent unpaid.

One poor fellow he swindled wrote pleading for the return of £45. He received this answer in an unstamped envelope on paper which bore no address: "I have not forty-five pennies, let alone £45. What is your game? Be careful how you play with me. I know how to deal with you.—CADAGAN."

When a solicitor accused Cadagan of fraud and tried to recover the money lost by another victim, the scoundrel wrote: "I cannot send you a cheque, as I have no cheques or money. I am going to start racecourse tipping."

Sinister hint

Two other unemployed men who had parted with £50 each traced Cadagan to a place where he was lodging. He is a man of powerful physique, and as soon as he saw them he removed his coat and threatened them with violence.

He also told them that he belonged to a notorious race-gang, and that a number of people who had demanded the return of money from him had disappeared and had never been seen or heard of again!

It is time Cadagan himself be made to disappear for a period from the community.

AN International Fade-Out

WHAT mystery lies behind the Parker Harcourt Agency, which, according to its own literature, boasts of being e only international organisation the world specialising in advance king accommodation" for foreign tors to Britain?

he proprietor of a residential hotel Bournemouth was visited by a resentative of this agency and uced to part with a fee in the belief t business would be put in his way. e was given an imposing certificate membership, but so far he has seen sign of any increase in his business, has written to ask if we can give any information.

e are sorry to say that enquiry in don makes it clear that he has badly taken in.

he Parker Harcourt Agency cer- ly rented a small office in Baker eet, London but the landlord states the premises were vacated nearly onth ago, and that the rent is still ng.

e have searched the official register usiness names without finding any tion of this "International" cy, and the only information hcoming is that its former head- rters have been besieged by callers iously enquiring for its present reabouts.

om the notepaper we gather that principal was a certain Benjamin ock, who was supported by a p of foreign directors, including George K. Kramer, U.S.A.; M. de Peters and Paul Joubert, France; J. J. Pfaff and Otto Levenstein, Germany, and J. Markinoff, Russia.

Some correspondence, we find, has been signed by a J. Kirby King, as "European Organiser"; some by Lionel Curtis, as "Secretary."

* * *

What, then, has happened? Where are all these people to-day? And what has become of the Parker Harcourt Agency, which was going to do so much for owners of hotels, houses, flats, apartments and boarding-houses?

If anyone can furnish information they will be rendering a public service by coming forward; and they will earn the gratitude of those misguided people who have already parted with fees to the agency's travelling representatives.

BREAKING ALL RECORDS

JOHN BULL'S Christmas Gift Offer to readers is already breaking all records. Every post brings a flood of applications from all parts of the country.

A Gift Voucher, which will be accepted as 1s. in part payment of the famous **JOHN BULL** Pen, fitted with solid gold nib, iridium tipped—a Gift Voucher which will be accepted as 5s. in part payment of **JOHN BULL'S** 10s. Pen and Pencil Set De Luxe . . . these are the two Gifts—which one will you choose ?

Join thousands of delighted readers and make application to-day. See page 40.

PHANTOM Job CATCH

NUMEROUS queries reach us every week regarding an alleged employment expert who advertises as "Captain F. Roberts," of 94, Ley Street, Ilford, Essex.

His speciality is situations afloat, and he wants "beginners" as stewards, stewardesses, clerks, bell-boys, butchers, carpenters, etc.

Actually, there is no Captain Roberts. The advertiser is one William Harrison, who has no link with any recognised employment bureau and no definite situations to offer.

What he does, though, is to ask applicants for 3s. 6d. in advance for "personal service and advice."

All they get for their money is a cheaply-printed pamphlet outlining the functions performed by stewards and others on shipboard, and giving a list of shipping companies.

So rampant has his fee-snatching campaign become that a prominent commercial organisation has black-listed him.

His announcements are cruelly misleading, and it is scandalous that they should be allowed to appear under such a heading as "situations vacant."

Actually, he first came under our notice twenty-five years ago!

DON'T STAY FAT

ALWAYS DANGER OF SUDDEN DEATH TO THOSE WHOSE HEART AND ORGANS ARE ENVELOPED IN LAYERS OF EXCESS FAT.

YOU CAN BE FAT FREE!!

SILF has saved thousands from the deadly perils which always beset those who are over-stout. For in Nature's own way—without drugging, starvation or violent exercises—it reduces corpulency in a safe, pleasant, speedy, and natural manner.

LADY LOSES 33 lbs. IN 9 WEEKS, AND SO CAN YOU. GET YOUR WEEK'S TRIAL TO-DAY.

In this wonderful age of general activity and enjoyment of life there is no more natural and understandable wish than of desiring to retain the gifts and prerogatives of youth.

Life soon loses its savour when the signs and symbols of advancing years become manifest, and existence is soured when the form and figure yields to the encroaches of perceptible corpulency.

It is a dread and direful day when a woman realises that her figure measurements are exceeding their former well-balanced proportions—when bust, waist, hips, thighs, and limbs betray an increasing bulkiness, and her tout ensemble denotes that undue flesh and fat is lessening her feminine charms and attractiveness.

A NATURAL FIGURE IS THE SURE INDEX OF A HEALTHY BODY

And, in these times, when fashion and vogue so arbitrarily demand that symmetry of outline and delicate contour of figure must be the primary foundation of womanly appeal and dress excellence, it becomes the paramount duty of every true woman to govern, control, and reduce every and any tendency towards corpulence.

Small wonder that all women and many men are striving to regain and retain their natural figure and weight, for in this achievement not only is their self-respect gratified, but a decided advantage on behalf of national health and well-being has been attained.

For a natural figure is the sure index of a healthy body.

And all these prefatory remarks lead the way to "Silf" brand tablets and this for the most actual and obvious reasons.

It is true that, for years, methods of flesh reduction and regulation of obese tendencies have been practised, but how poor, ineffective, harmful and positively dangerous they have been. How costly in their purchase and practice how unavailing when compared with their highly problematical and dearly-bought results.

Take dieting with its imposed restraints and semi-starvation: tiring, trying and weakening exercises; drugging with its accumulation of evil effects upon the nerves, organs and functions, or any of the fads and fancies with which the past has been prolific.

The Dangers of 'Overstout'	The Dangers of Fasting.	The Benefits of 'Silf.'
Palpitation	Weakness	Slimness
Shortness of Breath	Lassitude	Energy
Heart Failure	Indigestion	Good Digestion
Unable to Enjoy Life	Internal Troubles	Perfect He:lth
	Nerve Troubles	Strong Nerves

WHY PUNISH YOURSELF when "SILF" EFFECTS A HARMLESS REDUCTION?

They all resemble punishment; their devotees pass through purgatory without any assurance of Paradise, and so a patient world has had to await the advent of "Silf," the greatest fat reducer of all time.

Yet, like the abolition of slavery, and the metaphor is an apt one, the introduction of "Silf" has, once and for ever, effected one of the most marvellous emancipations ever recorded.

There is nothing supernatural or superhuman in "Silf" tablets.

All their constituents are garnered from Nature's stores, but have been so meticulously combined and compounded by the finest chemical skill, that, in their gentle processes and sure effectiveness, they unfailingly overcome the ogre of obesity, and disperse the unwelcome substance of corpulency as does sunlight scatter shadow.

"Silf" permanently dissolves 102 lbs. of excess fat.

80, Sandhurst-rd., Kingsbury, Middx.,
6th January, 1931.

Dear Sir,—Mere words can scarcely convey my thanks for the welcome transformation which "Silf" tablets have effected in reducing my very excessive fatness.

From a huge, unwieldy and unhealthy bulk of 18 st. 10 lbs. they have brought me down to the normal and healthy weight of 11st. 6 lbs.—just about what a man of my height and build should be.

My emancipation from obesity dates from the autumn of 1927, and those who have not seen me for a few years can scarcely credit that it is the same person, surely the finest comment that can be passed upon the efficacy of the "Silf" tablets.

As my reduction has now lasted for over two years I confidently regard it as a permanent restoration to normality, and, on that account, desire to express my sincerest thanks to "Silf" tablets for this almost incredible result, especially as it followed the failure of various other treatments, specifics and methods.

Needless to say, I wholeheartedly recommend "Silf" tablets to all afflicted with the grievous burden of corpulency.

Yours most thankfully,
(Signed) GEORGE READ.

No longer need women or men have recourse to the prevalent unsatisfactory methods of reduction; no more need they adventure on any perilous system of taking off weight—for "Silf" is provided and sold under a solid £1,000 Guarantee that, in case of non-benefit, your money is refunded, surely the most sensible and satisfactory purchase system yet offered.

Great excess or slight excess of flesh—it matters not, for "Silf" triumphs in every case—not by any miraculous means but simply by virtue of the irresistible influence it brings to bear on the fatty tissues and flesh accumulations, wherever they exist.

84 lbs. OF FAT GONE.

788, Upper Holloway Road,
Highgate, N.
Oct. 9th, 1931.

Dear Sirs,—It is with greatest satisfaction that I inform you how very successful "Silf" has been in reducing my excessive corpulency. During the last five years I rose from 10 st. 2 lb. to 16 st. 9 lb., a burden of fatness which handicapped me both socially and from a business point of view—to say nothing of the discomfort and hardship it inflicted. During this time I tried many ways and means of reducing but no real results followed. So perhaps you can imagine my delight in the fact that "Silf" has succeeded. I started my treatment last February and have now come down to 10 st. 11 lb., practically my former self in weight. This is a great acomplishment and I wish to give "Silf." my heartiest thanks for its good work which it has brought about in the most natural manner imaginable. From the health point of view I am perfectly sound and well and everyone considers my case as a striking tribute to the reducing powers of "Silf."—Yours truly,
(Signed) FLORENCE STEVENS.

SATISFIED BEYOND MEASURE.

Walton-on-Thames.
December 12, 1930.

Dear Sir,—It is now some time (about 9 months) since I procured my first supply of "Silf" Tablets, and, I must confess, entered upon a course of them without any great hope of securing a reduction in my weight, which was then slightly over 15 stone.

You may imagine my pleasure in informing you that a very decided and welcome reduction has followed, and I now weigh (yesterday) 10 st. 8 lb., a result which has satisfied me beyond measure, because it has made me correspondingly more attractive in figure and girth.

My waist can now be seen, and you know what that means to a woman who is still of the age when appearance counts, and what I appreciate most is that the reduction has been general, not merely local. I ceased taking the tablets about four months ago, and am glad to say there has been no tendency to put on flesh again.

I remain, yours truly,
(Signed) MRS. L. J.

TRY SILF AT OUR RISK £1,000 GUARANTEE

WE invite any stout person to purchase a 1/3 box of SILF (Brand) Tablets from the nearest Chemist, and, if not satisfied that Silf will prove beneficial, your money will be refunded by the Silf Co., of 39, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1, under the terms of the £1,000 Guarantee enclosed in every packet of Silf.

For reasons of health, appearance and well-being, "Silf" is your best friend and benefactor—so go to your chemist to-day and obtain a box of "Silf" decision which you will have every reason to be thankful for.

1/3.
3/-
and
5/-
Per Box

Silf
BRAND
FOR OBESITY

No proprietary rights are claimed in the preparation of this medicine.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Druggists, or post free by sending the price to—

THE SILF Co. (Dept. 46B), 39, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1

QUEER COMPANY Baffles the BAILIFFS

THE truth that appearances can be very deceptive is realised to-day by a number of people who have had business deal- g. with a "publishing house" wn as Anthony Howard, Ltd., of , Soho Square, London, W.1.

Nothing could be more impressive an its business literature, which nounces a wide range of interests, cluding advertising schemes, market- g research, commercial and maga- e publishing and printing.

Under the heading "Directors" ap- ars the name of the Otis Trust, Ltd., gether with a certain M. A. Tilman d Edwin A. Riley.

Let us cite the experience of a firm f photographers in the West End of ondon, which was favoured not long go with an order from Anthony oward, Ltd.

The order was promptly executed, t when an account was presented thony Howard, Ltd., maintained a ange silence.

In the end the photographers had take out a summons, and judgment s secured by default in the West- nster County Court.

• • •

Even then Anthony Howard, Ltd., ll refused to pay the amount due, so execution warrant was obtained d bailiffs were despatched to train upon the company's goods.

This likewise proved fruitless, for bailiffs could find no goods ereon to levy, and the defendants d left the address given.

Further enquiry reveals that there e innumerable judgments against thony Howard, Ltd., while a number e also outstanding against Edwin ley personally.

With regard to the Otis Trust, Ltd., s is a paltry £100 concern of which win Riley and Marie Tilman are th directors.

Since it was formed in 1928 the gistrar at Somerset House has been pt in the dark concerning essential formation which should be officially ed there. When he wrote to Riley r particulars the letter was returned arked "gone away."

Although the required information as later elicited when the Otis Trust ent to the same Soho Square ddress as Anthony Howard, Ltd., the Registrar had to write to the company gain this summer to call attention to s failure to render annual returns.

In reply, Miss Tilman promised to upply the information within a week. The Registrar is still waiting for it! The official records at Somerset House now give the registered office of Anthony Howard, Ltd., as being in rixton Road, S.W.9. This is an ccommodation address.

• • •

Nevertheless, this firm, which pos- sesses no real headquarters has had the effrontery to advertise for "assistants," who were offered a three years' agreement and a starting salary of £250 a year.

But the condition of employment as a £200 investment!

Anthony Howard, Ltd., soared even higher a little time ago, and actually advertised for £2,000 "financial co-operation" in connection with alleged arge printing orders and publicity chemes.

Not bad for a company that is wamped in debt and boasts only a ominal capital of £100!

Sister Hilda's DOCTOR DUPES

Into the quiet wards went "Sister Hilda"; though her kindly interest in the welfare of the patients was but a part of her well-laid plan

PEOPLE in all parts of the country — medical men, nursing home officials, hospital matrons, hotel proprietors and tradesmen of every class — have been cleverly swindled by a resourceful woman crook who passes in various names.

She is an attractive woman of thirty-five, with shingled hair and compelling blue eyes. Her favourite guise is that of a lady of independent means who has chosen to devote her life to the care of the sick. In nurse's uniform she looks doubly attractive.

She was in a Lincolnshire town a week or so ago, calling herself "Sister Hilda Belsher," and the story of her activities there gives a good idea of her methods.

Visiting a local nursing home, she pretended that she had come to the town for a few weeks' holiday and would like to be received as a paying guest.

She had come from Lincoln City, she said, where she had been very busy for some time assisting a "Doctor Butler" in some special cases.

Various medical friends had spoken highly of the nursing home, so that was why she had decided to come there to "rest."

Lady Bountiful's booty

The staff found this attractive guest ready and willing to assist in anything, and she gained confidence more completely by her airy use of the names of local doctors, to whom she referred as "old friends."

Her own "rest cure" had barely occupied a week when the nursing home officials received a shock. They awoke one morning to find that "Sister Hilda" had absconded, taking with her various sums of money, miscellaneous articles of value and important documents that she had filched from the personal belongings of patients.

Other places which have lately been visited by "Hilda" include Bolton, where she turned up as "Sister Belcher," making her headquarters at a local hotel.

As she is a woman who quickly makes friends, it was soon widely known that the attractive woman with blue eyes and pretty shingled hair was a distinguished "Lady Bountiful," who had come to the town for a brief rest after a period of nursing work for a doctor friend of hers in Norfolk.

At the end of a week this favourable opinion had changed, for "Sister Belcher" performed her usual disappearing trick, leaving several dishonoured cheques and taking with her all the valuables she could conveniently carry.

Bluffing the doctor

Torquay, Leicester, Cambridge, Bromley, Kent, King's Lynn, and numerous other places have been included in this resourceful adventuress's tour—and there are victims in all of them.

She has even masqueraded in London with equal success, posing variously as a sister at St. Thomas's and other hospitals.

Sometimes, by way of variety, she calls upon a doctor and represents herself as the personal friend of a medical man in some distant town.

By some means she contrives to select a name known to her prospective victim; then, with one of the convincing stories which fall so readily from her lips, she negotiates for a substantial "temporary" loan and absconds.

Another trick she has worked with conspicuous success is to persuade an hotel manager to introduce her to some guest who owns or manages a local business.

An official "introduction" like this allays all suspicion, and "Hilda" abandons her "Lady Bountiful" pose for the time being and pretends to be interested in business.

She would dearly love to "get into" business, she declares—not for profit, but for pleasure.

Her crooked rise

Stressing the fact that she has independent means, she asks for authority to act as unpaid "saleswoman." What she wants is a chance to test her abilities as a business woman, and she proposes first to practise on some of her moneyed friends in the district.

In this manner she gets away with a consignment of goods—expensive gowns are what she chiefly aims to acquire—and after that she is seen no more. Sometimes she is aided by an accomplice.

For over a year now she has operated with impunity, though many warrants are out for her arrest and special searches have been made for her by London and provincial police.

Some idea of her meteoric rise in crookdom may be gathered from the fact that she came under our notice about eighteen months ago when operating on a much more modest scale.

Since then she has gained confidence with every fresh success until she is to-day one of the most-wanted women at large.

Her real name is believed to be Lilian Belshia, but her aliases are so numerous that this cannot be accepted with any certainty.

The only certain thing about her is that she merits a prolonged and real "rest" from her criminal activities, for her victims are legion.

"ORDNANCE OFFICER'S" FRAUD

ANYONE who lets apartments should look out for a bustling individual who says he is from the "ordnance department" of the General Post Office, and who pretends that he has to supervise important local contracts.

This is the guise that has been adopted by a persistent swindler who has already visited Newport, Plymouth, Cheltenham, Liverpool, Exeter and Sheffield.

He was recently in Honiton, Devon, where he gave his name as Frank Ramsey, and secured rooms on the pretext that his official duties would keep him in the district for several days.

He said he was expecting his month's salary from London, and later presented a cheque, which his landlord obligingly cashed for him.

Once this little transaction had taken place Ramsey disappeared, having lived for a week free of charge.

His cheque came back dishonoured, but by that time the bogus G.P.O. supervisor was busily operating elsewhere.

The many names he has used in recent weeks include: Frank Samuel Vorsey, Frank Vauser and Frank Prentice.

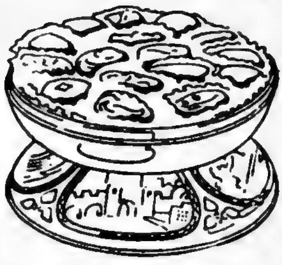
There is evidence to show that he is certainly a skilled engineer, for he reveals wide and exact knowledge in recounting his convincing stories of the supposed contracts he is supervising.

But he has been living on his wits for months, and his arrest is long overdue.

WRITE AT ONCE

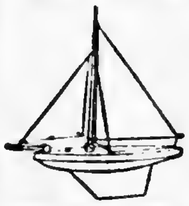
To Rowntree's Gift Dept. H6. York

FOR NEW GIFT BOOKLET OF **140** GIFTS

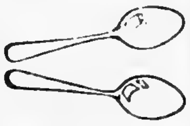


No. 111. Rowntree's famous Gift Casket containing assortment of Rowntree's chocolates and confectionery. 48 *coupons (from 16 ¼-lb. tins)*

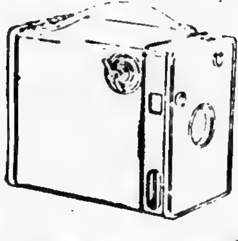
No. 87. Two fancy fringed Towels, 24 in. x 48 in. 102 *coupons (from 34 ¼-lb. tins)*



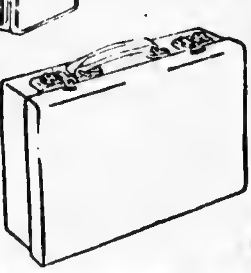
No. 150. Boy's Yacht, Guaranteed to Sail. 87 *coupons (from 29 ¼-lb. tins)*



No. 38. Two nickel-silver Tablespoons. 66 *coupons (from 22 ¼-lb. tins)*



No. 143. All Metal Camera taking 3¼ in. x 2¼ in. films. 216 *coupons (from 72 ¼-lb. tins)*

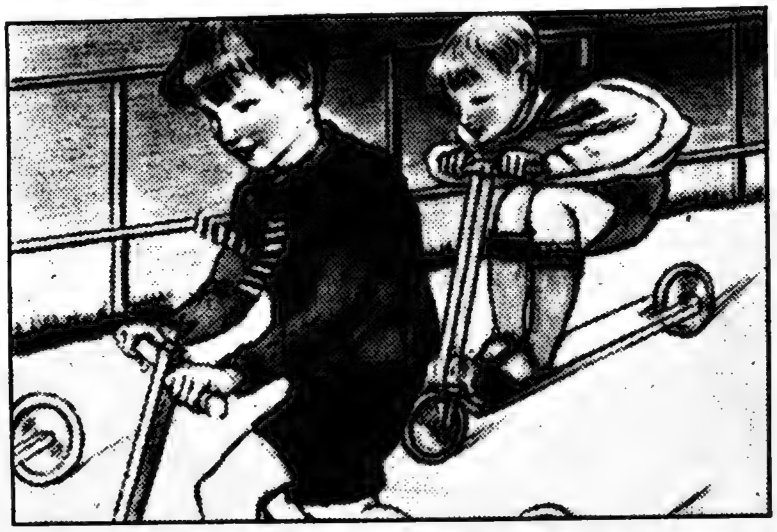


No. 46. Light Fiberite Attache Case in blue or brown. 93 *coupons (from 31 ¼-lb. tins)*

"We do like our ROWNTREE'S COCOA it tastes so nice and 'chocolaty'"

AND THE DOCTORS SAY—

"When they like it, they get all the nourishment"



IF children like their food they digest it more easily, and therefore extract the full value of the nourishment — so say the leading doctors.

Just try the children with Rowntree's Cocoa and see how they will like it. They will like the smooth rich flavour of chocolate which is so noticeable in Rowntree's Cocoa. You can give them cocoa at any meal — breakfast, lunch or supper and feel confident that you are giving them a real nourishing food-drink that is easily digested. And have some yourself — you will like it too.

but IT MUST BE ROWNTREE'S COCOA because . . .

OF THE PLEASANT FLAVOUR. Rowntree's Cocoa has a most pleasant flavour, which probably accounts for its popularity with children.

IT IS VERY NOURISHING. "As a food-drink to be taken with or between meals Rowntree's Cocoa is very nourishing," say the doctors. "It is easily digested and can be recommended for weak digestions."

IT IS EASY TO MAKE. There's no bother about making Rowntree's. Don't make a paste — just mix the cocoa and sugar in the cup and pour on water, stirring briskly.

AND VERY ECONOMICAL. From a ¼-lb. tin of Rowntree's Cocoa you can get 30 cups of delicious full-flavoured cocoa at less than a farthing a cup.

Save your coupons from Rowntree's Jellies and

ROWNTREE'S COCOA

3 FREE GIFT COUPONS IN EVERY ¼lb. TIN

CO 406-19

1D. Brings it!

By sending a Post-card TO YOUR HOME.

USE IT FOR 14 DAYS FREE

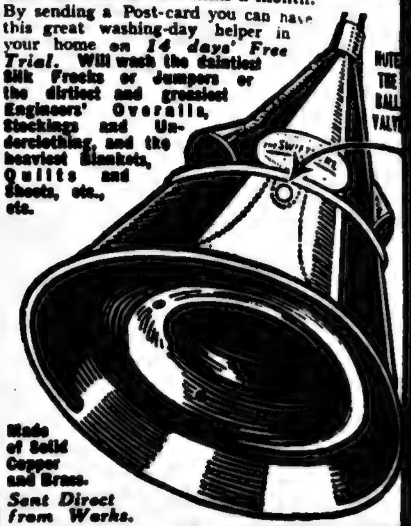
The famous **Swiftsure**

VACUUM WASHER

With the Wonderful BALL VALVE

Saves Hours of Toil and Drudgery on Washday. Saves Coal, Gas and Soap. No Wash-boiler, Gas or Electric Power required. Will save its cost in less than a month.

By sending a Post-card you can have this great washing-day helper in your home **on 14 days' Free Trial. Will wash the daintiest Silk Frocks or Jumpers or the dirtiest and greasiest Engineers' Overalls, Stockings and Underclothing, and the heaviest Blankets, Quilts and Sheets, etc., etc.**



Made of Solid Copper and Brass.

Sent Direct from Works.

NO BOILING
NO RUBBING
NO SCRUBBING

Made in ENGLAND GUARANTEED FOR 5 YEARS

The 'Swiftsure' sucks the Dirt out & does it thoroughly. It abolishes the dread of washing with its laborious toil.

REDUCED PRICE

2/9

If satisfied after 14 Days' Free Trial, and 4 Monthly Payments of 2/9. Cash Price 12/6. MONEY RETURNED if not satisfied.

THOUSANDS OF UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIALS Received from Satisfied Purchasers.

Mrs. J. Boon, 25, Colchester Road, Walthamstow:—"Only 12 months ago I paid £12/12/0 for a washer. I have given the '**Swiftsure**' Washer a good trial and find I get better results."

Mrs. C. F. Presley:—"The '**Swiftsure**' is the cleanest and quickest washer in the world."

DON'T DELAY—WRITE TO-DAY

A Post-card will do.

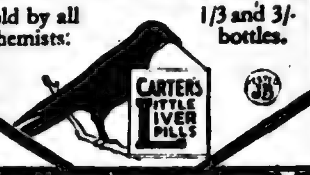
BRITISH VACUUM WASHER Co.
(Dept. J.B.), ISLINGTON, LIVERPOOL.

DEPRESSED?

Troubles do not get you down if you feel fit and well. They are mountains high when your LIVER IS OUT OF ORDER.

If your liver is lazy and sluggish, poisons collect in your blood and you become tired, worried and depressed. You feel beaten before you start. Take one or two Carter's Little Liver Pills, they act directly on the liver and never fail to bring quick relief from gloom and low spirits. Purely vegetable, sugar coated, tiny, easy to swallow, causing no pain or discomfort, they may be taken by the most delicate person or even by the youngest child.

Sold by all Chemists: 1/3 and 3/- bottles.



CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

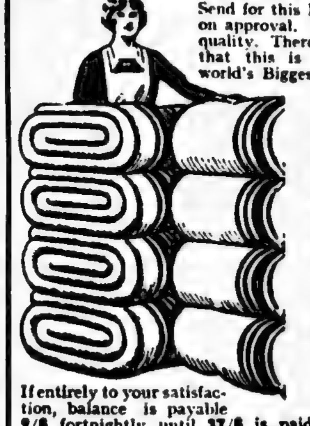
Yours for **2/- DOWN**

BUY DIRECT SAVE MONEY

ONLY 35/- for EIGHT BLANKETS—an absolutely unheard-of price. Guaranteed perfect in quality. Heavy-weight Imperial Blankets, bordered and whipped edges. Will wear a lifetime.

ON APPROVAL

Send for this Blanket Bale on approval. See the rich quality. There is no doubt that this is one of the world's Biggest Bargains.



The Whole Bale of 8 Blankets sent on receipt of the first Deposit of 2/-.

An Unequalled Offer.

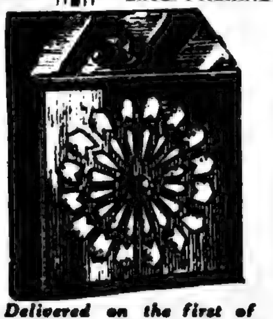
If entirely to your satisfaction, balance is payable 2/6 fortnightly until 37/6 is paid. Full cash within 7 days, 35/- only.

J. A. DAVIS & CO. (Dept. J.B. 616),
94-104, Denmark Hill, Camberwell, S.E.5.

79/6

Will buy this 'GAMAGE' Compact 2-Valve WIRELESS SET!

ENTIRELY SELF CONTAINED EXCEPT AERIAL & EARTH WIRES



Equal to many similar sets sold elsewhere at double the price! For tone, selectivity, volume and simplicity of design, it is truly amazing. Under test, as many as 20 Stations were actually received at Loud-Speaker strength. Study the specification below and you will agree that this is the finest value you have ever seen.

Delivered on the first of twelve monthly payments of **7/6**

SPECIFICATION.

- **RECEIVER** housed in well-polished Oak Cabinet, fitted with adjustable Cone Speaker.
- **MARCONI-OSRAM VALVES for reliability. 99-volt H.T. Battery, Grid-bias Battery and**
- **Fully-charged Accumulator.**

FULLY GUARANTEED for 12 months.

3-VALVE SET **£5-10-0**, *or 12 monthly payments of* **10/-**. *Send 1st payment NOW to secure or write for full list.*

GAMAGES · HOLBORN · E.C.1

Also 107, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.2.

Stop waste and disease in the home

Where there are rats there are filthy germs — germs of disease, ill-health.

Protect your family and your food from the chance of contamination by these pests.

Liverpool Virus exterminates rats and mice cleanly and efficiently. Harmless to human beings and animals.

LIVERPOOL VIRUS

Drives Rats and Mice outdoors to die. They dry up. No smell.

Of all chemists. Mice 1/6 & 2/6. Rats 2/6 & 6/-.

Evans Sons Lescher & Webb, Ltd.,
56, Hanover Street, LIVERPOOL.

When the Wife Always Wins

EVE'S Big Stick

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

EQUAL RIGHTS FOR MEN!
SEX EQUALITY FOR MEN!
FAIR PLAY FOR HUSBANDS

Will it become necessary for a Mr. Pankhurst to arise and lead man back to legal equality?

THE other day a woman walked into a public-house where her husband was playing dominoes and struck at him with an axe. What the quarrel had been about I t know, but the result was that n the matter came before court the n asked for a separation.

e might as well have saved his e and his temper, for the magiste had to point out to him that he ld not be granted a separation. On other hand, had he assaulted his e she would have been able to get order for separation.

usband and wife may be one in the s of the Church, but in the eyes of law for many purposes they are st emphatically two.

The law's darlings

omen, in fact, have succeeded in ieving far more than the sex ality for which they fought so ely in the days of Mrs. Pankhurst d Mrs. Despard. They have got sex ality, and have managed to remain pampered pets of the law as well.

week or so ago a wife who had en her husband a £50 note to enable to start in business, and who had e separated from him, sued in a ndon court for the return of her ney, and won her case. For the law parently assumes, until the contrary proved, that any cash that passes m a wife to a husband is a loan, but that any cash that passes from a husband to a wife is a gift.

Women, in fact, have become pretty nearly top-dogs in the country. They've got the vote on equal terms with men. They've overrun business and industry. They sit on juries and on the magistrates' bench.

They have penetrated local councils, entered Parliament, and sat in the very Cabinet itself. Hardly a day passes but some woman or other competes with men in a new sphere—and wins, more often than not.

I am not indulging in a wholesale grumble. I have nothing to say against sex equality. I have fought for it all my life—though I am sometimes doubtful whether it has been worth fighting for. Nevertheless, I am prepared to admit that most of the reforms that the last ten or twenty years have brought about for women have been thoroughly justified and long overdue.

I am prepared to admit also that a great many women do astonishingly good work in many of the spheres of public life they have invaded. I object to none of this.

What I object to is that women have not only gained equality with men in practically every sphere of life, but that they have also managed to secure a good many legal advantages which put men in a very unfair position.

Take, for instance, the Married Women's Property Act. That makes a woman an independent citizen in her own right. Whatever property she has is her own, and her husband cannot touch it without her consent.

The man pays

That is as it should be—but why should the husband, in view of that, still be held responsible for what the lawyers call his wife's "torts," and for damages for slander and assault. And why, if the wife contracts a debt, should it be the husband who is liable to be sued for payment?

It is manifestly not fair that a wife should be able to pledge her husband's credit even against his will and against his definite instructions.

Here is an actual case that recently came to my notice of a wife who was continually getting her husband into debt for things which were neither necessary nor useful.

Time and again she did it, and he knew nothing of it until the tradespeople threatened him with the County Court unless he paid up. In desperation he forbade his wife to buy anything at all, undertaking to do all the household purchasing himself.

Wifey comes back

It made no difference. She purchased goods from "tallymen" on the instalment system—and pawned them! And the husband was made liable.

Let us look at another gross instance of legal sex inequality—the case of desertion. If a man deserts his wife he can be arrested and made to pay maintenance. If he will not pay he can be sent to prison.

But what happens if a wife deserts her husband? Nothing! More than that, if she returns, even years later, he is bound to take her in unless in the meantime he has taken proceedings for divorce or judicial separation against her.

If she lies down across the doorstep and he opens the door, that is enough; he must take her in.

Don't think I am inventing this. Believe me, I am not. That is the law—and that is a description of a case that happened not many months ago.

Here is a glaring case of the law being weighted on the side of the woman, the case of a girl who lived with her husband for exactly six months. At the end of that time her mother persuaded her to leave him and return home. A baby was born—and the husband was promptly sued for maintenance.

The order was made by a complacent magistrate, and although the man has no home he has to pay his "wife" a pension of £1 a week—which is exactly what the scheming mother-in-law had wanted all along.

I could go on with an almost indefinite list. If a man marries a woman, and then discovers she is going to have a child which might not be his, he has no remedy and no redress against the woman. The law is wholly on her side.

Give him equality!

There are plenty of cases where girls have married men merely to escape the charge of having an illegitimate child, although the man they married was not the father.

If that is sex equality I plead guilty to not understanding my mother tongue.

In certain cases a woman is immune from punishment for crimes committed in the presence of her husband, for the law assumes that the husband "coerced" his wife into committing the crime.

It is true that the law does not now make this presumption in cases of murder, but in lots of minor offences a woman who committed the crime in the company of her husband would be entitled to an acquittal.

I am not, of course, blaming women. It is not their fault. It is the fault of man-made law: and it is time some of our laws were revised to give back to men some of the equality they have lost.

If we are to have sex equality, let it be real equality. There is no reason why women should have the privileges of men and be allowed to evade the responsibilities those privileges entail.

Now that women are the equals of men it is time we revised our laws so as to make men the equal of women.

The Human Machine

Don't Fall Down!

SOMEONE once defined success as the ability to work up to the limits of one's capabilities, and he went on to say: "There are many potentially great men who have become merely rich men, and so must be written down as failures. Every industry and calling and profession is cluttered up with routine and perfunctory and visionless workers who simply have failed to rise up to the level of their own capabilities."

Why? Mostly because so few people even take the slightest trouble to know themselves, or even to understand themselves. They go blundering along through life with no clear knowledge of their abilities and in abysmal ignorance of their weaknesses.

"No driver," said that great doctor Sir Robt. Armstrong Jones, "would think of using a machine without first finding out something about its mechanism and how it works. Yet when it comes to the mind, many who pride themselves on possessing one are perfectly heedless about its mechanism: although the mind is much more complicated and much more interesting than the motor-car."

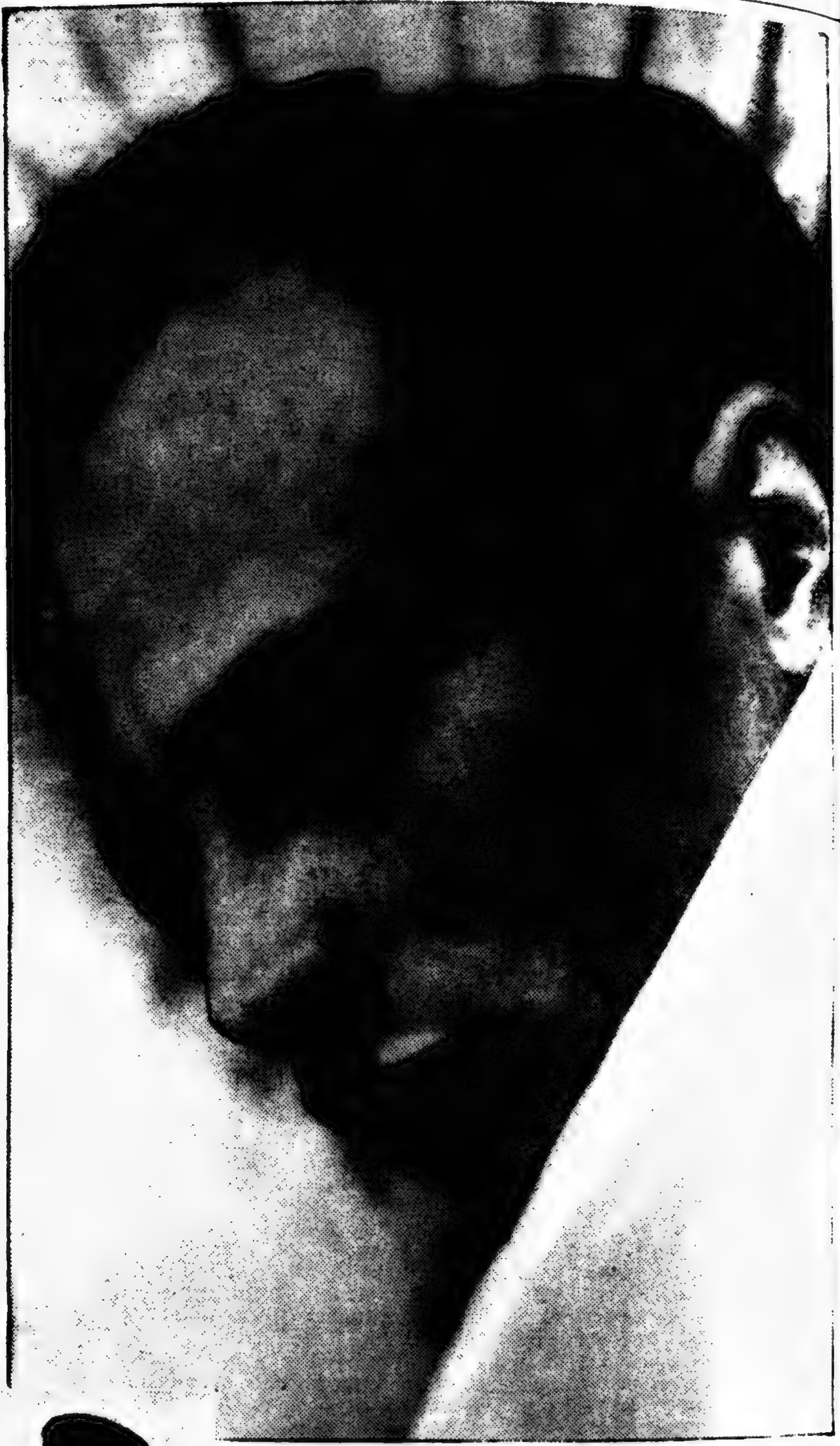
Considering that a man's brain contains 14,000,000 cells it is a miracle that minds are as self-acting as they are; but it surely shows the need for honest self-analysis and self-knowledge if we are to make this complicated mechanism function effectively.

What few people either know, or are willing to believe, is that the mind is governed by definite laws, and that efficient thinking and effective action depend on a knowledge of those laws. For it is only by understanding something of the machinery of our minds that we can achieve self-control, without which we are at the mercy of all the buffetings of life.

"Know thyself" is one of the oldest pieces of advice ever given to men. It is as wise as it is old.

What doctors mean when they ask . . .

"ARE YOU SLEEPING SOUNDLY?"



First thing your doctor asks: "How are you sleeping?" Some people need 8 hours' sleep, others only 6, but no one can keep really fit and energetic without the right amount of *sound* sleep regularly every night, during which mind and body completely relax.

If you are listless, easily fatigued, it's ten to one because your sleep is not resting you properly. *That is why sleep is the first thing doctors ask about.*

MAKE SOUND SLEEP A PERMANENT HABIT —

A cupful of hot Horlick's Malted Milk at bedtime is a splendid way of getting the sound sleep you need.

The warmth of the malted milk and the light work it gives your digestive organs, are soothing to your whole system. Soon you grow sleepy, and before long fall soundly asleep.

Try the effect of a cup of hot Horlick's *to-night!* Nothing you could choose is more nourishing, and you will find you sleep better, so that you wake vigorous, alert, *re-charged* with energy!

* * *

"If you want to get to know the need for good, sound sleep—try working in a station! You get home fagged out if you aren't getting your proper sleep at night.

"That's why my Mother always has a big cup of Horlick's ready for me when I get home. I go off to sleep as soon as my head goes on to the pillow and the next thing I know is the alarum going off in the morning."

—J. HADLEY, 25H, Beaconsfield Buildings, King's Cross, London, N.

BRITISH THROUGHOUT

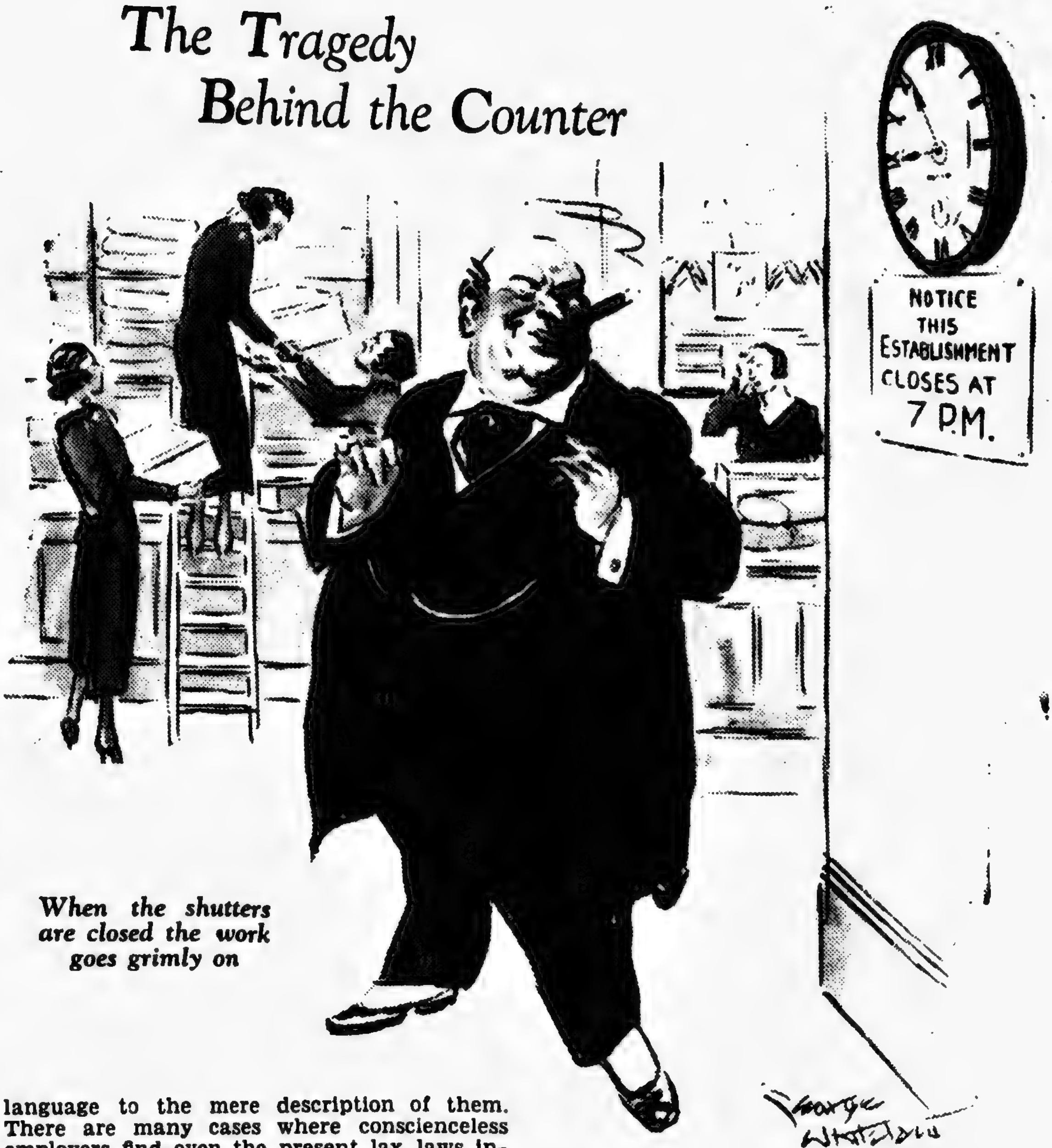
ORLICK'S
MILK
HERE

★ **Chemists and grocers everywhere have Horlick's in sealed glass bottles in four sizes. Also the handy Horlick's Mixer, small size 6d., large size 1/-. With one of these you can develop an extra-smooth, creamy drink in a few seconds. Horlick's Malted Milk Co. Ltd., Slough, Bucks.**

HORLICK'S ★ PLAIN OR CHOCOLATE FLAVOURED

SHAMEFUL SHOP Slavery

The Tragedy Behind the Counter



When the shutters are closed the work goes grimly on

THE sixth committee appointed by various Governments to inquire into the hours of shop assistants has just reported, and its evidence is, if possible, more damning than that of the other five.

If its recommendations are not translated into swift action the omission will redound to the eternal discredit of the National Government.

There are nearly 2,000,000 shop assistants in this country, and despite all the tangled mass of legislation dealing with shops, there is still nothing on the Statute Book dealing effectively with their employment.

There is still no legal limitation of shop assistants' hours—as apart from the closing of shops—except in the case of persons under 18, *whose hours are limited to 74 a week.*

This limitation was imposed in 1892, and there has been no further restriction imposed, despite the organised efforts of the workers concerned. The result is that shop assistants are, in thousands of cases, nothing more than shop slaves.

We are not making a wholesale indictment. There are plenty of humanitarian and intelligent employers who know that reasonable hours mean bright employees and brisker sales; but there are vast numbers who take full advantage of their legal immunity to indulge in the grossest sweating.

Behind the shutters

THE shops may close, as they must, but behind the shutters work goes grimly on.

In far too many cases the real work of the day has only just begun.

There are shelves to be emptied and refilled. There are windows to be restocked. There are accounts to be made up and checked. There are a hundred things to be done so that the shop may be ready for the first customer who enters in the morning.

They may be necessary things, but they do not justify working the assistants from 54 to 72 hours a week.

There is one case where a staff of girls in the confectionery trade had to submit to a working week of 89¾ hours. If that was the only case of long hours that could be produced it would be a sufficiently damning fact.

But the evil is particularly rampant in the case of juvenile employment. The Select Committee gives facts which almost take us back to the dark days of industry 100 years ago; and, bad as they are, they are all strictly legal, done within the ludicrously wide "restrictions" of the present law.

WITHOUT FEAR or FAVOUR

In Manchester, young girls were seen at work in some shops after 9 o'clock at night, although the shops closed at 7.

Terrible facts

THERE was a boy employed in a garage, whose hours were from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m., and he was often required to remain until 11 p.m. or even midnight to serve petrol and oil and to wash cars. There was an errand boy, aged 15, whose hours of employment were from 7.45 a.m. to 8 p.m. He was often kept later to scrub floors.

We do not know what view the House of Commons will take of scandalous facts like these. We find it difficult to restrain our language to the mere description of them. There are many cases where conscienceless employers find even the present lax laws insufficient for them. There were many cases of van boys who were being worked 80 to 90 hours a week.

There was one such boy, aged 14, employed by a wholesale hardware merchant, whose hours were 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. on five days, and 8 a.m. to 1 p.m. on one day.

His parents removed him from this "employment" as the result of a trip to Yorkshire, when he was on the van from 8 a.m. on one day to 11 a.m. on the next.

The boy slept on the van, and the driver purchased meals.

Slave-driven children

ONE of the worst cases given by the committee is that of a girl of fourteen years of age employed in Blackpool as a waitress and kitchenmaid at 15s. a week. Her hours were from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m.

Even that, perhaps, is put in the shade by the case of the van boy of seventeen employed by a firm of bakers whose hours were 8.30 a.m. to 9 p.m. He was allowed off on Wednesday at 3 p.m. He was not paid for overtime. He rarely had his midday meal before 3.15 p.m., and eventually had to give up the work as his heart suffered by going too long without food.

Leaving particular cases, the broad facts are that there are at least 50,000 to 100,000 persons—many of them women and children—working more than sixty hours a week in shops. No one can possibly pretend that such a problem is negligible. It is, on the contrary, a first-class national scandal.

The fact that the great majority of shops in all trades can carry on effectively without such excessive hours is proof of the urgent need for putting an end to them altogether.

We think it is time the public was made aware of facts like these, and if it is startled by them so much the better; for we are certain that such conditions only persist because the public is not alive to their enormity.

Legislation apart, public opinion could itself close the doors of any employer known to be indulging in this ruthless sweating.

Forty years after

CERTAINLY there can be no excuse for Parliament failing to take action. The Select Committee recommend that the normal hours of shop assistants should be limited to forty-eight per week, exclusive of meal-times, and that there should only be a fixed amount of overtime permitted, paid at a rate not less than one and a quarter times the normal rate.

The Committee bluntly recommends that in the case of young persons a definite 48-hour working week should be imposed. We think even the instances of slavery we have given provide an unanswerable case for the adoption of these recommendations.

But the report does not stop at the question of hours. In any number of shops there are no sanitary conveniences at all. In endless cases they are hopelessly inadequate and unsatisfactory. Washing facilities are of the same sketchy order, and provisions for meals are mostly notable only by their absence.

That all these things are unnecessary should not, we imagine, need any proving. They cry their own shame aloud.

Forty years ago a famous doctor, lecturing to a distinguished body of scientists, said: "The effect of shop labour on females under twenty-one or on males under twenty-one is of necessity injurious, impeding the growth and natural development of the organs of the body. To the female the mischief is of the kind calculated to extend to the offspring she may bear. In my opinion eight hours daily is the maximum time during which labour ought to be carried on in shops."

It has taken forty years to get a Parliamentary Committee to endorse that verdict. Now that it has been endorsed, it should not take forty hours to have it made effective.

When the Millions Take the Floor

Dancing as a national pastime is coming into its own again
For a year or two it suffered a set-back owing to the pull of rival attractions, but the dancing millions are flocking back to the floors this winter.

In village institutes, in great halls in the cities, in clubs and in private houses men and women are already dancing their way to happiness with a care-free enthusiasm.

Yet in this joyous atmosphere of bright eyes and light hearts there lurks many a subtle danger, as the writer here points out.

A
Li
—b

Director of a million dancing "stars," he plays them on . . .

. . . from the humble village hall . . .

WHEN the Crown Prince of Japan visited a settlement in the East End of London, he was impressed by many things, but he told me that nothing surprised him so much as the happy factory girls in their silk stockings and their pretty home-made frocks, who were dancing after their day's work with such grace and such gaiety.

To-day, were this distinguished visitor able once more to see these hard-working girls on the dance-floors in the very heart of London's slums, he would be still more surprised.

For the quality of dancing in England now leads the world, and you will see as good dancing in the poorer parts of London and the provinces as you will ever see in the ballrooms of Mayfair.

Teachers from all parts of the world now come to Britain to learn the British style.

A million actors

I have looked round the dance-halls of London, I have been in the dance-halls of the North and the Midlands; I have seen all kinds of people dancing. Is it possible to doubt the reason of the amazing popularity of the pastime?

It is the cheapest of all amusements, and one of the most healthy. You can dance for as little as a shilling in hundreds of dance-halls, and I know of no other way of spending a shilling to such advantage.

In London, if you want to be a little more expensive, you can, from time to time, have all the glories of the Opera House at Covent Garden for three shillings and sixpence, a perfect floor and bands which are among the best in the world.

Dancing brings glamour and romance to the dreariest life. All the pageantry and all the art of the stage cannot give the clerk or the typist the exhilaration of the dance-hall.

In a theatre you are an onlooker, but in a dance-hall you are a very part of the music and the changing coloured lights; you are doing something and being something instead of simply watching, and in this giving of oneself to the joy of the world's oldest amusement lies the magic of dancing.

I like the sensible, matter-of-fact spirit which allows, perhaps more especially in the North, two girls to spend a happy evening dancing together.

Men who cannot or will not dance are the real wall-flowers to-day. I have seen them, rather forlorn, in some of the smaller dance-halls, wondering if they dare ask for a dance, afraid to try the tango, waiting until some kindly girl will take pity on them in a waltz or a one-step.

No girl who dances is ever a wall-flower to-day, for she puts dancing first, and her dance-partner second, and if she cannot find a man who dances as well as she does herself, you will see her on the floor with another girl, jolly, happy, unconcerned, the light glistening in her eyes as the first notes of the band fill the hall.

"It surprises me to know that you have dance towns in England," a German visitor said to me a little while ago. And when I asked him what he meant he told me that when on business in the North of England he found that people were going to Blackpool merely for the sake of dancing.

People go to Blackpool to dance. They find better dance-halls there than perhaps in any other place in England.

When you see men and women struggling round the tiny floor in a London West-end club or hotel you cannot help thinking how much better off are those happy dancers in the great places which are the people's palaces of happiness.

Danger's there

Dancing is one of England's cleanest and most attractive amusements. But it has dangers.

You will find sometimes that a woman charged with theft is ordered by the magistrate to give up dancing, or to refrain from going to dance-halls for a year or two. The evidence reveals that some dance-mad, young, and hysterical woman has stolen money with which to buy finery for dancing.

Or you may learn of an excitable girl who has spent a week's wages in paying for some "super" professional partner who will improve her dancing, and who has helped herself to the office cash-box in order to have some money to take home at the end of the week.

"I wanted the money for a new dress. . ." "I spent it on lessons . . ." "I had to pay for a partner . . ."

The magistrate listens to these feeble excuses, and then, as a condition of binding over the young offender, he says, in effect, "No more dancing," and unthinking critics exclaim, "What else can you expect? Girls to-day are dance-mad."

They are not dance-mad. We do not get in this country that unpleasant form of hysteria which sends crowds to watch a dancing couple out to break a record for the longest consecutive period of

by MARIE HARRISON

ANCE,
le Lady
take care!

The wall-flower wears trousers to-day, for the girls will dance together

dancing. We do not gloat over the pitiful efforts of such a couple to keep moving until they drop from sheer exhaustion.

But there is the danger that unbalanced girls may be tempted to spend more money, and more time than they can afford on dancing. They envy the friends who are better dressed than themselves: they want one of those new frocks with the cunning little capes which they see in the fashion papers. And so . . .

The result is an appearance in a police-court, and a ban on dancing.

The impression is often formed from these periodical prosecutions that our magistrates are opposed to dancing as a pastime. Such is by no means the case.

Big business firms and public institutions encourage the holding of annual staff dances. The other day six big firms and institutions applied for occasional licences for dances and suppers at Portman Rooms, London.

The opposition of a temperance organisation failed because the magistrate, Mr. Hay Halkett, found they were innocent functions.

Many shop assistants work an hour later nowadays. They are not free to join the dance until 8 or 9 o'clock, and they require more latitude. Mr. Halkett declared rooms used for dances and suppers only were certainly in favour of temperance.

Beauty is lost more often than morals in the dance-hall. The girl who overdoes pleasure by dancing every night, often half the night, quickly discovers that no powder or lipstick will make up for the jaded eyes and the pasty complexion due to sleepless hours.

"Society" women who dance through the night can rest through the day, but the woman who has to be on duty at her office, her shop or her factory in the early morning is throwing away her fresh and lovely youthfulness if she gives herself more than one late night in a week.

Her work suffers, and her health suffers, and her family do not wonder because they know why she is so often irritable and bad-tempered.

She ought not to be above taking a leaf from the book of the middle-aged and elderly.

For in the dance-halls in which I have spent some happy hours I have liked nothing better than the sight of all the Darbys and Joans dancing so contentedly with each other. And what a simple, human story lies behind!

There is father, who very bashfully took his first lessons at the age of fifty or sixty, and discovered that he really could dance, and that he liked to dance. And with him is mother, who remembered the old waltz and the Lancers, and even the polka, but never thought she would be able to learn all the "new" steps.

Greybeard fox-trots

There they are, no longer sitting rather dolefully and wearily at home, but dancing together, younger than ever they were, and as interested in all the latest tunes as their children.

One of London's best-known dancing masters told me once that he had a pupil of eighty, and that this gallant old man was becoming an admirable dancer.

The greatest peril associated with dancing is the peril of the anonymous person who advertises that he wants an attractive young woman as a dancing partner.

The inexperienced girl may easily be deceived by such an invitation from the advertiser. He often describes himself as a "public school man"; he may add that he is home on leave and rather lonely; he offers to pay all expenses.

No girl should ever reply to such an advertisement. Reputable dancing halls provide reputable professional women partners who can be engaged by any lonely stranger who wants to dance and has no women friends.

Why should it be necessary to advertise for a partner when professional partners who dance beautifully are to be found so easily in dance-halls?

If a girl cannot, among her own friends, find a man with whom she would like to dance she should be content to dance with one of her girl friends until she has been introduced to a suitable partner. The romance in dancing is not to be found through replies to advertisements of men who pretend that in no other way can they find a partner.

Steps to happiness

Dancing has made a greater change in the habits of the people of Great Britain than anything else has ever done. It has banished self-consciousness.

It has enlarged the world of all who work in remote villages as much as radio, in a different way, has done. It has given men and women of all classes and of all occupations an engrossing hobby which keeps them happy and well.

We must keep dancing the bright, joyous, and essentially decent entertainment which it is to-day.

For we have recaptured the happy spirit of the Middle Ages, and found that there is infinitely greater pleasure in doing something ourselves than there ever can be in watching others do it.

. . . and from the dance-palaces of a trans-Atlantic liner

It's years since I started smoking Manikins and realised that at last I had found a smoke with a flavour and fragrance that could be tasted and enjoyed—Mild, Mellow, and Nutty.

And whilst the taste and fragrance of Manikins have both remained so exceptionally good, the price keeps *exceptionally low*, because, as I know, Manikins are made from the delicate tip leaves—too small for large and expensive cigars, yet actually the sweetest leaves of all.

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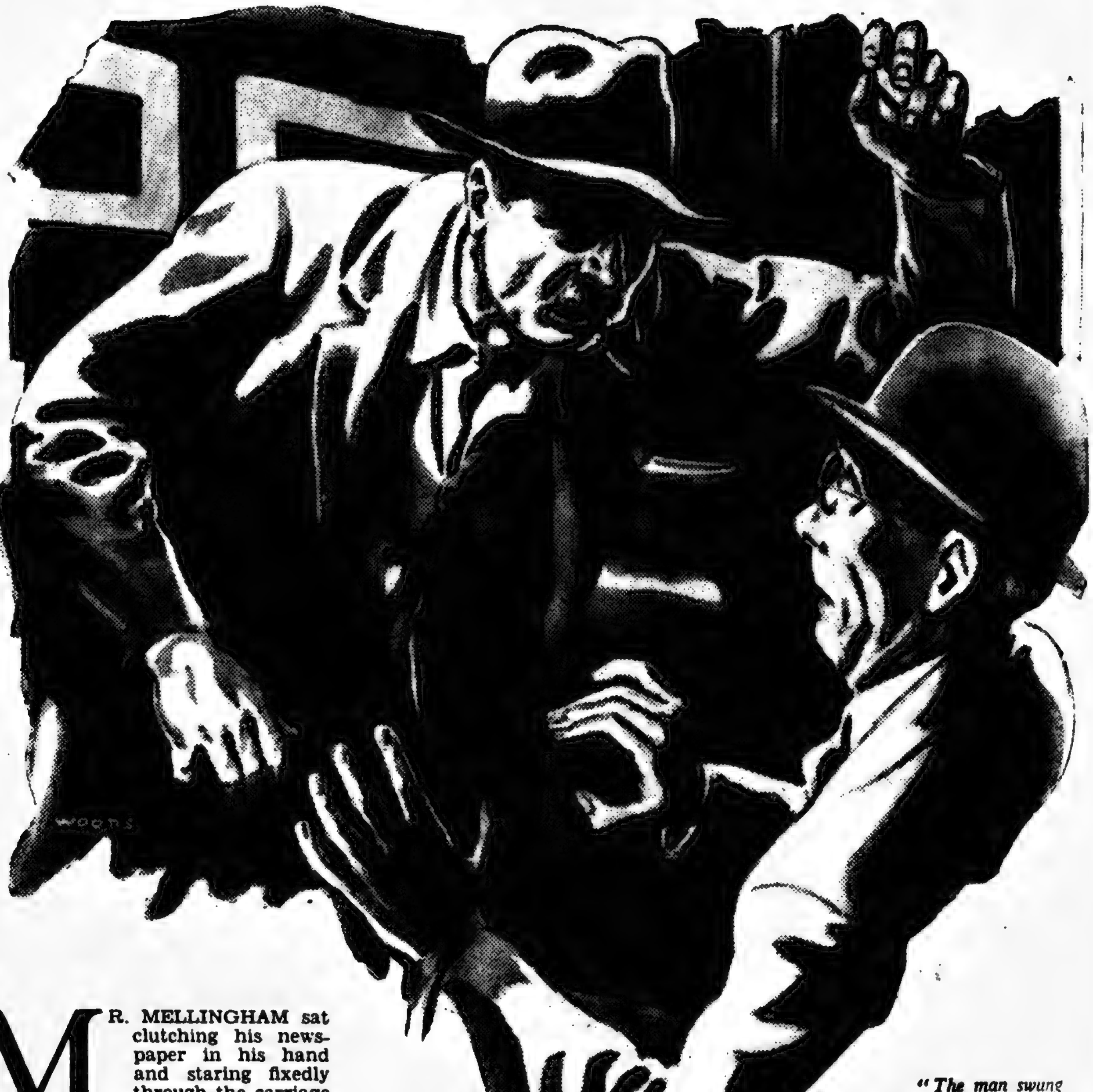
Alone with a Murderer?

MR. Mellingham's MISTAKE

by STEPHEN PHILLIPS



"The man swung forward with the sway of the carriage . . ."

MR. MELLINGHAM sat clutching his newspaper in his hand and staring fixedly through the carriage window. His heart kept thumping in that abominable manner, and he was doing his best to stop that odd and very disconcerting sensation of trembling in the region of his knees.

All his life he had been an exceptionally timid little man, afraid of his own shadow almost. His friends were accustomed to declare, somewhat generously, that "that queer little chap, Mellingham, you know, has such beastly rotten health."

• • •

But it wasn't exactly his health that was the trouble with Mr. Mellingham—at least, not organically. It was that rather obscure and highly unsatisfactory condition of the system commonly referred to as "nerves." He was the type that sees "ghosts."

Once, in an extremely sly and furtive manner, he turned his head an inch or two in order to glance at the man on the opposite side of the compartment.

Ever since the express had pulled out from London Mr. Mellingham had found himself wishing passionately that he had chosen either the front or the rear portion of the train.

Then he would have been at perfect liberty to change to another compartment by the simple expedient of snatching up his travelling case and dashing out into the corridor.

But Mr. Mellingham had had very little time in which to make a careful selection of his seat, for the train was leaving as he reached the station.

And, indeed, it was not until a few minutes ago that Mr. Mellingham had found himself regretting in so profound a degree the entire absence of communication with the other parts of the express.

It was the man who sat facing him who had begun to worry Mr. Mellingham so much.

He sat—or, rather, sprawled—on the seat, with his legs dangling and the brim of a dirty old trilby dragged down over his eyes.

He was, as Mr. Mellingham had observed with such a nervous thrill only a few minutes previously, dressed in a shiny blue serge suit, dirty brown boots of an antiquated fashion, and a loose collar open at the throat.

Possibly it was the open collar which had so impressed itself upon Mr. Mellingham's mind. It was such an unusual thing to find a man taking a lengthy train journey on a bitterly cold winter's night with his collar open at the throat.

In the first moment of startled apprehension, before he had finally transferred his gaze to the window and kept it there so steadfastly, Mr. Mellingham's pale blue eyes had dwelt with a kind of incredulous fascination upon that open collar and thick, sinewy brown-throat.

For the man who was wanted by the police in connection with the Whitechapel murder was described in the official report as wearing a shiny blue suit, an old trilby and brown boots.

Also, the man the police so urgently wanted to find was apparently in the habit of going about with his collar open at the throat.

Quite half-a-dozen times, since the express had left London, Mr. Mellingham had read the brief official description of the man, which was printed on the front page of the newspaper he held clutched so tightly between his fingers.

In vain had Mr. Mellingham tried

(*Continued on page 24*)

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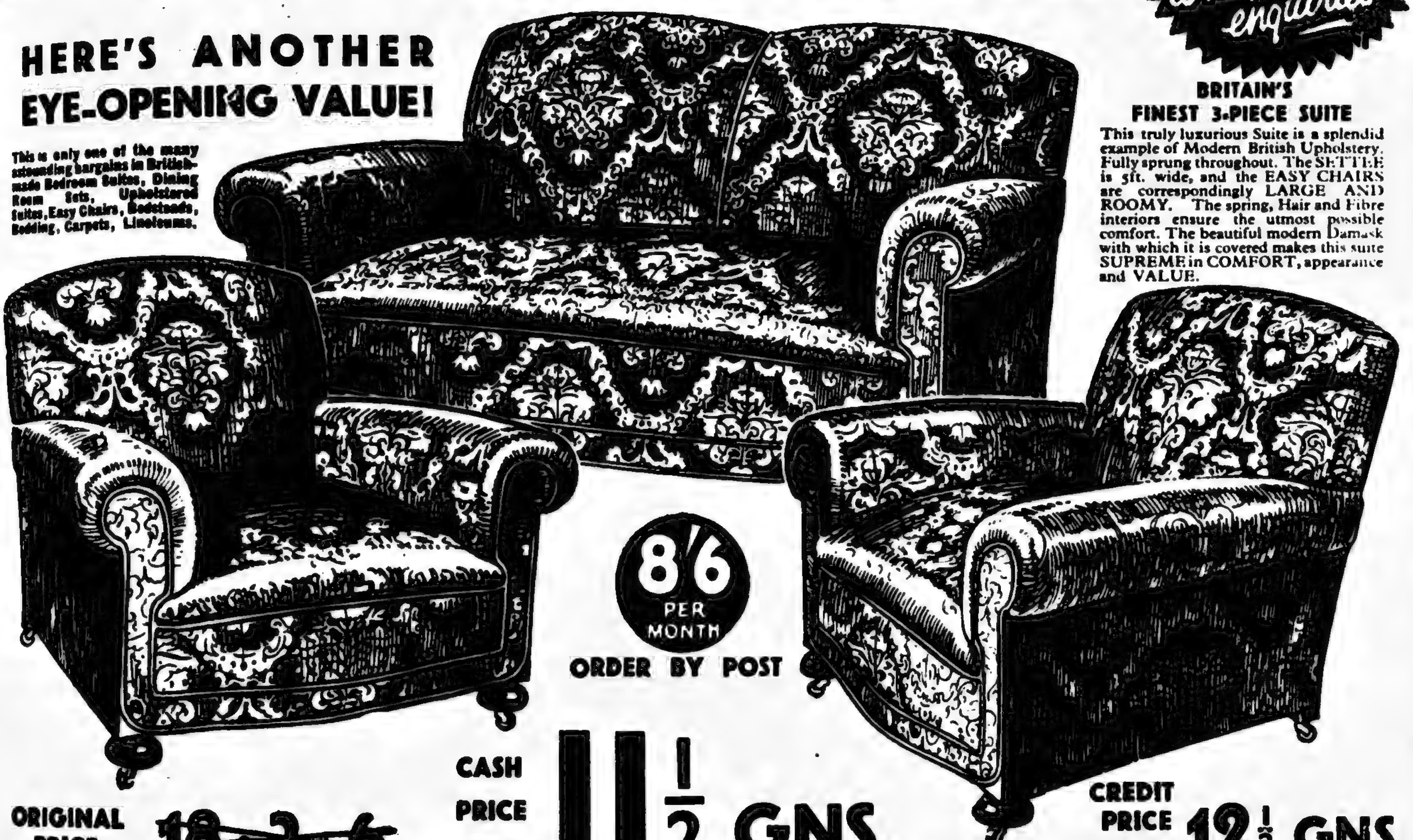

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Roy Overall, New Pier Tavern, Preston Street, Brighton.

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"And I play on the beach, too, all winter long. The minute I start to sneeze, Mummie just rubs Vick all over my chest, and that's the end of the cold. She stops her own colds in the same way, too."

Mrs. Overall, who supplied Roy's views, likes Vick Brand Vapour-Rub, because it stops colds quickly, without "dosing" the stomach.

Just Rubbed on, this Salve Acts in Two Ways at Once.

Just rubbed on the throat and chest at bedtime, it acts in two ways: (1) through the skin, like a poultice, (2) vaporized by the body-warmth, its healing ingredients are breathed into the inflamed air-passages.

Regular size now only 2/-; half-size 1/3, at all chemists.

VICK BRAND VAPOUR-RUB

Best for Children's Colds

"Mr. Mellingham's Mistake"—CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

Thrills on the Night Express

to discover even some slight discrepancy between that description and the man in the opposite seat.

To add the final element of proof—if, indeed, any further proof seemed to Mr. Mellingham to be really necessary—the official report concluded with the terse statement that the man had "probably served as a seaman."

AND although Mr. Mellingham knew next to nothing about the sea and ships, he yet sensed with that peculiar landsman's instinct the fact that his travelling companion had once been a sailor of sorts.

"Dirty night, mate."

The man spoke so suddenly that Mr. Mellingham felt himself jump. Reluctantly, while his fingers tightened their convulsive clutch on the newspaper, Mr. Mellingham transferred his gaze from the black wall of the tunnel streaming past to the speaker's face.

The man's eyes seemed to be fixed upon Mr. Mellingham with a hard, almost insulting sort of stare.

And for the fiftieth time in the last ten minutes Mr. Mellingham became unpleasantly aware of the strange colour of the eyes which were staring at him.

"I—I beg your pardon," said Mr. Mellingham. "Did you say something?"

The man raised his head slightly in order to spit on the floor.

"Betcha it's rough in the Channel to-night," he growled. "Seas like green hills comin' down. Betcha life on it!"

"You—you're a sailor?" Mr. Mellingham ventured.

"Sailor?" The man leered across the compartment. "Well, I was—*once*. Till I gave it the chuck. It's a dawg's life in one o' them little packets. Worse 'n a dawg's!"

There was a pause. Mr. Mellingham felt the strain of that silence.

The express had emerged from the tunnel. Rain pelted on the windows. Mr. Mellingham could see nothing except a black stretch of sky and shadowy shapes that whirled past in the darkness.

The man produced a flask from his hip pocket. Mr. Mellingham heard him drink thirstily. Suddenly he was sitting upright on the seat, leaning towards Mr. Mellingham, the flask of liquor extended in his hand.

WITH a renewed sensation of trembling in his knee-joints, Mr. Mellingham found himself observing the unusual bigness and brutality of that hand.

"'Ere y' are, mate. Help yerself to a swig."

For an instant, white-faced, numbed by the horror of his position, Mr. Mellingham stared mutely. Then, in a hoarse voice hardly audible above the rhythmic roar of the wheels on the metals, he stammered:

"Thanks, but—you see—I—I really don't take the stuff!" He tried to smile placatingly, but somehow the skin on his face seemed to have gone tight.

"Oh, one of those dam' temp'rance people, are yer?" growled the man. Without waiting for Mr. Mellingham's reply, he leaned back again on the seat and proceeded to empty the remaining contents of the flask down his throat.

Mr. Mellingham stared silently out of the window. The rain had stopped. Somewhere, as the express flashed past a signal-box, he caught a glimpse of towering granite embankments, which broke suddenly to reveal the gleam of water.

Above the pounding of the wheels he could hear the driving crash and fall of the sea along the dark, dead-looking coast.

Suddenly the man lifted himself up and pointed

"Look! See that?"

Mr. Mellingham had certainly seen *something*, but he didn't quite know what it was.

"Landslide!" growled the man, sinking back. "That's what these —— rains an' 'eavy seas do for you! Break up the blinkin' coast altogether in no time! Dunno why the 'ell they drive their trains so close to the water! Supposin'——"

The man stopped, sucked at the flask and flung it down with a look of disgust. Mr. Mellingham went on looking through the window. He could see little or nothing, but it was better than sitting there to meet the hostile stare of those strange eyes.

The express roared on through the night, rumbling over the metals, lurching sometimes as it swung and twisted along the uneven coastline, where for weeks on end tremendous seas had pounded.

There was a kind of dry irritation in Mr. Mellingham's throat. He felt he wanted to cough, but couldn't.

The express gave a sudden violent lurch. Mr. Mellingham heard the man curse. The violent motion of the train had roused him from the half-drunken sleep into which he was just beginning to fall.

In an attempt to sit upright, he lost his balance and sprawled between the seats, where he lay scowling up at Mr. Mellingham.

"'Ere, give us a hand, carn't yer?" he grunted.

Mr. Mellingham didn't move. He felt he *couldn't*. The man, groping stupidly with his hand, seized on Mr. Mellingham's travelling-case, which he had been too upset to think of putting in the rack. Mr. Mellingham quivered.

He had a considerable amount of valuables in that case. Was the drunken beast going to——?

"Better off in bed—goo' ol' Whitechapel!" the man muttered, lurching on to his feet and swaying threateningly above Mr. Mellingham.

Whitechapel!

IT was all Mr. Mellingham could do to prevent a cry of sheer terror bursting from his lips. For it was in Whitechapel, somewhere, that the old woman in the sweetshop had been murdered—stabbed and hacked fiendishly with some instrument—probably the sort of knife, according to the police reconstruction of the crime, which sailors often carry.

The man swung forward with the sway of the carriage. His hand came down heavily on Mr. Mellingham's shoulder. He caught a sickening whiff of the fellow's breath.

And then, quite suddenly, and for no apparent reason at all, the light in the carriage went out.

It was only for a moment. But a lot of things can happen in a moment. And, in this particular moment, things *did* happen. Mr. Mellingham saw to that.

With a half-strangled cry of terror bubbling on his lips, he leapt at the communication-cord, tugging at it with all his might and main.

It seemed all in one and the same instant that the light came on again and the express began dragging and screeching to a standstill.

Mr. Mellingham stood shaking like a leaf at one end of the compartment, while the drunken ex-seaman, an expression of stupid surprise on his face, clung at the other.

"What the 'ell did you go an' do that for? You've done it now, mate! Five quid is what they'll make yer dub up for——"

And then, glancing down, Mr. Mellingham found himself staring at the newspaper, which had fallen and turned over on the floor. And in the "Stop Press" column he read:

WHITECHAPEL CRIME.

MAN DETAINED.

The carriage door was jerked open. The guard peered angrily inside.

"Who pulled the communication-cord?"

Mr. Mellingham said nothing. He just stared—and stared. Voices came out of the darkness. A man, shouting excitedly, pulled the guard away from the door.

All along the train windows and doors were banging open. Mr. Mellingham tottered to the door and dropped, landing in a confused heap on the permanent way.

PEOPLE jumping from the train were streaming past him in the darkness. He saw the gleam of a light and followed it blindly.

Presently, with a group of others, he was standing and staring down into what appeared to be a freshly-opened valley of burst earth and granite cliff, where the metals lay twisted and broken.

A man with snow-white hair was speaking rather huskily to a frightened-looking woman.

"Yes, another hundred yards and we should all have been—— Who stopped the train, I wonder? Wasn't it like an act of Providence?"

◆

Next week:

"Gone Native"

by Arrar Jackson

Race with "Silver Ring"

A "Sticks" Policy

"FOLLOW the favourites" is the backers' war-cry once the jumping season commences. Sometimes it pays, but more often it loses.

The wise backers give this system a run during December and then pack up. If they are able to follow the meetings they only oppose the favourites in a two-horse market. Here they back the second choice, and it invariably wins.

Over!

My advice to those who believe there is money to be made out of favourites is to support them only in 'chases of three miles or over, or, as an alternative, have your flutter on the favourite of the fourth race daily.

If you study jumping programmes you will find that the fourth event is usually a handicap hurdle, and a reasonable price is returned in these races.

Last December was not a good month, but usually a steady ten or fifteen points' profit results.

I reget to state I drew a blank in the Irish sweep, but I think the holders of Redeswood and Salaam are on the "goods." The first-named is still my selection.

JOHN BULL'S CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, November 26, to Wednesday, December 2.

P	D	C	X	Z	H	J	S	M	L	T	A	N	G	Q	K
V	B	R	E	F	I	U	O	Y	W	98	97	96	95	94	93

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

95CX9597W97RI would read GREGALACH.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. Example:

YJXF2H96 would read MUEZZIN.

"SILVER RING"

Bigger prizes FOR XMAS FOR DIPLOMA LIMERICK LINES

FIRST PRIZE £50

1st PRIZE £50
2nd PRIZE £10
3rd PRIZE £5
4th PRIZE £2
10 PRIZES of £1 EACH
250 10/- POSTAL ORDERS
250 5/- POSTAL ORDERS
SPECIAL PRIZES
250 CAMERAS

A hearty old bishop of Kent
On a jolly good Christmas was bent
Said he, with great glee,
"Just you wait and see

CONDITIONS.

The Proprietors of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese offer a first prize of £50 and other prizes, as stated, for a best last line to this Limerick. Write your last line on a piece of paper and attach the small coloured label from a portion of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese (either Cheddar, Cheshire or Dunlop), or label from 'Diploma' Milk, 'Coronet' Milk, 'Regal' Milk, or 'Moonraker' Empire Cheese. Send as many attempts as you like, which may all be written on one sheet, but for each must be attached a label. The Managing Director's decision is final and legally binding.

CLOSING DATE:

Entries must reach us not later than **Thursday, December 10, 1931.**

RESULT:

A complete list of winners will be forwarded by post to every competitor. Prizes in time for Christmas.

ADDRESS to:
Competition (Dept. 7)
WILTS
UNITED DAIRIES LTD.,
TROWBRIDGE.

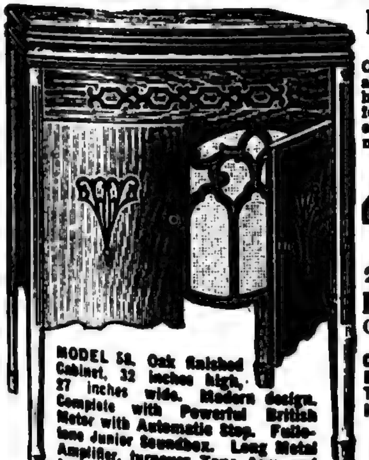
DIPLOMA

The English CRUSTLESS CHEESE

D 204a

514 CASH PRIZES 250 CAMERAS

Buy for Xmas NOW!



MODEL 58. Oak finished Cabinet, 32 inches high, 27 inches wide. Modern design. Complete with Powerful British Motor with Automatic Stop. Fullotone Junior Soundbox. Long Metal Amplifier, turnover Tone Arm and Large Record Compartment.

FROM FACTORY AT ½ COST!

Owing to the greatly increased value offered in these superb all-British instruments, the demand from keen purchasers has grown apace. Fullotone urge everyone to order early for Christmas. Purchasing direct from factory saves the enormous profits usually made by middlemen! If you cannot call at any of our Branches write or 'phone for catalogue.

4-12-6 8/6 SECURES *with 8/6 monthly for 11 months*

CARRIAGE PAID U.K.

21 MODEL CATALOGUE FREE

FULLOTONE GRAMOPHONES (1929) Ltd.
(Dept. J.B.39), 73, CAMDEN RD., LONDON, N.W.1
Phone: Gulliver 1017. *Also Branches at:*

Croydon—41, George Street.
East Ham—149, High Street.
Tottenham—561, High Road.
Hull—Monument Bridge.
Liverpool—13, Paradise St.
Manchester—85, Oxford Rd.
Bolton—47, Bradshawgate.
Glasgow—312, Argyle Street.

FULLOTONE

THE GRAMOPHONE OF AMAZING VALUE

Holbrook's

Worcestershire SAUCE

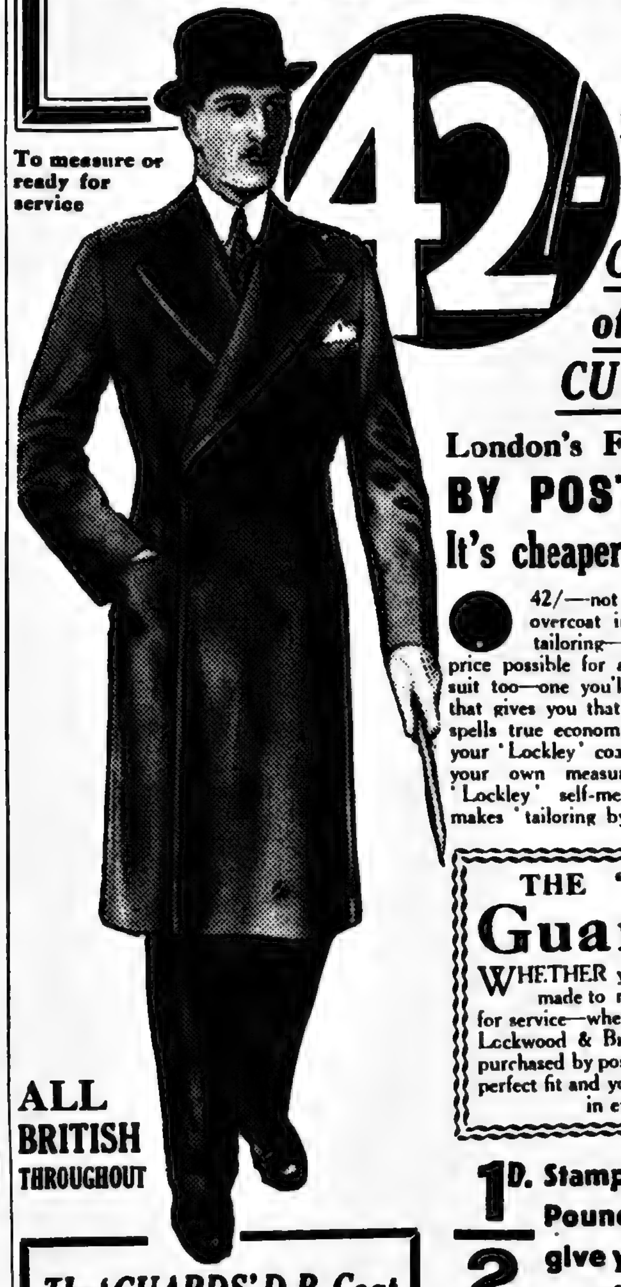
A mere suggestion helps digestion.

London's Leading Tailors

Lockwood & Bradley Ltd.

OFFER £5.5 VALUE FOR 42/-

To measure or ready for service



WEAR A COAT or SUIT of WEST END CUT & STYLE.

London's Finest Tailoring BY POST PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED

It's cheaper to buy the best

42/—not the cheapest price for an overcoat in these days of 'cheap' tailoring—but definitely the lowest price possible for a GOOD coat, or lounge suit too—one you'll be proud to wear—one that gives you that long service which alone spells true economy. You can safely order your 'Lockley' coat or suit, by post, taking your own measurements at home. The 'Lockley' self-measurement form at last makes 'tailoring by post' really practicable.

THE 'LOCKLEY'

Guarantee

WHETHER your overcoat or suit is made to measure or bought ready for service—whether it is fitted at one of Lockwood & Bradley's 90 branches or purchased by post—the makers guarantee perfect fit and your complete satisfaction in every respect.

ALL BRITISH THROUGHOUT

The 'GUARDS' D.B. Coat

A notable example of 'Lockley' tailoring. A smart double-breasted coat made from Blue, Grey, Brown Meltons and Cheviots. Also in all the latest designs in Fancy Tweeds. The coat—suitable for all occasions. **42/-**

To Measure or Ready for Service.

½D. Stamp may save you Pounds in cash and give you many months of Extra Wear.

See the new styles and materials for yourself—all British cloths of the finest quality and in the newest patterns. If unable to call at your nearest branch, post the coupon below in unsealed envelope under ½d. stamp.

FREE THE SEASON'S NEW PATTERNS

POST THIS COUPON NOW

To: LOCKWOOD & BRADLEY, LTD.
(Dept. J.B.28), Head Depot, 226/28, Old Street, London.

Kindly forward me your winter, 1931, patterns for Overcoats and/or Suits, together with prices and details of the newest styles. (Enclose also the 'Lockley' self-measurement form).

NAME ....

ADDRESS...

J.B.28 ....

The sign of the Qualified Optician

J C Q O

If an optician is on the REGISTER OF THE JOINT COUNCIL OF QUALIFIED OPTICIANS (J.C.Q.O.) he displays the above sign. When you see that sign you know that the optician is a qualified man, holding the diploma of either the British Optical Association or the Worshipful Company of Spectacle Makers.

During the last eight years 1,656,247 persons insured under the National Health Insurance Acts have obtained their spectacles through the OPTICAL SERVICE rendered by the QUALIFIED OPTICIANS OF THE J.C.Q.O.

INSURED PERSONS HAVE FREE CHOICE OF OPTICIAN.

If you have any trouble with your eyes go to the nearest optician who displays the J.C.Q.O. sign. Being a qualified man, he will be able to give you an authoritative opinion as to whether you require medical treatment or not. You are not compelled, even though you may be strongly urged, to obtain your spectacles through a clinic or (except in certain cases) to consult an Ophthalmic Surgeon.

The J.C.Q.O. scheme of Optical Service for Insured Persons provides :—

1. A Register of 4,000 qualified J.C.Q.O Opticians covering all parts of the British Isles.
2. A thorough examination by a J.C.Q.O. Optician who is fully capable of advising whether medical treatment is necessary.
3. A full range of standard spectacles, guaranteed to be of high quality, at standard prices.
4. Alternative patterns, instead of the standard designs, at 15 per cent. less than the optician's ordinary charge for such spectacles.
5. The same careful attention as would be given to a private client.

The fullest information and advice will be given you by any J.C.Q.O. optician, or write to the Registrar,

Joint Council of Qualified Opticians

CLIFFORD'S INN HALL,
FLEET STREET, E.C.4.
Tel.: Holborn 0921.

Belmont

The shabby, down-at-heels labourer and the richly-clad woman enter the "alibi address shop" together. What is the story behind the letters in their pigeon-holes?

Secret LETTER-BOX DRAMA

ROMANCE, drama, and many a thrilling adventure story are concealed within the envelopes which change hands across the counter of an "accommodation address."

All sorts and conditions of men, yes, and women, too, make use of the facilities provided in the shop around the corner to which their secret communications may be sent on payment of a copper or two for each.

Well-dressed men, men in workaday garb, shabbily-dressed men, and among the women young factory hands, shop assistants and women in fashionable clothes, comprise the thousands of people who for reasons of their own have their letters addressed to places which may be miles away from their homes.

Almost every village and many streets in every city and town have "accommodation addresses" which are registered as such with the proper authorities.

In most cases the explanations for their use—if they were given—would prove simple enough. Crooks and fee-snatchers are really in the minority.

All the same, the proprietor is compelled to keep a register of all correspondence received on behalf of his clients, and he must produce this register for inspection by the police whenever required.

Dream homes

Here are one or two stories covering a wide and varied range, revealing motives based on almost every human vanity or emotion that is considered sufficient reason for concealing the truth.

A young Bolton man came to London to take up a promising position with a West End firm, which, unfortunately, went "broke" about twelve months afterwards.

He had written to his mother and to his sweetheart in glowing terms of his progress and prospects, but when the crash came he kept silent.

He was compelled to seek humble lodgings for a time, and, indeed, was virtually homeless before he eventually obtained a fresh opening where he could begin all over again.

In the meantime he used the shop of a friendly newsagent as his postal address.

Another human story is that of a Cornish girl who married a young man she met when he was on his holidays. When she left her home she was quite under the impression that he was in an influential position and earning a handsome salary. But all his pleasant day-dreams were exploded as lies within a week of the marriage.

The deception the man had practised was damning, of course, but what this plucky young woman did was to use an "accommodation address" for a matter of months until she had managed to make her own way in the world.

In a turning off Regent Street, in the heart of the West End of London, there is a woman in business who "lets" letter accommodation to thirty business men.

Some of them use high-sounding trading titles, and the majority are honest, in their way.

But they are commercial snobs! They rely on the prestige gained by the use of an address of reassuring importance when their province is in reality a back street in a neighbourhood where rents are within their means.

Sailors who go to sea in tramp steamers and freightships without knowing exactly when they'll be next in a port of registration or call make frequent use of places where letters may be sent to await their homecoming.

While commercial travellers largely make use of the post-offices, many of them register their names with agents whom they know will retain letters on their behalf.

Mother never knew

The amount of business transacted through this medium is astonishing. The man on the road does not know where he will stay when he reaches Nottingham or Leeds, but any letter sent to the newsagent in a certain street will be waiting him when he arrives.

Some idea of the widespread use of "accommodation addresses" will be gained when we say that there are at least thirty thousand of them scattered throughout the country.

A young wastrel who at different times lived in cheap lodging houses, the workhouse, or was imprisoned jail, was found to have concealed h true condition from his invalid moth by this means.

The letters she received whilst h was serving his sentence had bee written beforehand and were posted b a friend at suitable intervals.

He surely had one spark of good his make-up?

Evils they hide

A man named Watson, who was co cerned in a notorious "blackmailin case" some little time ago, used th address of a newsagent in the King Cross neighbourhood for his nefario purpose.

In accordance with police regul tions, Watson was obliged to give th newsagent his "permanent" addres

This, upon enquiry, proved to be th address of yet another establishme to which letters might be addressed o payment of a small fee.

The "permanent" address given this second case likewise turned o to be an accommodation one.

And so on, in a wide circle, witho his ever disclosing the place where lived, the crook had a number reputable addresses.

Wayfarer's G.H.Q.

On the other hand, the legitima purposes for which these "letter a dressing" facilities are used far ou number the evil.

What the branch agency is to t big corporation the "accommodati address" is to the wayfarer, th traveller, the person temporarily do on his luck, and the youth or maid of "no fixed abode."

The origin of its use dates back the days before railways linked up the important centres throughout t land; before the postal system ca into being by means of which a lett handed in at Glasgow is delivered London the following day; long befo motor-coaches were thought of.

In the old coaching days, when new papers were rare documents reserv for the privileged few, it became nec sary for the stage driver to have agent with whom he might leave ne and despatches without departing fro his route.

Letters in those days were rare a of great importance. The first new agents along the great northern a western roads were in business "letter accommodation" centuries a

So the next time you see a sign o side to the effect that "Letters may addressed here" you will know how came about.

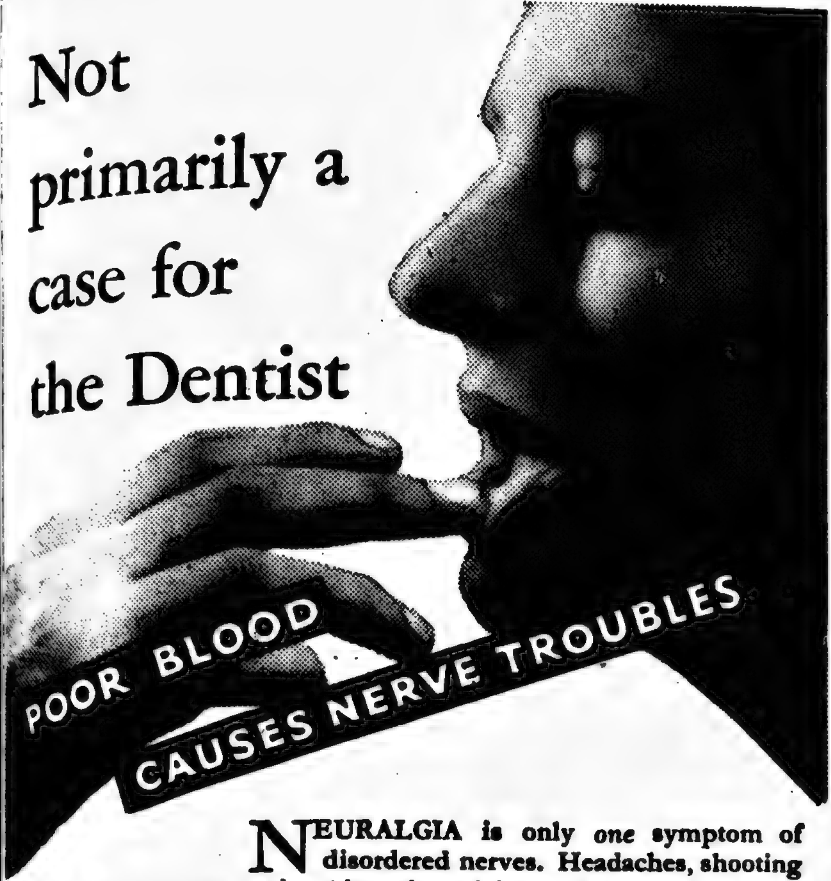
The elderly man in the threadba coat just hobbling away may have r ceived a letter from a prospering or daughter from whom he is anxi to keep news of his dire poverty a distress.

Is it "IT"?

Film talent fairly oozes out in some families. Look at the Fairbanks, the Shearers, the Barrymores, the Wallaces.

What's the reason? The right temperament; the right type of nose; the right amount of "It"? Or is it simply a matter of "Like father, like son; like mother, like daughter"? The answer to this intriguing question will be found in *The Picturegoer*, on sale Friday, November 27—Price 2d.

Not primarily a case for the Dentist



Neuralgia, so often caused by Anæmia, has been described as "THE CRY OF NERVES FOR BETTER BLOOD."

The commonest kind of Neuralgia is called "tic douloureux" and affects the sensory nerve of the face. This nerve has three divisions, any one or all of which may be affected.

1. *A specially painful point near the inner end of the eyebrow, the eye-ball is usually tender and tears flow freely.*

2. *A tender point about an inch below the eye. The upper teeth usually ache.*

3. *Pain in the lower teeth and sometimes earache.*

NEURALGIA is only *one* symptom of disordered nerves. Headaches, shooting pains, 'jumpiness,' depression, equally signify a completely run-down condition of your nerves. And monotony, worry, lack of fresh air and blood-making food are largely responsible for the prevalence of this harrowing complaint.

Hall's Wine is recommended by doctors to 'nervy' people because of its well-known restorative qualities. Hall's Wine contains the natural iron and vitamins of the grape, besides valuable medicaments; their effect upon tired nerves is extremely soothing and restorative,

If you are run-down—with fretted nerves and nerve-pains—you will obtain rapid and lasting relief from this beneficial tonic wine. You will have the additional satisfaction of knowing that when Colds and Influenza are rife, you are strengthening your system against infection—the most sensible way.

HALL'S WINE
ENRICHES THE BLOOD

From all Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers and Chemists.

Large bottle 5/6 Smaller size 3/3

Send a postcard to-day for particulars of a very SPECIAL OFFER for a short period only, to purchasers of Hall's Wine

215

STEPHEN SMITH & COMPANY LIMITED, BOW, LONDON, E.3.

That cold needs

Put a stop to that cold before it gets really serious—take Galloway's the genuine old time remedy that's been tested and tried for generations!

UNSOLICITED TESTIMONY.

Mrs. Foster, of 25, William Road, Sutton, Surrey, writes :—"My little boy had whooping cough, which left him with a very bad cough, and although we tried with every known remedy he could not shake it off. We were advised to try 'GALLOWAY'S COUGH SYRUP,' and much to our relief this quickly cured him."

WILL CURE IN HALF THE TIME

GALLOWAY'S
COUGH SYRUP

Sold by all Chemists and Stores, price 1/3 and 2/6 per bottle, or direct from P. H. GALLOWAY, Ltd., Chemists, London, S.E.17. Price 1/9 and 3/3 post free.

The HACKNEY PLAN FOR *Safety* IN FURNISHING

"Look! Nothing to pay on the furniture however long you're ill!"
"Yes! and you & the Kiddies would be provided for if anything happened to me!"

BESIDES offering the finest Value in Quality Furniture, The Hackney Plan provides FREE a complete Home Ins rance **Guaranteed by The Eagle Star Insurance Co., Ltd.,** which includes the following unrivalled protections :—

IN ILLNESS or ACCIDENT your instalments are paid for you. No arrears to make good afterwards—no risk of losing any part of your home, however long your illness.

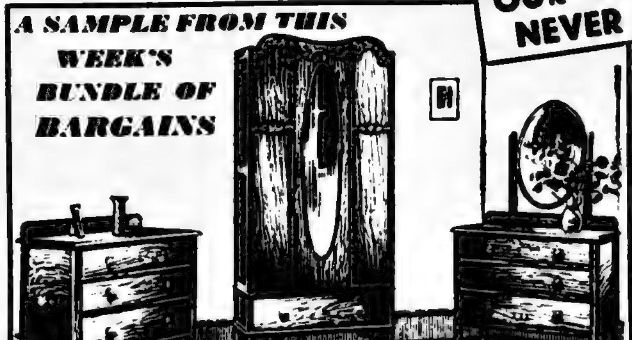
IN EVENT OF DEATH your dependents not only keep the Furniture with nothing more to pay, but receive a Cheque for half the total instalments paid.

IN EVENT OF FIRE, Burglary, Housebreaking or Larceny, we make good all damage or loss.

NO DEPOSIT. **FREE DELIVERY on first payment - LINOS & CARPETS LAID FREE—RAIL FARES ALLOWED on orders over £20.**

Satisfaction Guaranteed on all orders by Post.

BUY NOW! OUR PRICES WERE NEVER SO LOW!


A SAMPLE FROM THIS WEEK'S BUNDLE OF BARGAINS

The "STRAND" OAK BEDROOM SUITE Rich Golden Brown Shade. 3 ft. fitted Wardrobe with oval bevelled mirror.

3 ft. Dressing Chest with oval frameless mirror and three long drawers.

3 ft. Chest with three drawers.

Price Complete Suite £15

Or delivered free upon receipt of first payment of 7/6 and 39 monthly payments of 7/6.

The Coupon below brings full particulars —*POST NOW.*

For Guaranteed Furniture—
HACKNEY
L·J·STEWART Managing Director
FURNISHING COMPANY LTD

HEAD OFFICE AND SHOWROOMS:
MARE STREET, HACKNEY, LONDON, E.8
Telephone: Amherst 4421-4424 *Telegrams: "Furniments," London*
WEST END SHOWROOMS:
39 & 41 NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.1
Telephone: Temple Bar 2314
Showrooms open daily till 7 p.m. Saturdays till 8 p.m. Thursdays close 1 p.m.

YOU PAY ONLY 10/- MONTHLY *for* EVERY £20 WORTH OF HACKNEY FURNITURE

BRANCHES AT :

BIRMINGHAM	186-8 Corporation St.
BRADFORD	20-24 North Parade
DERBY	10 Market Place
EDINBURGH	35-37 Shandwick Place
GLASGOW	291-303 Argyle St.
HULL	24-25 Whitefriargate
LEEDS	17 Briggate
LEICESTER	66 High St.
LIVERPOOL	1 - 9 Pembroke Place
MIDDLESBRO'	91 - 93 Linthorpe Rd.
NOTTINGHAM	13-15 Albert St.
SCARBOROUGH	8 Castle Rd.
SOUTHAMPTON	156-158 High St.
SOUTHEND-ON-SEA	49 Alexandra St.
SUNDERLAND	25-26 Holmeside
SYDENHAM	75-79 Sydenham Rd.
WOLVERHAMPTON	66-67 Victoria St.
YORK	34-35 Parliament St.

POST THIS COUPON

To
THE HACKNEY FURNISHING CO., LTD., Mare Street, Hackney, London, E.8.

Please send me your BUNDLE OF BARGAINS, Illustrated Catalogue and full information about your Free Insurance Plan and Deferred Terms.
(Please write in block letters)

Name ....

Address ....

....

Enclose in unsealed ½d. stamped envelope J. B. 111

Pool's Advertising Service Ltd.

Let
NATURE
protect your dog
this WINTER.

WELL-CONDITIONED dogs *never feel the cold*, for they grow a winter coat so dense that wind and water cannot reach the skin. And if you will condition your dog now, so that Nature can do her work, he will have no coughs or chills to trouble you this winter.

For forty years experienced Breeders have conditioned their dogs with Bob Martin's tasteless Condition Powders which purify the blood tone up the system, and give nourishment to the coat, curing *and preventing* all ailments due to poor blood condition such as *Loose Coat, Loss of Appetite, Listlessness, Excessive Scratching, Eczema and Swellings between the Toes.*

Give your dog Bob Martin's tasteless Condition Powders to-day. You will be amazed at the difference which condition makes.

There are 9 (nine) powders in the sixpenny packets and 18 in the shilling boxes from dog biscuit shops, chemists and big stores. Made (since 1892) by Bob Martin Ltd., Southport, England.

BOB MARTIN'S
TASTELESS CONDITION POWDERS

USEFUL and INEXPENSIVE
Gifts

Lady friends will admire the new colours—Jade or Blue. Ask your Stationer to show you these new models.

Blue or Jade 10/6

ENGLISH MADE

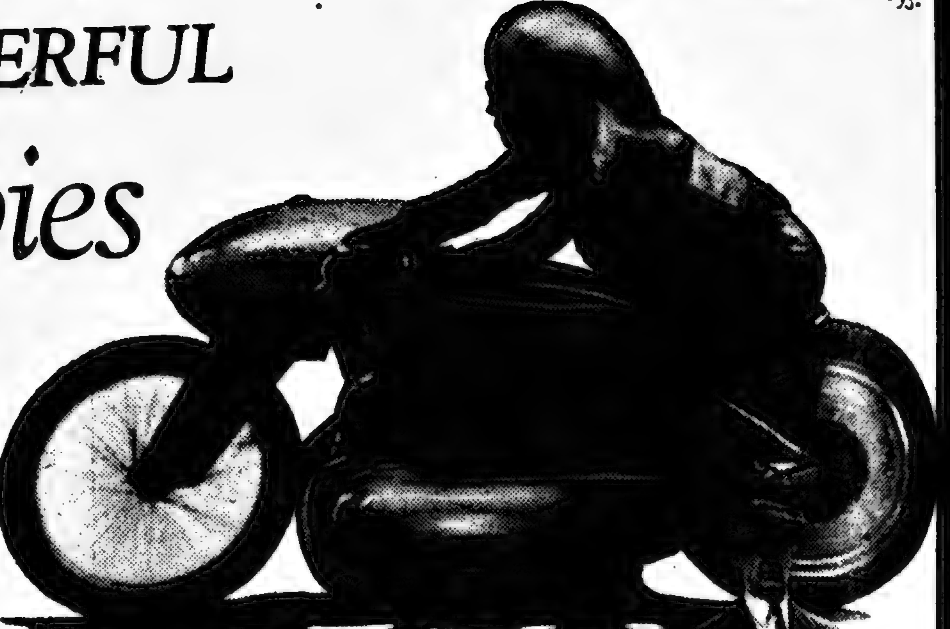
'Blackbird' Pens may be obtained of all Stationers and Jewellers. Black 7/6 to 10/6; Blue or Jade 10/6; non-self-filling 6/-. Postage 3d. extra under 10/-.

Black 7/6

6 9
BLACKBIRD
SELF-FILLER

Illustrated list post free from Mabie, Todd and Co., Ltd., Swan House, 133 and 135, Oxford St., London, W.1. Branches at: 79, High Holborn, W.C.1; 114, Cheapside, E.C.2; 95, Regent St., W.1; and at 3, Exchange St., Manchester. "Swan" Pen Works, Harlesden, London.

WONDERFUL *Babies* —*on* *Wheels*



The Giant. There is only a handful of living men who could ride it . . .

by THOMAS H. WISDOM

A COLOSSAL, strange-looking two-wheeled monster, its rider crouching low over the handlebars, flashes down a narrow road at over 150 miles an hour—and to Britain's long list of speed honours is added the motor-cycle world's record.

A slip of a girl rides a tiny motor-cycle, its engine the size of a coffee cup; supremely easy to start, almost effortless to control, the little machine will go to Brighton and back again to London on a shilling's worth of petrol.

Is there any connection at all between these two machines—similar only in the fact that they both have two wheels? The first could be ridden successfully by just about half-a-dozen living men, the other anyone with average intelligence, schoolboy or matron, could ride hundreds of miles at a time.

Next week, when the Motor-cycle and Cycle Show—the biggest and best the world has ever known—opens at Olympia, we shall see how the big record-breaking machine showed the way to the new "baby" motor-cycle.

There will be hundreds of new motor-cycles at Olympia, some of them costing more than a small car, but the big feature will be the great number of "Everyman" mounts.

These little machines, costing the price of the pedal cycle of a few years ago, owe their development to Britain's success in international motor-cycle races and record attempts.

Carrying the "baby"

Those big 100 m.p.h. machines, which only the world's greatest speedmen can ride "flat out," showed our engineers how to obtain power sufficient to propel a little machine—light enough to carry about under one arm—and its rider at 30 m.p.h. up hill and down dale, from an engine so small that it could be slipped into your overcoat pocket.

And what wonderful little bikes these new "babies" are! I have ridden many of them and know what a boon they will be to those who have hitherto "made do" with other means of transport.

Even Mr. Snowden was moved to make the one "concession" of his public life when he heard about the new "babies," and from January 1 next year the annual tax for the little machines will be only 15s. Insurance costs a similar amount, and for the rest 10s. worth of petrol and oil will be enough for 1,000 miles of travel.

Nearly every manufacturer of motor-cycles has a "baby" in his 1932 range costing from fourteen guineas up to £25.

Saddles of safety

This Olympia show is one of machines that are essentially *safe* vehicles—safer even than the four-wheeler. Easier to control and with better brakes than most cars, the motor-cycle is the safest vehicle on the road. Disbelievers should examine recent accident statistics, which prove quite conclusively that the safest place on the King's Highway is in the saddle of a motor-cycle!

For the most part, manufacturers have concentrated on a policy of lower prices allied to detail refinements and improvements, but there will be a number of entirely new machines to see at Olympia next week.

The centre of attraction will undoubtedly be the first motor-cycle to be fitted with a car engine. This wonder machine has a four-cylinder "baby" Austin power unit, a three-speed gear-box, car-type transmission and twin rear wheels.

Everything about this super-luxurious motor-cycle follows car practice. The engine is water-cooled and there are two radiators, one on each side of the front forks. It is fitted with a reverse gear and the rear wheels can be removed in a few minutes—just like a car. It has an electric starter, electric lighting and a wind-screen.

Intended chiefly for use with a sidecar, the machine has a touring speed of 70 miles an hour, and colossal acceleration.

Certainly it is one of the fastest and most luxurious motor-cycles ever built—and so it should be, for it costs £88 more than the cheapest "baby" car!

Other makers have also borrowed from car practice and a few days ago I was shown a secret machine, a new motor-cycle that will not be seen by the public until Olympia opens.

Secret wonder machine

It is altogether revolutionary. Unit construction of engine and gear-box and car-type springing both front and rear are the chief points of this novel mount.

So soon as the first machines came off the assembly line they were seized by the works-manager, the chief tester and another member of the staff, who promptly made off for the famous test hills of the West Country.

Those once notorious gradients, Porlock, Lynton and Beggars Roost—and not so many years ago they were insurmountable—were climbed in middle gear. And the machines were found to be almost skid-proof and far more comfortable than the older-type models.

One of the new "babies" to which I have already referred will have the engine and the rest of "the works" totally enclosed—the kind of machine you could ride to the office in your best suit. And this bike costs but £23 10s.

This Show will see a definite attempt to popularise motor-cycling for the family man and there will be a number of sidecar combinations costing little more than many solo machines.

. . . and the Mite, which you can carry under one arm, and put its engine in your pocket

One Birmingham manufacturer has produced for 1932 a sidecar outfit tha will cost as little as £55 complete, an this includes electric lighting, electri horn and leg-shields. On such machine father, mother and tw children can ride in safety and com fort, and it will cost them less tha 15s. a week to buy.

"Daisy's carriage" again

My friend Kuklos, the cycling ex pert, tells me that a very instructiv sign of the times at Olympia is th recognition by the trade that the tan dem bicycle, the "twicer," is becomin almost phenomenally popular.

What may be called "the influenc of the car on the bicycle" will be ap parent in the Show this year, fo several firms will show internal ex panding hub-brakes—small, light an weatherproof; and some bicycles o famous names will be shown with suc brakes as a standard fitting.

At least two of the tyre makers wi be showing "balloons for bicycles," French development which it is quit likely will find favour here.

The French change-speed system o the shifting chain, called "derailer in English and already in some vogu here, will be seen on some London made machines. One, at least, will b shown with six speeds!

The bicycle boom is in full swing one exhibitor alone is turning ou more than one thousand pedal cycle a day—the "push-bike" is no longe the Cinderella of the Show. It ha gone through a slimming and weight reducing process and has emerged a new and attractive make-up.

Light speed machines, in ever-in creasing demand by those for who bicycling is a sport, will be seen in ga colours hitherto used only for th benefit of our frivolous Latin-Ameri can customers.

There has arrived also a new typ of cycle which is expected to play big part in the revival of cycling fo pleasure, health and business—a reall light-weight machine which ha nearly all the advantages of the road racer and yet has a three-speed hu gear-case and other features mo generally associated with the tourin machine.

To-day Fyffes, as they have done for years, bring more Empire Bananas from Jamaica than all other importers.

ECONOMY in the purse

A **FYFFES** banana is a natural bargain; both a food and a fruit; almost a meal in itself. You should eat bananas more often—and save more money. But make sure you see the **FYFFES** Blue Label. All bananas which wear that label are sweet and ripe and ready to eat.

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A similar advantage is to be gained by purchasing *now* Benson's solid gold chains from the existing stock at the *old* price. Benson's Watch Catalogue shows a wide selection from £2 15 0. For a free copy of this catalogue post the coupon below to-day.

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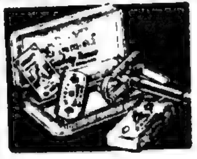

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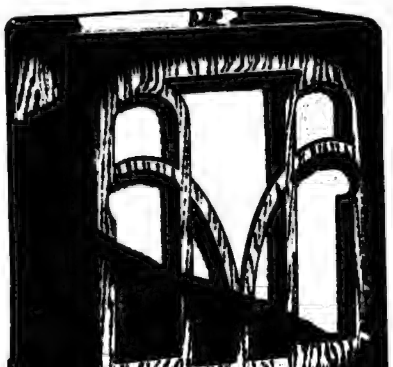

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THE WORLD'S QUEEREST GAMBLE

You can stake a halfpenny on your fancy in the "Snails' Derby"

TOSS-HA'P'NY in the courts and alleys. Raindrops on a window-pane. Snails crawling on a path. The numbers on passing motor-cars. The blooming of flowers.

All sorts of simple things—and ingenious ones, too—form the basis of gambling games which flourish in various parts of the country.

The Briton is a born gambler, it is often said. Social critics declare that he is getting worse. Street gaming has increased during recent months, despite fulminations from the pulpit and vigorous police action. Old games of chance have been revived; new ones introduced.

Their crawling colours

In the South Wales valleys there is one of the most curious of all "sporting events"—the Snails' Derby.

The idea is simplicity itself. Two or more snails are set crawling towards a cabbage leaf a foot away. The men wager on which animal will first reach the coveted food or "winning-post."

There are no odds, but the principle has some advantages over horse-racing for men who cannot afford to bet in shillings on real horses: they can not only stake as little as a halfpenny but watch the "race" for nothing, and each man acts as bookmaker or banker in turn.

Another novel gamble, which has spread from Wales to the Midlands and the North, is betting on the numbers on the identification plates of passing motor-cars. One player acts as banker and a certain number is agreed upon.

When a car passes with a number higher than that agreed upon the banker pays out. Otherwise he retains the stakes.

During the summer even the flower-buds on country hedgerows or in gardens were utilised for betting purposes. Stakes were laid on the prospect of a selected bud blooming within half an hour.

Wet weather provides a ready alternative. Remembering an old childhood attraction, the gambler wagers pennies on the incessant race of raindrops down the window-panes.

£100 Tipcat wagers

Such methods entirely baffle the police, though a few men have been detected and fined for practising the motor-index-number game.

Lancashire has always been devoted to Tipcat, variously known as "Guinea-cat" and "Catty," a game familiar to every child. The sharpened end of a small stick placed on the ground is struck so that it leaps into the air, and is then batted as far as possible. Some wealthy gamblers have been known to wager as much as a hundred pounds—the betting being on a completed game. Noted local players are matched in games of 200 or 500 up.

Manchester has a local favourite in pitching pennies into a pint pot, while "Over the line," an equally simple pastime which can prove highly expensive, flourishes in the narrow alleys between the great warehouses in London's East End.

A line is chalked across a paving-stone and pennies pitched towards it. Those which go over are kept by the player whose coin is immediately below the line.

But the older games—Pitch and Toss, Dice, Banker, Shove-ha'penny, Nap, Crown and Anchor, and House—continue to be highly popular; the first four being the general favourites at the moment.

Thousands of men are engaged every Saturday and Sunday in the "crofts" and open spaces near Northern industrial towns on backing on the tossed penny. Some are paid to act as scouts, and are posted at strategic points to give warning of the approach of police or inquisitive strangers.

Battling gamblers

The same elaborate system is often used in the towns where schools of gamblers meet in courts and quiet streets. Sometimes the police outwit them by driving up in disguised motor-lorries; occasionally a pitched battle ensues.

The most serious riot known in Manchester for many years occurred a few months ago when a posse of police jumped out of a furniture van and rounded up a crowd of Pitch and Toss enthusiasts. Several constables were injured; then, after nineteen persons had been arrested, the enraged crowd attacked the police station and were not dispersed for three hours.

More recently, police who pounced on a school o "Pieman" play ers in Sout London had face a barrage o stones, bottle tin cans and ro ten fruit. Her too, reinforce ments had to b summoned.

Pieman, inci dentally, is an other crude gamble of the heads-or tails variety. A pile of pennies is "pie," the holder of the bank—whi changes when the pile is exhausted is the "pieman."

The player has only to guess th face of a coin before the top penny removed. If he is right, he receiv the penny; if not, he pays a penn and so the game goes on until th pile is "dealt." There are side bets the game proceeds.

Deal-and-run bankers

In some provincial towns Crown a Anchor—familiar to every man wh served in the Army—is being open played in the poorer quarters. T banker quickly opens his board, plac it on a collapsible tripod, posts two three scouts, and soon attracts a grou of willing customers.

The look-outs appear to be we informed of the police beats and the approximate patrol times, but pl rarely lasts more than a few minut in one particular spot.

As a contrast to this "deal-and-run business there is the "open-air casino at Lunderston Bay, near Greenoc Campers in this great city of ten enjoy nap and pitch and toss u molested by the police, who cann interfere as the colony is on priva property.

Put-and-take, which sprang into i mediate and country-wide popularity few years ago, is returning. Quick and less cumbersome than cards, it thus more profitable to the bank Already on Merseyside it shares t position of favourite with dice.

A Liverpool man bought a set of d in July with almost his last shillin With this slender capital he start gambling among his friends, reservi for himself a share of the kitty.

Pennies of penury

Now he has three definite pitches the northern part of the city and interested in another in Bootle, e ploys a squad of scouts and assista —and his friends are considerably poorer. The police are taking steps stamp out these and many oth gaming schools in the neighbourhoo

Much of this unprecedented ga bling craze is admittedly due to t industrial depression. Men thrown the scrap-heap through no fault their own have grown tired of waiti idly for work that never comes, and they while away the long hours wagering their pennies, hoping at t same time to make a small profit.

Foolish, perhaps—for someone m lose. That is the tragedy which being realised to-day. Gambling never do them any good. Work what they crave,

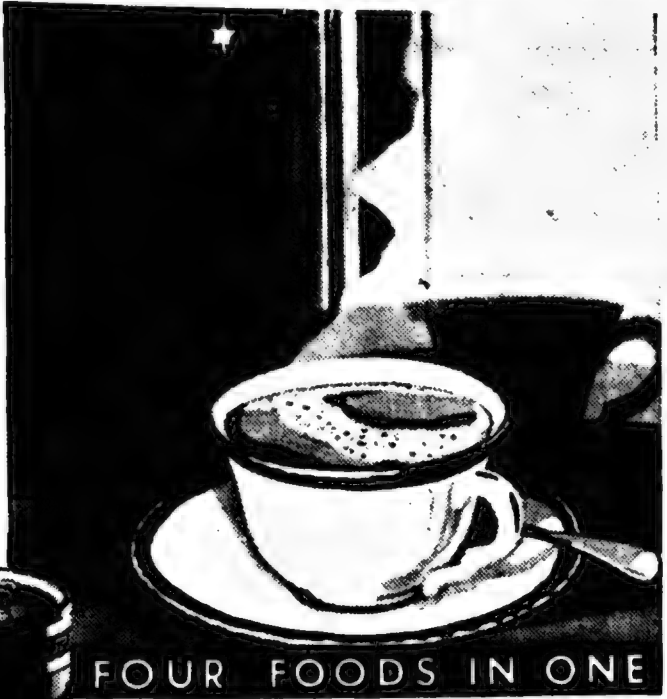
---

Love
at First Hearing

Fairy tales were invented before telephones, and nobody speaks of "love at first hearing," except whimsical Will Scott, who writes a delightful tale on this theme in "JOHN BULL'S Christmas Annual."

Buy a copy to-day, and if you can think of a better title for the picture on the cover, submit it on a postcard addressed: "£10 Title, JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre. London, W.C.2."

The Editor is awarding £10 for the best effort, and entries should reach him not later than December 21.



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It is when you are most tired that Fry's Malted Milk Cocoa with Eggs will do you most good—try it and see! Send for your free sample to-day, and mix yourself a steaming creamy cupful of this delicious new drink. How thoroughly you will enjoy it! And what a world of good it will do you! Fry's Malted Milk Cocoa with Eggs is more than a refreshing drink—it is a liquid meal. Four concentrated nourishing foods in one. New energy in a new drink.

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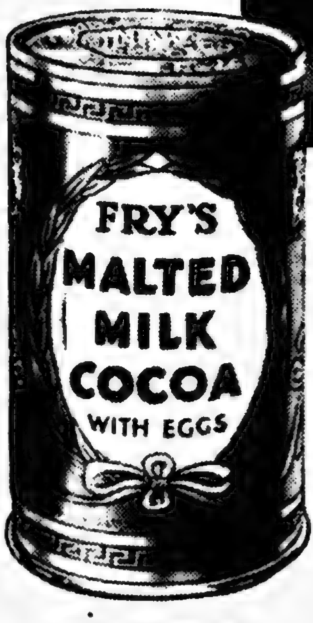

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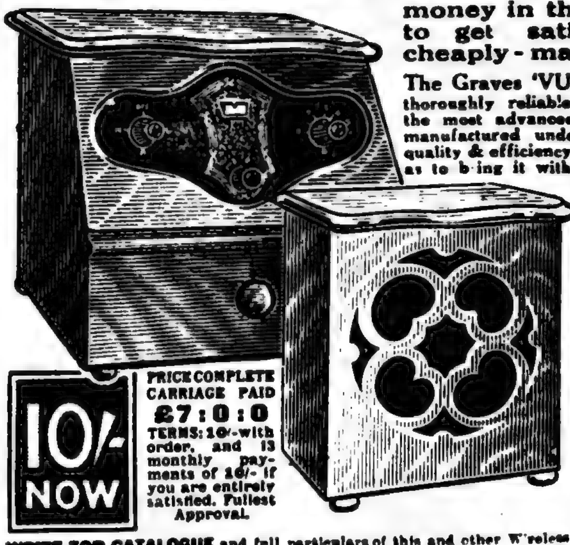

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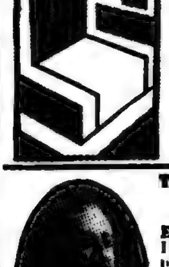

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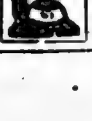

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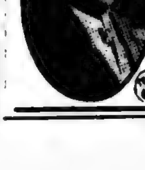

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Turn to page 23 and fill in the Coupon NOW!

HOW FAMOUS PUBLIC SCHOOL CURES COUGHS.

At this time of the year it is particularly interesting to know how one of the most famous of our Public Schools treats coughs, sore throat, etc., amongst its scholars. The Matron of this School writes:—"There are over 1,100 scholars here, and we need some really good cough mixture for our charges. I find 'Pineate' brand Honey Syrup does all it claims to do, and I intend to have some always on hand." This school, like many others, uses 'Pineate' brand Honey Syrup because it instantly relieves and speedily banishes coughs and other bronchial troubles. The first half teaspoonful allays irritation, stops coughing, soothes throat soreness and clears choked air-passages. 'Pineate' brand Honey Syrup is obtainable of chemists at 1s. 6d. a bottle, and will give you immediate relief no matter how stubborn your cough or bronchial trouble may be.

30 Cigarettes for price of 20 & Hand-made

Some people smoke expensive Hand-made cigarettes. Others smoke machine-made cigarettes, but the man who knows says. . .

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No "free" gifts or fancy packing to pay for; all the value is in the cigarette. You get a *better* smoke and *slow burning*, too, when rolled in A.G. Papers. Start now! Your Tobacconist will supply you with the right tobacco, but for *goodness* sake insist on

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SLEEPLESSNESS.

If a census were taken of persons troubled with sleeplessness or disturbed rest during the night, the figures would show an amazingly high total. Yet how few amongst that number realise that such trouble is frequently caused by an overloaded stomach and excessive strain on the digestive organs. Often a hearty meal is eaten at night accompanied by tea, coffee or other beverage, and with the consequent feeling of drowsiness which invariably follows, the impulse to go to bed is readily responded to. It is under such conditions that restlessness and disturbed sleep often occur, which troubles can be easily overcome if the proper treatment is followed. A dose of 'Bisurated' Magnesia taken the last thing at night will quickly ensure relief from the feeling of fullness and stomach discomfort, by aiding the digestive organs to promptly carry out their normal function, with the result that quiet and restful sleep will ensue.

HERE you read some tough problems of real life, and the solutions that "HUMANIST" proposes for them. One day you, too, will be up against a difficulty which you cannot face alone. "HUMANIST" will deal with it through the post. Send a stamped, addressed envelope. For the three most poignant documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.

CONSCIENCE in the Blind Pedlar's Basket

ALL my life I have been partially blind. Yet I can truthfully say that I have fought against depression; I have always been an enthusiastic worker. I tried hard to get on at school, but I was severely handicapped, and approaching manhood found me with few capabilities.

The only way I could earn a livelihood was to become a pedlar. So I started out, going from door to door with my wares, tapping my way along the pavements with my stick.

In my struggle I discovered that I possessed one useful trait. I had only my wits to rely upon, and I cultivated a natural gift of dry humour until I had always a witty sally ready for any purchaser.

Often when the door was closing in my face with a quiet "Nothing to-day, thank you," I have made a whimsical reply and the door has reopened and the housewife has made a purchase.

After some years I was able to marry the woman I loved.

BY this time I had got together a small connection, and one firm entrusted me with goods to sell on commission. I behaved with perfect honesty and always rendered true accounts—until one terrible day.

Trade had been dreadfully bad; unemployment was rife, and my regular customers positively had no money to spare. I also had my troubles at home. My only daughter was convalescent from a severe operation and needed special care, and my wife was ill.

So, instead of getting a little profit for myself by selling my own pedlar's wares, all I managed to do for two or three days was collect the instalments on the goods sold by the firm for whom I worked on commission.

At the close of a particularly bad day I had two or three pounds in my pocket—but they were not mine.

I was tired and footsore, hungry and depressed. There was the tantalising vision of those at home waiting for food.

Desperate, I took one of those pounds and spent it on food.

Up to the present I have not been found out. But trade has not improved, and I have never been able to repay what I stole. I do not know what to do for fear of losing what slender hold I have on life. I must not lose my tiny connection or the bit of respect I have hitherto enjoyed.

YET my conscience torments me day and night.

Hitherto I have welcomed night-time which makes all men alike and releases even me from this dark thing that has attached itself to me from babyhood.

Now the nights are hideous—when all else is quiet conscience awakes; and there is always ringing in my ears the taunt "You stole! You are no longer a honest man! You are a thief!"

"HUMANIST" says: I strongly advise you to make a clean breast of your theft to the firm for whom you work. The sooner you do this the more likely they are to allow you to repay as you can, by small instalments.

If the circumstances are clearly explained, and you show a sincere wish to make restitution, there can be no doubt that they will treat you with a touch of humanity. It is possible that your honourable confession will affect them to your own good.

WIDOW'S SECRET
is daughter's torment

I AM a single woman living at home with my widowed mother. I go out to daily work in a boarding-house where a large staff of servants is employed. My job is mending and repairing all the household linen, and on busy days mother comes to help me.

Mother is addicted to fits of a peculiar nature. When she is suffering from one of these attacks she becomes unconscious of anything she does. She will grasp things that are handy and hide them. Afterwards she cannot remember anything concerning her actions.

Recently a terrible thing happened. Money was missed from one of the rooms in the boarding-house. No one knows who has taken it, consequently every servant in the place is under suspicion.

I feel positive that my mother must have taken this money during one of her seizures, but I cannot prove it. I dare not say anything for fear it should be discovered that she has these seizures—then they would take her away to the infirmary, which would either kill her outright or send her mad.

Now the boy I am engaged to marry is beginning to be suspicious of me because he thinks I look worried. I cannot tell him the truth—he would leave me if he knew that I was the daughter of a thief. What do you advise me to do?

"HUMANIST" says: You must first take your fiancé completely into your confidence—any decent man would be eager to share his girl's troubles.

With his advice and help you can arrange for your mother to receive careful medical attention in her own home if need be. Her condition may be curable.

You must certainly keep your mother at home until your suspicions concerning the theft have either been definitely confirmed or dispelled.

The "Greatest of These—" Fund

A Chimney-Sweep's S.O.S.

T. C. holds an Army certificate of service which describes him as "exemplary" for military conduct and "honest, sober and industrious." He left the Army because of poor health.

Will you help T. C. to win through?

His outlook at present, with a wife and two little daughters to support, is about as black as the chimneys he sweeps for a living. Unhappily, it is a terribly meagre "living," for all he manages to bring in is from 12s. to 14s. a week.

T. C. is not on the "dole," and started a chimney-sweeping round on his own, pawning everything the family possessed to buy the necessary implements.

He began full of hope. "But," he now says despondingly, "orders are not coming in, and it is so hard for my wife and children to go short of food. I am paying 10s. a week for rent, and our food bill is 5s. a week. We have no coals to burn.

"I am a hard-working fellow, and at the age of twenty-seven I am faced with the workhouse."

T. C.'s ability to win through from his poverty-stricken condition depends on whether our readers will hold out a helping hand, which, our experience teaches us, they will not be slow to do.

Donations earmarked "Sweep" will start T. C. on a new, successful round. All subscriptions should be addressed to: The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. They will be acknowledged by post.

THE SLEEPING
brute

FOR seven years I have been married to a man who is a terrible bully. We have three little girls. My husband took a dislike to the second one from the moment of birth. He wanted a boy, and, ever since, has treated me with contempt.

Sometimes he throws a few coppers on the table and orders me to put them in the meter and gas myself. The children are afraid of him and hide behind the chairs, fear convulsing their little faces when they hear him coming in.

This bad temper pursues him at work, so that he often finds himself out of a job. So long as his wants are catered for he doesn't mind being out of a job, for then he can lie in bed until noon. Sleeping is the one occupation he enjoys.

I never see a penny of his "dole" money. I have to earn what I ca myself. There is never enough to provide me with a square meal after the children are fed.

Lately, when I was expecting a fourth child, these deprivations so lowered my vitality that I was taken to hospital almost unconscious. My husband remarked that it was a good thing, for I should probably never leave the hospital alive.

The surgeon thought he could save me by an immediate operation, and asked for my husband's consent. I was many hours before my husband could be found, and then a neighbour discovered him in bed—asleep.

I PULLED through, and I thought that God had come to my aid when I learned that the child was a boy. I sent word to my husband, who returned a note telling me that he was tired of me and asking why I did not get a separation or give him grounds for divorce.

The terrible shock of this final infamy made me very ill again. I dreaded going home and with good cause.

My husband is again without work. He spends his time between sleeping and threatening to "kill the lot" unless I clear out.

He has never yet laid a finger on me, but the mental agony I endure is killing me. Do you think I ought to take him at his word and clear out? Or is there any way in which I ca improve matters?

"HUMANIST" says: If conditions are as bad as you say, your wisest plan is to apply to the court missionary for advice.

This is the only possible course providing you are sure that no action of yours can restore his balance and sense of responsibility. Your health and that of the children is of far greater importance than the comfort of a la bully.

Stand up for yourself and your littl ones.

Stop that cold with

VAPEX REG. TRADE MARK **INHALANT**

Here is the way to treat a cold!

Put a drop of Vapex on a clean handkerchief each morning and inhale its pleasantly antiseptic vapour often during the day. In crowded railway carriages, stuffy buses and in offices where the air is saturated with germs, the clean penetrating vapour of Vapex will reach the deep recesses of the nose and throat, and preserve health by destroying the enemies of health. It is so simple—a drop of Vapex on your handkerchief—instantly available, instantly effective.

Vapex grows stronger upon exposure to the air and gives you all-day comfort and protection. And a drop on your pillow fights a cold while you sleep.

Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-

Double quantity in 3/- size.

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Triumph upon Triumph FOR Dr. Cassell Tablets

Brand

'I was Amazed'

Breakdown Averted

The story of how Dr. Cassell Tablets Restored the Health of Mrs. Seeney who lives at Denmark Hill is one that should be read by all. Yesterday I heard the facts from her own lips.

'I suppose,' she began, **'That I must have suffered from a General Health Breakdown. I'd felt it coming on for some time but neglected the first warnings. I felt generally Weak and Rundown. It was an effort to do anything. I felt depressed, Listless and—well "fed up" with everything.'**

'Did you try many Tonics?'

'I should think I did—in fact I think I tried most things.'

'Did they have any effect?'

'Not the slightest—on the contrary I could feel myself getting worse. Goodness knows what I should have been like now if I hadn't been persuaded to try Dr. Cassell Tablets.'

'What was your first impression of them?'

'Why I was amazed! I commenced to get better after the very first dose. In a week or so I felt so fit that it seemed hardly possible that I had previously been so ill! I not only felt Stronger, Happier and Energetic, but can truthfully say that I have never felt more Completely Healthy in my life!'

Popular Entertainer's HEALTH

Mr. George Denby, the popular Entertainer and Impersonator, who so successfully produced the well-known Pre-war Vaudeville Venture "The Popinjays," revealed to me to-day how he was saved from a Breakdown in Health by Dr. Cassell Tablets.

He was appearing in a professional capacity recently, and I managed to have a few words with him during the interval.

'You appear to be very fit, Mr. Denby,' I said.

He laughed. **'Yes,'** he replied, **'I am—but a year ago I certainly was not.'**

'What was your trouble?'

'Why,' said Mr. Denby, **'I was in a low state of health generally — my Nerves were in a rather bad condition. In fact, I think I was on the verge of a Breakdown.'**

'What did you do?' I queried.

'Luckily I was persuaded to try Dr. Cassell Tablets with most extraordinary results. They toned me up and strengthened my nerves in a most amazing manner—they certainly saved me from a Breakdown!'

"I Had A Lot Of Trouble With NERVES"

There is no doubt that Dr. Cassell Brand Tablets are restoring health amongst people in all stages of life. To-day I had a most interesting interview with Mr. Vivian Foster, well known to the public as 'The Vicar of Mirth' and 'Yes, I Think So—!' 'Yes,' said Mr. Foster, 'I think Dr. Cassell Tablets are deserving of very great praise. They have helped me considerably. A really reliable tonic is an absolute necessity to those in my profession.'

'Some little time ago I had a lot of trouble with my nerves. Of course I had to keep on with my 'shows' and it was most imperative that my health should be restored as quickly as possible. Making people laugh is not all 'honey' and often when my audiences were happiest with me, I was not very happy with myself!'

'Then I was recommended to Dr. Cassell Tablets and as soon as I commenced to take them my health improved.'

'I have found Dr. Cassell Tablets to be Amazingly thorough in their action and I still take them occasionally to keep me going.'

Afraid to Eat

Loss of Sleep

I called to-day upon Mrs. A. Smith, who is Chairman of the Slough British Legion (Women's Section). I found her smiling and happy and full of gratitude to Dr. Cassell Tablets.

'I cannot praise Dr. Cassell Tablets enough' were her first words. **'They have freed me after years of suffering and have brightened my whole life.'**

'I understand you suffered very severely, Mrs. Smith,' I said.

'I did,' she replied. **'My Nerves were terrible I was afraid to eat anything because of Indigestion I suffered from that Horrible Loss of Sleep and my life altogether was an absolute martyrdom.'**

I asked her how she came to take Dr. Cassell Brand Tablets. 'I read about them in the paper,' she said, 'and decided to try them.

'They benefited me instantly! They strengthened my whole body, steadied my nerves and gave me sound sleep at night. My indigestion has absolutely vanished and I can eat anything without fear.'

Take Dr. Cassell Tablets for:

Nerves
Anæmia
Pains
Lost Appetite
Sleeplessness
Indigestion
Headaches
Lost Energy
Breakdown

✶ *Secure from your Chemist a 1/3 bottle at once. If you are not entirely satisfied with your improved health this amount will be instantly refunded by the Veno Drug Co. (1925) Ltd., Manchester, on receipt of empty carton.*

Dr. OF ALL CHEMISTS, 1/3 AND 3/-

CASSELL *Brand* **TABLETS**

If you are ailing get Dr. Cassell Tablets to-day.

BRIEF'LY

You get a better smoke at less cost if you insist on the crispest, purest, and easiest-to roll cigarette paper.

ZIG ZAG CIGARETTE PAPERS

£1-1-0

is all you pay for a charming **PORTABLE GRAMOPHONE.** Many other similar bargains in Horn, Hornless, Upright Grands and Consoles, with which I give

FREE RECORDS.

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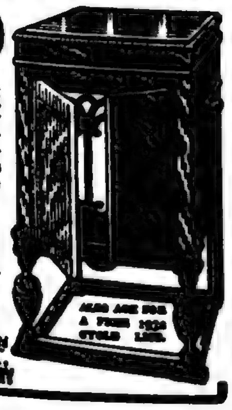


O'Brien Ltd

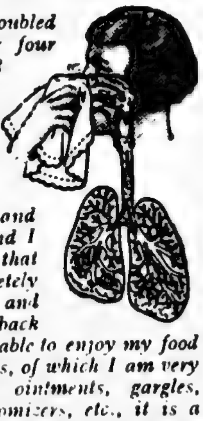
34 COVENTRY

CATARRH

GONE AFTER 4 YEARS

All the Kingdom over, Karsote (new scientific inhalant) is stamping out loathsome Catarrh—bringing its magic relief to thousands. Read, for instance, this lady's experience :—

47, Dukes Avenue, Wealdstone, Harrow, Middx.



"I have been troubled with Catarrh for over four years, and during that period I had no smell or taste. After trying all sorts of different 'cures' and being treated, obtained no relief. I read about Karsote and purchased a bottle, and I obtained such relief that my cold was completely gone and my smell and taste gradually came back to me, and I am now able to enjoy my food and the scent of flowers, of which I am very fond. After all the ointments, gargles, sprays, medicines, atomizers, etc., it is a treat to me just to sprinkle a few drops of Karsote on to my handkerchief and obtain relief. I have not been so well for a long time." *(Mrs.) L. Dell.*

KARSOTE is a pleasant new germicide, containing 22 valuable ingredients, which kills Catarrh germs in half the time other inhalants take. Just sprinkle 10 to 15 drops of Karsote on to a handkerchief and inhale the pleasant vapours. In a few minutes KARSOTE opens up stuffed nostrils, clears away mucus at back of throat, and clears and soothes the wheezy, inflamed breathing passages. In next to no time your Catarrh is gone.

Karsote (Brand) Inhalant is obtainable from all chemists, including Boots, Taylor's Drug Stores, Timothy White's, etc. Trial size 1/-. Double the quantity 1/6 ; four times the quantity 2/6.

RACING

BET WITH "THE BIG TWO."

Business all the year round. The same generous terms as offered on the Flat apply to National Hunt Racing.

NO LIMIT — WIN OR PLACE.

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NOTHING BARRED

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FIXED PRICE

FOOTBALL LISTS

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6-League, 5-League and 4-League Lists.
Absolutely nothing Barred.
Fourteen to choose from.

In connection with our Famous "CHALLENGER" FOOTBALL LISTS, thousands of Football Fans are now wearing "Challenger" Ties, in the Colours of their favourite Club, which they have obtained Free.

Full particulars of our remarkable Free offer by return if you mention this paper.

No agents THE BIG TWO Send direct

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LETTER PARLIAMENT Confessions—

Why I'm a Failure

I AM often told I'm "the best-tempered fellow alive," but the fact is—I am too mentally inert to wax indignant, no matter what the provocation.

I am always prepared to be bottom dog rather than bark disapproval. I jog along with folk I hate because I haven't the courage to leave them.

Though I've not been psycho-analysed, I know the real trouble is—lack of guts. *—Ashamed, Castletown.*

It Went

They gave me a watch at school for my intellectual prowess; and at the works I was considered a human encyclopædia.

I preferred to tower above those who knew little, rather than sit at the feet of those who would have revealed my ignorance to me.

To-day, no man has any use for my packet of superficial facts; and 15s. 3d. a week "benefit" does not cover expenses.

So the watch had to go; but I still have the ticket.*—R. W., Notts.*

The Mixture

My war disabilities are of such a nature that, whilst I am an apparently unsuitable employee, I am fit enough to fend for myself in the struggle to earn a decent living.

But all my efforts in this direction produce nothing but heartbreaking failures, because I have relied on achieving the mythical success that idealistic theorists declare is *always* the reward of straight dealing.

Instead, I should have learned from the old Scot who said :—"I hae tried honest dealin'—'twere nae guid. I hae tried roguery—an' that were nae guid. I mixed 'em—Mon, it were graund."—*Captic, Plymouth.*

Still Failing

Because of my love for a gamble. My brother and I were left a small business in a prosperous thoroughfare.

Within the first twelve months I had sold my brother my share because I wished to go racing as a professional punter. I met with little success, but my brother now owns one of the largest business houses in the city.

To-day I just manage to eke out an existence as a street-corner "bookie," but still I have the craze for a gamble myself, often losing most of my day's takings.—*Nap, Worcs.*

A Good Failure

Perhaps I am one of the thousands who may never make a success.

After all, what does it matter, so long as I can say with thousands "I played the game"?

Are there not many who succeed through "buying" their success, generally at the expense of a good man's failure?—*One of Them, Sheringham.*

Deeds Matter

I have French to write a menu,
  Enough Welsh to save my life;
I know all the days in Spanish,
  And the German word for wife.
I can "yo-heave-ho" in Russian,
  In Italian sing a song,
But all these, with Greek and Latin,
  Only tell me something's wrong.
So in English I can mention
  Why the world at failure girds—
I've *accomplished* very little,
  And it's "deeds" that speak—not "words."

—A. M. J., Taffs Well.

A Bachelor's Lament

At sixty-five, I look round a comfortable home. My life's job is finished. My small annuity will provide reasonable comfort to the end. Yet I am a failure.

There is no "She," no grandchildren. I've had my fling for forty years as a bachelor. My home is my castle and my prison.

I should have spared time, I know now, for that which matters most and only—happiness.

"The injuries that men procure must be their schoolmaster," but the teaching comes too late for profit.—*Sixty-five, Canterbury.*

Service

At seventeen I gave up the offer of a good start in business, continuing to keep house for my father and brothers.

Now, at twenty-three, I know that al my dreams of building up a business o my own can never be realised.

But sometimes my father says ho happy he is with me as housekeeper sinc mother died, and my brother tells me h would have left home long ago but fo me.

So I wonder if, after all, I might term myself a "successful failure"!—*House-keeper, Wisbech.*

The Colour Bar

One of my parents is a native of th West Indies; the other a native of Eng land. I am therefore a half-caste, an thus find difficulty in making my way.

It has been suggested that I would d better in the West Indies, but people forget that, wherever I go, I am still a half-caste.

Only those who are can visualis exactly what it means. I am a failur because I am not allowed to be anythin else.—*H. R., Hull.*

The Wife was Right

My wife says because I am too lazy My daughter says because I am too mean

My son, aged twenty-one, said: "Why you're only a *comparative* failure, dad."

"What on earth d'you mean?" I asked

"Why, just look at me!" replied th young rascal, slapping his chest.

My dog wagged his tail, barked loudl and rushed to the front door, saying a plainly as possible: "Because you don't take enough exercise, guv'nor; let's g for a nice, long walk."

I agree with my wife and dog.—*F. M. Croydon.*

He Admits It

"It ain't the roads we take; it's what's inside of us that makes us turn out th way we do."

Thus, philosophically, says a characte in one of O. Henry's stories. That expresses my failure in a nutshell. Fat has decreed that I should take the roa I am travelling, but the power to mak good is not in me.—*H. K., Blackburn.*

Starting Late

I never seem to have the courage t clear obstacles that stand between m and the winning post.

Every time I propose to make th attempt I am stayed by the thought o what might happen to my family if I fai I have witnessed so many tumbles tha they fill me with dread.

A coward? Maybe—but once m family has finished schooling, I sha become a tryer, and I will not give u until my number's up.—*G. H. C., Tooting*

• •

SQUARE PEGS

I am a commercial failure, but becaus service begets happiness, I am not miserable one.—*W. Hendry, S.E.17.*

Because I never got a chance to be success.—*Out of Luck, Londonderry.*

Three little words spell the reason "I joined up!"—*Ex-Tommy, Hull.*

If I could solve the mystery "Why am a failure," I might possibly becom a success.—*A. W., N. Ireland.*

Because I have dreamed and let dream become my master. *Dreamer, Sussex*

I have failed because of the failure o those who manage the country. The have failed to make it stabilised, to provide work for all, and so I am just "dole"-drawer.—*L. B., Deptford.*

With thousands of others I am waiting, a square peg in a round hole. Li has cheated my generation by refusin us a chance, and in this manner have failed.—*W. G. B., Wallasey.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, December 1.

Why I Love [Hate] My Home Town

A Round-One Round-Up

OUR EXPERT'S FOOTBALL SELECTIONS FOR NOVEMBER 28

ENGLISH CUP.—First Round Proper.

(1) READING v. Palace.
*(2) CREWE v. Gainsborough.
*(3) COVENTRY v. Orient.
(4) DARLINGTON v. Walsall.
(5) WIGAN v. Burton Town.
(6) DARWEN v. Peterborough.
(7) Yorkshire Am. v. CARLISLE.
(8) New Brighton v. YORK.
(9) BARROW v. Doncaster.
*(10) GATESHEAD v. Wrexham.
(11) ROTHERHAM v. Accrington.
(12) Crook Tn. v. STOCKPORT.
(13) CHESTER v. Hartlepools.
(14) Newark Town v. HALIFAX.
(15) Manchester Cent. v. LINCOLN.
*(16) TRANMERE v. West Stanley.
(17) HULL v. Mansfield.
(18) LANCASTER v. Blyth Spartans.
(19) Scunthorpe v. ROCHDALE.
**(20) BOSCOMBE v. Northfleet.
(21) Swindon v. LUTON.
*(22) ALDERSHOT v. Chelmsford.
(23) CARDIFF v. Enfield Town.
*(24) NORTHAMPTON v. Metro. Police.
(25) TORQUAY v. Southend.
(26) Wimbledon v. NORWICH.
(27) BRISTOL ROVERS v. Gillingham.
*(28) FULHAM v. Guildford.
(29) Thames v. WATFORD.
(30) BATH CITY v. Nunhead.
(31) Barnet v. Q.P. RANGERS.
(32) Tunbridge W. Rang. v. BRENTFORD.
(33) Folkestone v. Brighton.
(34) Yeovil and Petters v. HAYES.

FIRST DIVISION.

(1) Manchester C. v. Villa.
(2) Portsmouth v. WEDNESDAY.
*(3) SHEFFIELD U. v. Chelsea.
(4) SUNDERLAND v. Newcastle.
**(5) W.B. ALBION v. Middlesbrough.
**(6) EVERTON v. Leicester.
**(7) ARSENAL v. Liverpool.
(8) BIRMINGHAM v. Huddersfield.
(9) BLACKBURN v. West Ham.
(10) BLACKPOOL v. Grimsby.
(11) DERBY v. Bolton.

SECOND DIVISION.

(1) PLYMOUTH v. Stoke.
(2) SWANSEA v. Burnley.
(3) BARNSLEY v. Preston.
(4) BRADFORD C. v. Forest.
(5) BRISTOL C. v. Charlton.
(6) Bury v. Bradford.
**(7) LEEDS v. Chesterfield.
(8) MILLWALL v. Hotspur.
(9) NOTTS C. v. Southampton.
(10) Oldham v. Wolverhampton.
(11) PORT VALE v. Manchester U.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

(1) DUNDEE U. v. Morton.
(2) Queen's Park v. Kilmarnock.
(3) Ayr v. THIRD LANARK.
(4) CLYDE v. Aberdeen.
(5) Cowdenbeath v. Celtic.
(6) FALKIRK v. Hamilton.
(7) Leith v. RANGERS.
**(8) MOTHERWELL v. Airdrie.
(9) PARTICK v. Hearts.
(10) ST. MIRREN v. Dundee.

Probable winners are set in CAPITALS. Where no distinction is made a draw is likely. Best selections are marked with two asterisks and next best with one.

OUR FIVE-STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Division and number will be quoted as above, together with *H* for home and *A* for away team.

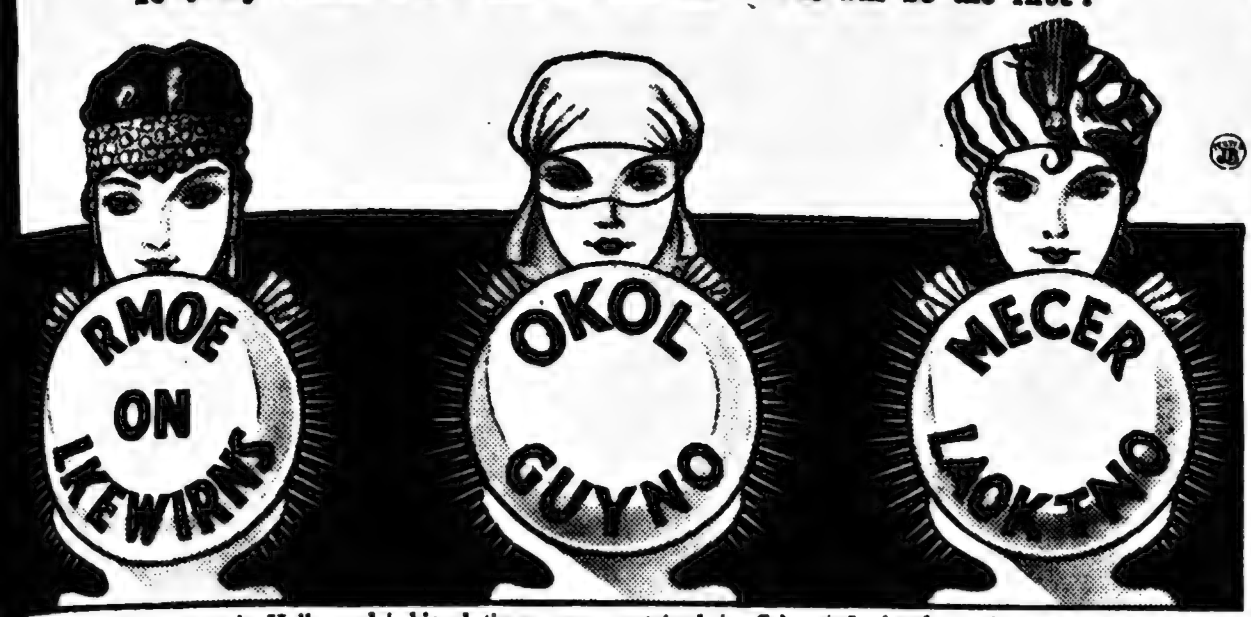
Example Code: Div. I.—5(*H*); Div. II.—7(*H*); Scottish League—8(*H*); English Cup—20(*H*) would indicate W.B. Albion, Leeds, Motherwell and Boscombe.

WHAT WILL YOUR FUTURE BE?

Look In The Magic Crystals

A De Luxe Beauty Outfit FREE

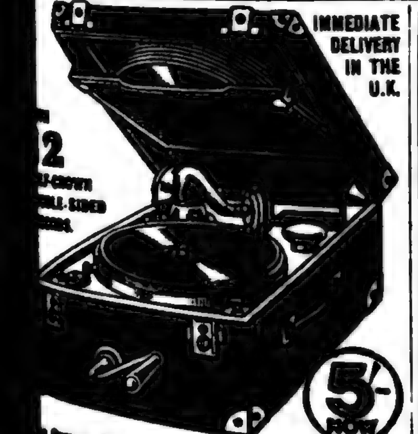
To every woman who finds the solution — Who will be the first?



any famous cinema stars in Hollywood end as much as £2,500 a year to keep oking young. Once they lose their girlish es and clear, fresh complexions, their laries are reduced 75%. Since the ent discovery of Vienna Medical Prosors they may now keep young for mparatively a few shillings a year. Conary to general opinion, it has been shown at wrinkles are not caused by age, but lack of sufficient biocel tissue in the in. This biocel tissue on which depends e freshness and beauty of the skin has en extracted from young animals and mbined with highly nourishing food aterials. In amazing clinical tests by of. Dr. Stejskal of the University of enna, on women from 55 to 72 years of e, wrinkles completely disappeared in weeks' time. (See full report in Vienna edical Journal.) Flabby, sagging facial uscles become fresh and firm; faded mplexions are quickly rejuvenated. omen of 50 may easily look 30 and ep looking young simply by the daily e of a small quantity of this remarkable biocel tissue now contained in Crème Tokalon Skinfood Rose Colour. It also acts directly on the skin pores, contracts enlarged pores and makes the skin beautiful, soft, firm and youthful.

This is the greatest beauty discovery in a hundred years and is especially valuable to women who wish to acquire wealth. To-day, a woman who wishes to win great success in society, business or any vocation must look young. An aged, wrinkled woman has practically no chance in life in any desirable calling. Use Crème Tokalon Rose Colour at night. It supplies your skin with precious youth-restoring biocel tissue and nourishes it while you sleep. It will produce an almost unbelievable transformation in your skin in one night. Use Crème Tokalon White Colour in the morning. It is tonic and astringent. It makes the skin firm, contracts and banishes enlarged pores. It also makes the face powder very adherent and invisible on the skin. Ask your dealer for these two creams to-day, and look younger to-morrow.

In the above picture, the first crystal (to the left) contains three words. The second crystal (in the middle) two words, the third crystal, two words. Rearrange the letters so as to form the right words. The letters for each word are grouped in the same crystal — no need to change any letter from one crystal to another. Every woman who sends in the solution will receive a new de luxe Beauty Outfit containing a tube of Tokalon Rose Skinfood, a tube of Tokalon Vanishing Cream and a box of Poudre Tokalon with samples of various other shades. Print your name and address clearly on a piece of paper and, immediately underneath, the shade of powder you use. Below write your reply. Send this with 6d. in stamps to Tokalon Ltd., Dept. 422 B, Chase Road, London, N.W. 10. The 6d. is to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses; the beauty outfit itself is free. It has helped put hundreds of women on the road to greater success in life. It will delight and surprise you.


IMMEDIATE DELIVERY IN THE U.K.
12
-CROWN
BLE-SIDED
RDS
5/- NOW

Graves Portable Model with 12 Half-Crown ble-sided Records (24 Selections), makes this finest Gramophone Value in the World. compact and powerful instrument is covered waterproof leather cloth, fitted with plated ers and strong carrying handle. The Motor is ectly adjusted and smooth running. The Sound is extra sensitive, and the Turntable has plated Improved internal Sound Horn and receptacle for Records. Carriage Paid with Half-Crown Double-sided Records **£3.10** : Send 5/- with order, and 13 monthly ments of 5/-. Fullest approval in your own home. ALOGUE POST FREE. J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

RAVES GRAMOPHONES

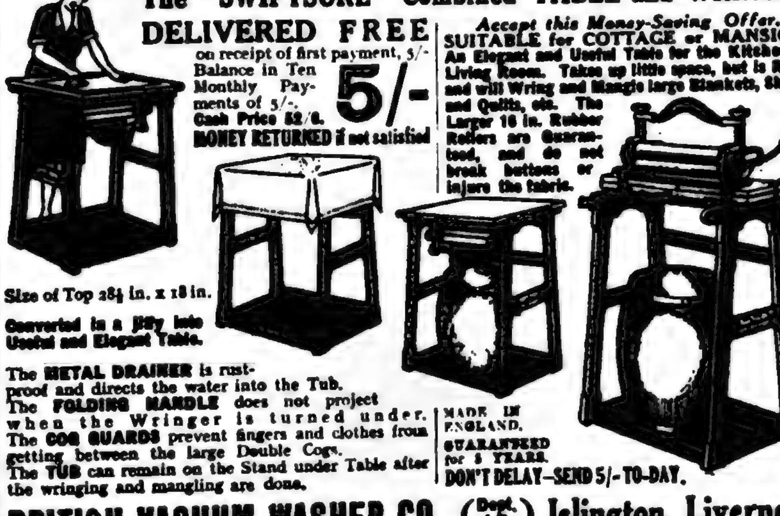
BARGAINS DIRECT from WORKS

FREE on 14 DAYS' TRIAL

The "SWIFTSURE" Combined TABLE and WRINGER

DELIVERED FREE on receipt of first payment, 5/- Balance in Ten Monthly Payments of 5/-. **5/-** Cash Price 52/6. **MONEY RETURNED if not satisfied**

Accept this Money-Saving Offer. **SUITABLE for COTTAGE or MANSION.** An Elegant and Useful Table for the Kitchen or Living Room. Takes up little space, but is Rigid and will Wring and Mangle large Blankets, Sheets and Quilts, etc. The Larger 16 in. Rubber Rollers are Guaranteed, and do not break buttons or injure the fabric.



Size of Top 28¼ in. x 18 in.

Converted in a jiffy into Useful and Elegant Table.

The **METAL DRAINER** is rustproof and directs the water into the Tub. The **FOLDING HANDLE** does not project when the Wringer is turned under. The **COG GUARDS** prevent fingers and clothes from getting between the large Double Cogs. The **TUB** can remain on the Stand under Table after the wringing and mangling are done.

MADE IN ENGLAND. GUARANTEED for 5 YEARS.

DON'T DELAY—SEND 5/- TO-DAY.

BRITISH VACUUM WASHER CO. (Dept. J.B.) Islington, Liverpool

£1,050 and 153 Christmas Hampers Awarded in "John Bull's" Cross-word Competition No. 140.

In the above Competition, correct solutions were received from the following nine competitors who share the £1,000 offered. To each of them, subject to the nditions of the Competition, a cheque for £111 2s. 3d. will be despatched.

OTTON, N., 34, Wilford Grove, Skegness.
EFFERSNAN, F. L., Minhla, Magdalen Rd., Bexhill-on-Sea.
ENNINGS, E., 179, Wood Lane, Chadwell Heath, Essex.
MARKEY, S. G., 102, Garswood Rd., Garswood, nr. Wigan.
PAYNE, S., 3, Fifth Avenue, West Thurrock, Grays, Essex.
ROBERTS, Miss M., 19, Jubilee St., Newquay.
SHEPPARD, J. J., 75, Exeter St., St. Helens, Lancs.
TAYLOR, W. F., 18, High Rd., Buckhurst Hill, Essex.
THOMAS, O., School House, Bell Lane, Hendon, N.W.4.

Any competitor who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, December 8th, sending £1 scrutiny fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the award of £50 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 144 competitors, from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive 7s. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

In addition to the above cash awards, each of the nine winners who share £1,000, and each of the 144 who share £50, will receive shortly before Christmas an extra award of a Christmas Hamper.

Another splendid Cross-word with a First Prize of £750 and £50 to be divided between the Runners-up appears on page 36. In addition to these prizes an extra award of a "John Bull" plump Christmas Turkey will be sent to every winner in this contest. Try Your Skill Now!

Limerick Competition, No. 3

This Xmas give an Imperial OLD BRUYERE

and win a cash prize

£50
IN CASH PRIZES
FIRST PRIZE £20
30 PRIZES OF £1

GIVE your men friends an "IMPERIAL," genuine old bruyere pipe this Xmas—*a wonderful pipe—wonderful value*—and stand a chance of winning a big cash prize yourself.

Just fill in the last line of the Limerick below, in accordance with the conditions and *you* may win! *ENTER TO-DAY.*

**An IMPERIAL—best
of all briars,
Is the gift every fellow
desires,
It's money well spent,
Brings bliss and content,**

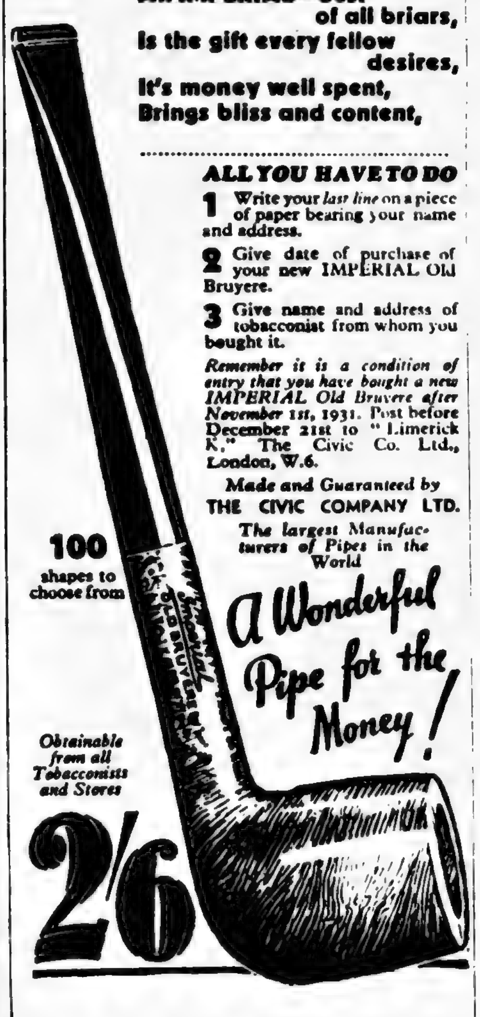
....

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO

1. Write your *last line* on a piece of paper bearing your name and address.
2. Give date of purchase of your new IMPERIAL Old Bruyere.
3. Give name and address of tobacconist from whom you bought it.

Remember it is a condition of entry that you have bought a new IMPERIAL Old Bruyere after November 1st, 1931. Post before December 21st to "Limerick K," The Civic Co. Ltd., London, W.6.

Made and Guaranteed by
THE CIVIC COMPANY LTD.
The largest Manufacturers of Pipes in the World


100 shapes to choose from
A Wonderful Pipe for the Money!
Obtainable from all Tobacconists and Stores
2/6
Imperial OLD BRUYERE

CATARRH

Relieved in 30 Seconds

Get immediate relief from Catarrh with Nostroline Nasal Specific. Feel benefit in 30 seconds. Lightly smear this pleasant medicated jelly in nostrils. Clears head, stops discharge, soothes away irritation because it acts directly on the infected nasal passages. This new scientific remedy has cured thousands—will cure you. Convenient, safe for Adults and Children. 1/3 all Chemists.

Free sample on request from "Nostroline," J.49, Clifton, Bristol.

'NOSTROLINE'

Ernest says he doesn't mind heavy work as long as he's got good tools and –

LYBRO
EASY FIT OVERALLS

Good sense that. I wear Lybro myself so I know. You try them!

REDUCED PRICES

Lybro "Easy-fit" Overalls now cost less. Ask your Outfitter for them—in blue or brown. Make sure they are genuine by seeing the Red Button.
PRICE 5/11
Jackets or Trousers, 5/6
Boiler Suits, 9/6.

If unable to obtain write to Workwear Ltd. Mount Vernon, Liverpool, asking for name of nearest supplier.

CUT FOR COMFORT–MADE FOR WEAR

CVS.31.23

IT MUST BE ROBOLEINE FOR THE CHILDREN THIS WINTER

Roboleine
THE FOOD THAT BUILDS THE BODY

MAKES GLOWING CHEEKS BRIGHT EYES AND STURDY BODIES

The results obtained from Roboleine are described by mothers and doctors as marvellous. Children who are mere skin and bone instantly start to gain weight after a few doses. Lost appetites return, digestive troubles disappear, good red blood is made, firm flesh formed, and the improvement maintained until complete health is restored.

REDUCED PRICE
REDUCED PRICE
2/9
2/9

ONE SIZE ONLY

ROBOLEINE consists of BONE MARROW, CREAM OF MALT, YOLK OF EGG and neutralised LEMON JUICE. It contains all the essential vitamins deficient in ordinary diet and is equally beneficial to adult invalids and convalescents.

12-DOSE SAMPLE
Oppenheimer, Son & Co., Ltd., Clapham Road. London, S.W.9.
Please send me a 12-dose sample. I enclose 3d. for posting and packing.
Name ....
Address..........................
J.B.7. ....

LAST XMAS TURKEYS AND BIG X-WORD FIRST!

EXTRA PRIZE OF JOHN BULL'S XMAS TURKEY FOR EVERY WINNER

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

£750

EASY TO ENTER

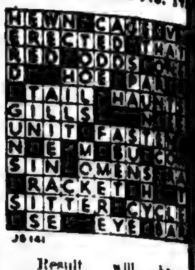
£50 FOR RUNNERS-U

Winners in X-Word No. **appear on page 35.**

HERE is the last of the novel Christmas offers in "John Bull's" Crossword Competition. In addition to the big £750 first there is £50 to be divided between the Runners-up, and a plump Xmas Turkey for every cash prize-winner. You must hurry if you wish to have a Christmas Dinner at "John Bull's" expense. Start filling in the little squares at once, you may win and feast your eyes on a plump cheque and a fine Turkey.

"JOHN BULL" will pay £750 for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £50 will be divided between those competitors who enter a square containing one error only or only one error more than the winning solution. In addition every cash prize-winner in this contest will also receive an extra award of a "John Bull" Plump Xmas Turkey. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, December 10th, and winner in "John Bull" on sale, Thursday, December 17th.

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 14



JB 141

Result will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 141 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1. Complete puzzle in ORDINARY INK, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil; cut out the whole Entry Form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry Fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it & Co.; write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in its number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than **NOON, Thursday, December 3rd.**

2. No competitor may submit more than two double Entry Forms—(Four Squares). Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winners of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale **Thursday, December 17th.** Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the £750 prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post **Tuesday, December 29th,** in accordance with directions given with result weekly. Any such Scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £50 to be divided between the runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this Competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

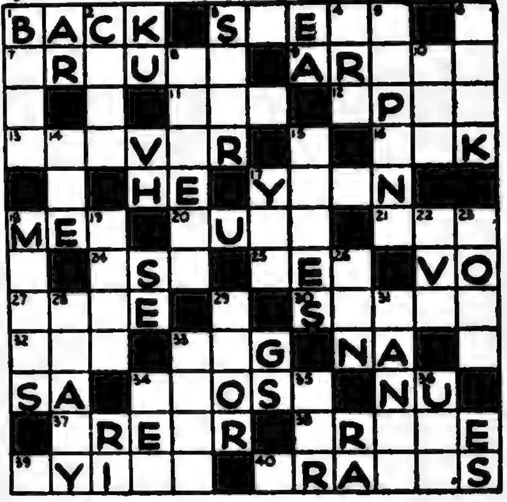
6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible.

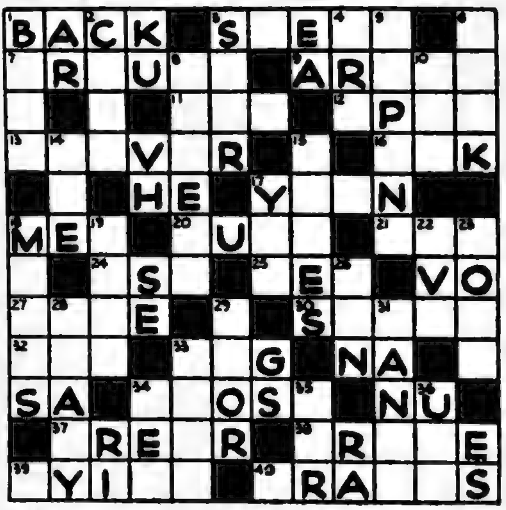
No claims required.

ENTRY FEE. With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING. See Rule 1.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 143



JB·143 *DO NOT CUT HERE.*



JB·143

In entering This Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and

enclose P.O. No. ....
P.O. for Sixpence must be enclosed to cover Two Squares, and Shilling P.O. to cover Four Squares.

Readers in Scotland ineligible.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Coupons 6D.

See Rule 5.

SIGNED ....

ADDRESS ....

....

CLOSING DATE THURSDAY, DEC. 3

CLUES ACROSS.

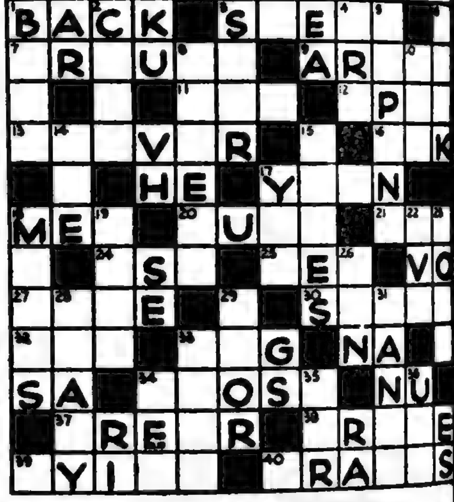
1. Opposite of "front."
3. Cavalryman depends on this.
7. Stir up.
9. Contesting place.
11. Gives one encouragement.
12. Heroic poem.
13. Coins are made of.
16. Largest deer.
17. Bore always produces.
18. Came together.
20. Billiards players use.
21. Morning moisture.
24. Smoker needs tray for.
25. Two over the eight.
27. Competent.
30. Unimportant actor.
32. Indicates maiden name.
33. Beware of the —— !
34. Frozen dew.
37. Cheerless.
38. Ascend.
39. Leaves are, in the autumn.
40. Marks.

CLUES DOWN.

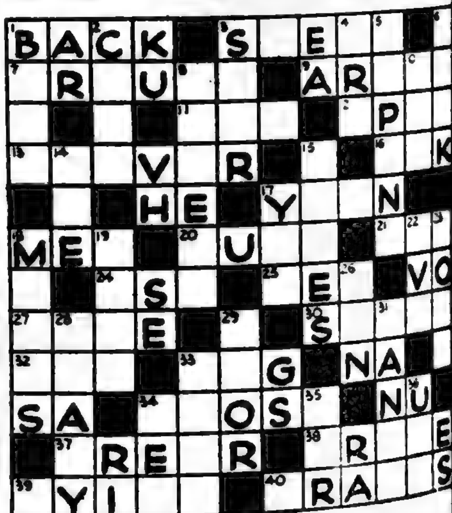
1. Bank keeps gold in these.
2. You'll find it in cellar.
3. Burn to dryness.
4. Before.
5. Rely.
6. Noticed at football match.
8. Politician's speciality.
10. Nothing.
14. You cool down after this.
15. Are essential to airships.
17. So near and —— so far.
18. We pay our taxes with.
19. A story.
22. Night before.
23. Stick to yours.
26. Religious woman.
28. Bead-like.
29. Often getting the knocks.
31. Extreme fright.
33. Haul along the ground.
34. Low marshy ground.
35. Another name for a sailor.
36. Employ.

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this week's first prize winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull," or his copy of "Passing Show," in conjunction with which journal this contest is conducted. Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 1



JB·143 *DO NOT CUT HERE.*



JB·143

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and

enclose P.O. No. ....
P.O. for Sixpence must be enclosed to cover Two Squares, and Shilling P.O. to cover Four Squares.

Readers in Scotland ineligible.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Coupons 1/-

See Rule 5.

SIGNED ....

ADDRESS ....

....

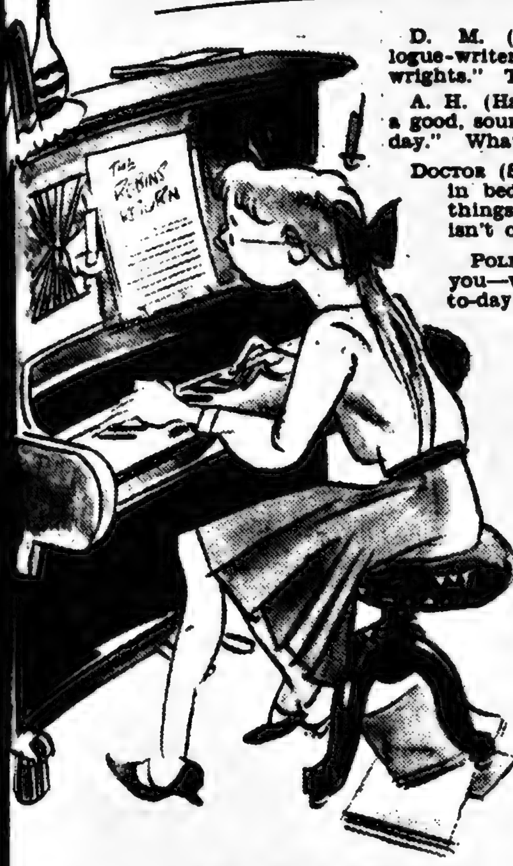
CLOSING DATE THURSDAY, DEC.

If entering two double Entry Forms, cut them out separately—add name and address to both.

HOW TO ADDRESS ENTRY

Send Entry in envelope bearing 1½d. stamp and post to "John Bull" Crosswords (No. 143), 37, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

WRITE TO "JOHN BULL" ABOUT IT!



G.M. (Luton). – "I never let my right hand know what my left hand is doing." Neither does the little girl who plays the piano next door.

. C. (London, W.).—"My business at a standstill." Are you a commis- naire?

C. D. (Oxford).—"Everyone enjoys an casional day out." Unless he happens be a night watchman.

. K. (Aldershot).—"A cavalry re- uit soon learns to love his horse." 's ready to hug it from the first!

C. K. G. (Highgate).—"A meteoro- ist says it will be a mild winter." vertheless, it may be a mild winter.

P. M. (London, S.W.).—"There is said be an influx of international crimi- ls into this country." Crooks' Tours.

A. K. H. (Ramsgate).—"British ortsmen are the fairest in the world." itannia never waives the rules.

A. G. (Tottenham).—"No two people nk alike." Except when choosing dding presents!

T. R. E. (Anerley).—"My neighbour's use is just like a prison." How do know?

H. N. (Ipswich).—"Successful dra- tists often employ a 'ghost.'" Un- cessful dramatists just give it up.

. R. (Richmond).—"The smallest e in the human body is in the ear." less you've been eating kippers.

. D. (Dartford).—"I've always had gift for writing poems." But you 't get one from us.

Miss D. (Ayr).—"How is Czecho- vakia pronounced?" Wrongly ally.

Mrs. L. (Oxford).—"I recommend t cotton fabrics should be torn, not ." Our laundry has forestalled this ice.

. M. (London, W.).—"Some people paid well for talking a lot of rot." en why don't you try reading your ers aloud?

. E. (Edgware).—"Some people ays seem to take a distorted view things." And then put them in ums to show to their friends.

. K. (Kinnersley).—"The man who ays wants to borrow money is a ance." And so is the man who er has any to lend.

. P. (Margate).—"Love makes the ld go round." But in that it does bear comparison with a boy's first r.

. P. (Taunton).—"Ultimately, every- g comes to an end." Some plays have seen made us begin to despair the truth of this.

. L. (Birmingham).—"I have been that football referees often train der than the players." Well, the yers are able to stop running at the of the game.

. S. (Ely).—"A husband with blue can generally be relied upon to tell truth." One with black eyes has bably not told the truth—and has n found out.

D. M. (Linlithgow).—"Talkie dialogue-writers are as clever as playwrights." That's just the trouble.

A. H. (Hastings).—"I maintain that a good, sound business doesn't exist to-day." What about the B.B.C.?

Doctor (Streatham).—"It is by lying in bed too long that we catch things." But the morning train isn't one of them.

Politician (London, E.).—"I ask you—what do we see on every hand to-day?" Fingers.

F. J. (Totnes).—"A chess champion has published his autobiography." A moving story.

James D. (Durham).—"Income is what you earn." Expenditure is usually more than that.

Animal Lover (Leeds).—"Contrary to the habits of humans, animals never let you down." What about racehorses?

Mrs. A. (St. Albans).—"A wife nowadays shares her husband's cheque-book." Yes; she takes the cheques and he gets the counterfoils.

Doctor (Birmingham).—"Placing bent pins for people to sit on might easily lead to serious injury." Especially if the victims discover who did it.

S. H. (Bournemouth).—"A child in Marseilles persists in mistaking 5 for 3." A fine career as an assistant in a ladies' shoe shop is confidently predicted.

G. P. (Ely).—"I always have a new coat every winter." How long have you been in the Army?

L. M. (Whitstable).—"There are just as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it." Much bigger, judging by the size of the monsters that "just get away."

Ted (Doncaster).—"I am coming to London to give you a piece of my mind." You would be foolish to divide a little thing like that.

R. M. (Hull).—"I find it unpleasant to play cards with a bad loser." Still, it's a lot better than playing with any kind of a winner.

W. J. S. (Manchester).—"People with inferior brains should be placed on a lonely island." But all the really large islands are being used at the moment.

D. B. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—"Our mantelpiece goes back to the Adam Brothers." You should have kept up your payments.

S. J. (Esher).—"A Frenchman claims to have invented a machine that puts people to sleep." In this country many sufferers from insomnia pin their faith to the evening wireless talks.

T. M. (Bridgeton).—"The other night a wireless lecturer described the effects of coming-to after a knock-out." So giving him a thrashing proved a waste of time after all.

J. V. (Manchester).—"The conductor hit the trombone-player with his baton and was struck in the face in return." We understand that at the end of the concert each accused the other of losing his tempo.

THE EDITOR

may be flippant on this page, but his humour is never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service. Readers are asked to send stamped, addressed envelopes for their

REPLIES

G. M. (London, W.).—"I have numerous trays on my desk at the office." Tea-trays and ash-trays?

G. C. (Exeter).—"Will you answer this letter by return?" Yes, if we finish reading it in time.

Author (Barnes).—"Do you think I should put more fire into my work?" No; more work in your fire.

H. M. (Goole).—"I thought he was a model husband until he took up golf." And now he is just a sports model.

G. M. (Hull).—"No one could call me conceited." And yet you mention in your letter that you once had brain fever.

T. P. (Epping).—"A green snake is generally perfectly harmless." But it is wise to get out of its way before it ripens.

W. A. (Dartford).—"Some people think that a new design of street lamp is badly needed." Others still cling to the old type.

R. S. (Warwick).—"Gandhi was once a lawyer." The way he dresses now he looks more like a client who has just paid a lawyer.

N. B. (Hampstead).—"I believe that a man's character can be told by his writing." So that's why you type your letters?

Doris (Wivenhoe).—"I could not understand why he suddenly put out the light and came and sat down beside me." Are you still in the dark?

F. L. (Daventry).—"I was surprised to see the snow coming down in large white flakes." But surely that is the usual direction and colour?

A. P. (Hull).—"I am writing a book which is bound to be good. I've had it in my head for fifteen years." Sort of aged in the wood.

G. C. C. (Ashington).—"I've been saving since August for the children's Christmas presents." But what about father's? Enter a good *Bullet* for him this week and one of 50 bumper cheques may surprise him on December 25.

P. M. (Wardour Street).—"Rivalry among talkie producers in Hollywood to obtain the services of popular stars is very keen." But apparently they all share the same plot.

G. S. (Southampton).—"An American university has established an advisory bureau for persons in love." By the time a lover realises he needs advice he is no longer in love.

D. M. (Bolton).—"At a Midland fair last week a woman knocked down an Aunt Sally with each of her ten shots." We understand that so far there is no indication that she is likely to be overwhelmed with offers of marriage.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

SIDE-*Slips*

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. In the event of the same "Slip" being sent by more than one reader, the award is paid to sender of the first letter opened. Mark envelopes "Slips."

TICKETS ON TICK
PAY ANY OLD TIME
WE'LL TRUST YOU!

Alloa Advertiser:—"Saturday afternoon TICK will also be issued from these stations."

Dorset Daily Echo:—"Their gifts had been OLD BOYS mended by the girls and sent for Christmas."

Oldham Evening Chronicle:—"He did NOT attend to his work and could always be depended upon."

The Shields Daily News:—"'So far from that being the case, my clients thought so LIGHTLY of him in his profession that they have employed him as an architect.'"

Sunday Dispatch:—"'As a National Government we shall continue, with your help, to pursue the POLICE.'"

Craven Herald:—"We have a good stock of ordinary table LAMBS."

Evening World:—"The Prime Minister had a great reception, the GROUND surging forward and cheering him enthusiastically."

The Jeweller and Metalworker:—"Watchmaker seeks berth—accustomed to all classes of work, including SMELL watches."

Young's Magazine:—"She could hear her heart beating fiercely against her CHEEK."

Grimsby Daily Telegraph:—"Slightly injured, the BALL was eventually captured with ropes."

The Evening Telegraph and Post:—"The driver put his FOOD by mistake on the accelerator."

Living on your Nerves?

A course of 'Phyllosan' brand of chlorophyll tablets should be taken by everyone—not only by those over forty, but by all people of all ages who are 'run-down,' nervy, overworked, anæmic, lacking in vital force and energy.

'Phyllosan' brand tablets enrich the blood with natural revitalizing and rejuvenating elements which are carried to every cell in the body. At all ages, 'Phyllosan' brand tablets build up the body's vital forces, fortify the heart, give new vigour to nerves and brain, and increase the efficiency of the whole organism.

Of particular importance to those over forty is that a course of these tablets rejuvenates the arteries, corrects high blood pressure, fortifies the heart, increases vital force, strengthens the body's resistance against the processes of physical decline which are the cause of 'old age.'

And it is so easy. Just two tiny tablets three times a day before meals. Take them regularly and the results will astonish you.

'Phyllosan' brand tablets are not a 'patent medicine.' They are prepared under the direction of E. BUERGI, M.D., Professor of Medicine at the University of Berne, and contain no harmful drugs or animal extracts.

Start taking 'PHYLLOSAN' (brand) Regd. TABLETS TO-DAY!

To revitalize your Blood, rejuvenate your Arteries, correct your Blood Pressure, fortify your Heart, strengthen your Nerves, and increase all your Physical and Vital Forces —irrespective of age!

All Chemists, 3/- & 5/- (double quantity)

'PHYLLOSAN' is the brand of chlorophyll tablets prepared under the direction of E. BUERGI, M.D., Professor of Medicine at Berne University. No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture.

Send Coupon or a postcard, to

FASSETT & JOHNSON, LTD., Distributors,
(Dept. 47) 86 Clerkenwell Rd., London, E.C.1

Please send me a free copy of the book entitled "The Most Wonderful Substance in our World," describing Dr. Buergi's researches and the remarkable results obtained with 'Phyllosan' brand tablets.

Name ....

Address ....

....

Use unsealed envelope, with ½d. stamp. J.B. 28.11.31

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This Gift Voucher will be accepted as One Shilling in part payment of the famous "John Bull" lever filling Pen. Only one voucher accepted in part payment of each Pen. Available only until December 31, 1931.

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16 YEARS OLD—still going strong.

Am writing this with "John Bull" Pen obtained from you sixteen years ago. It is still going strong, although in daily use.

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Newton Ferrers,
Near Plymouth

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10/- for 5/-

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I enclose Xmas Gift Voucher value One Shilling, which please accept as One Shilling in part payment of the famous 2/9 "John Bull" Pen. I enclose p.o. for 1/9 plus 3d. for postage and insurance, making 2/- in all. Pocket Clip 3d. extra.

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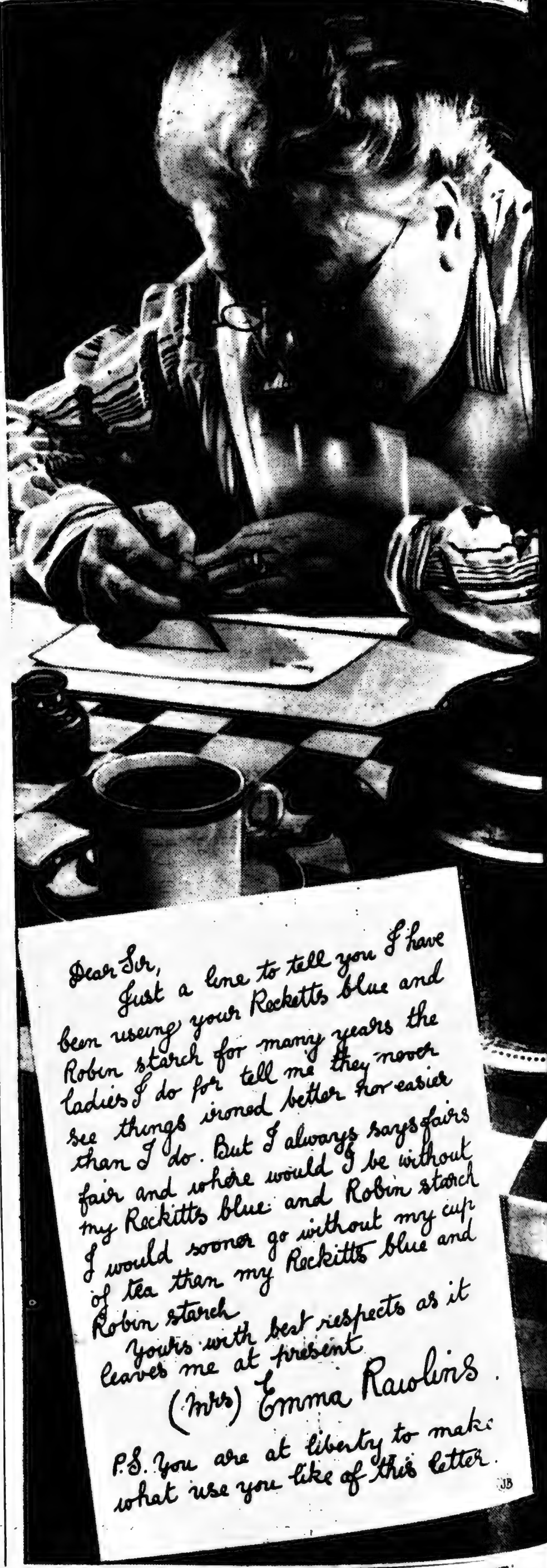
NAME..

ADDRESS..

....

Fine medium broad nib (cross out grades not required).
Cross cheque/p.o. /& Co./, and make payable to "John Bull."



Dear Sir,
Just a line to tell you I have been useing your Recketts blue and Robin starch for many years the ladies I do for tell me they never see things ironed better nor easier than I do. But I always says fairs fair and where would I be without my Reckitts blue and Robin starch I would sooner go without my cup of tea than my Reckitts blue and Robin starch
Yours with best respects as it leaves me at present
(Mrs) Emma Rawlins.

P.S. You are at liberty to make what use you like of this letter.

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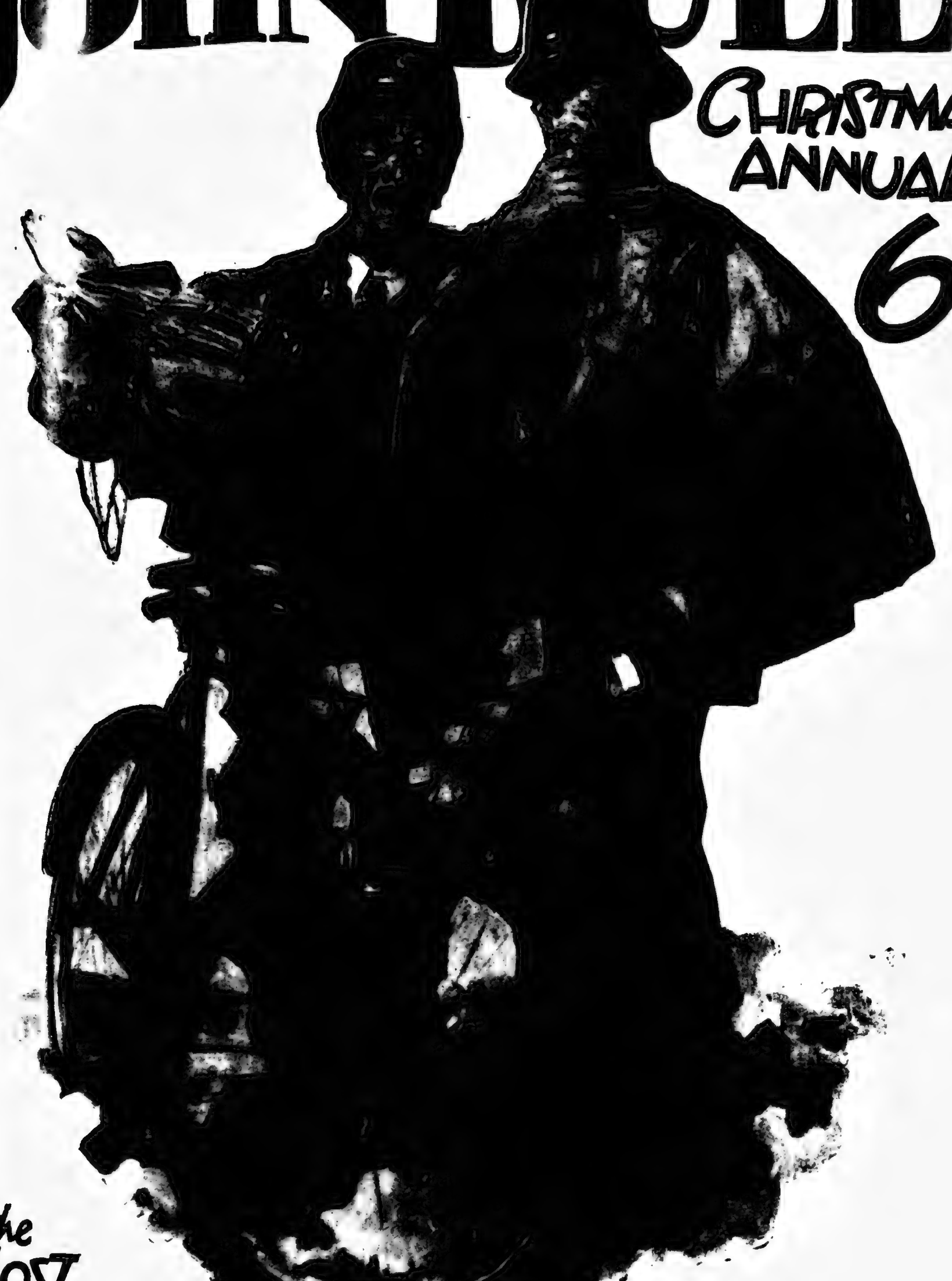
JOHN BULL

CHRISTMAS ANNUAL

6D



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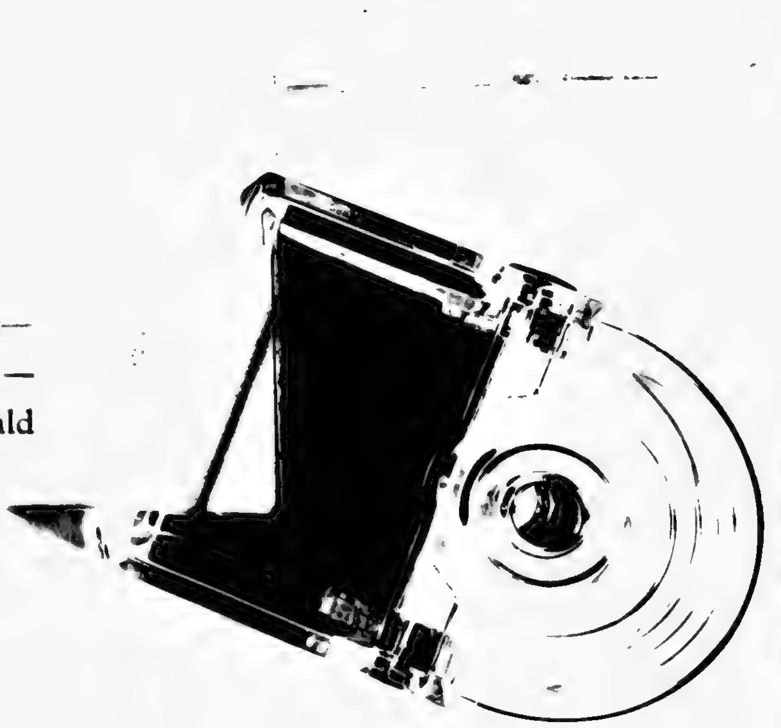

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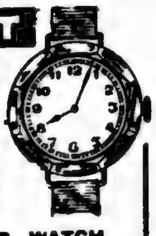

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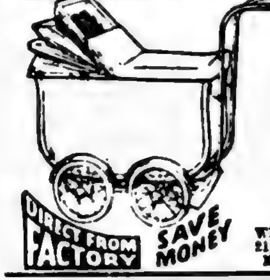

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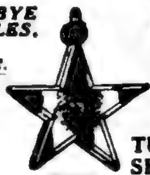

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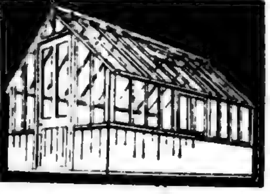

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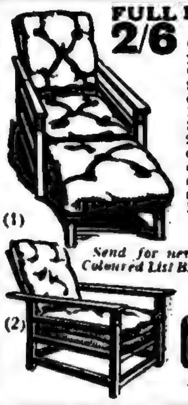

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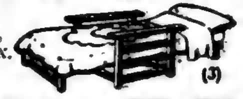

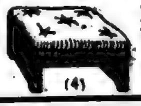

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Mrs. J. B. HOWARD,
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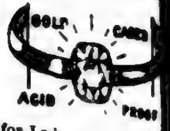

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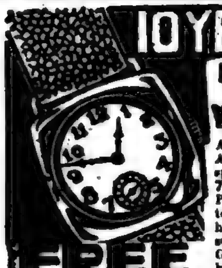

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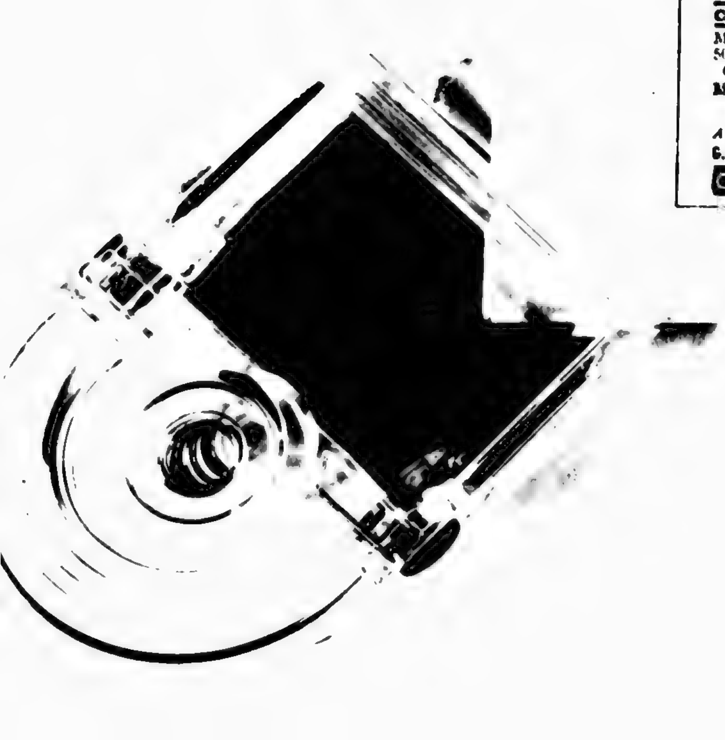

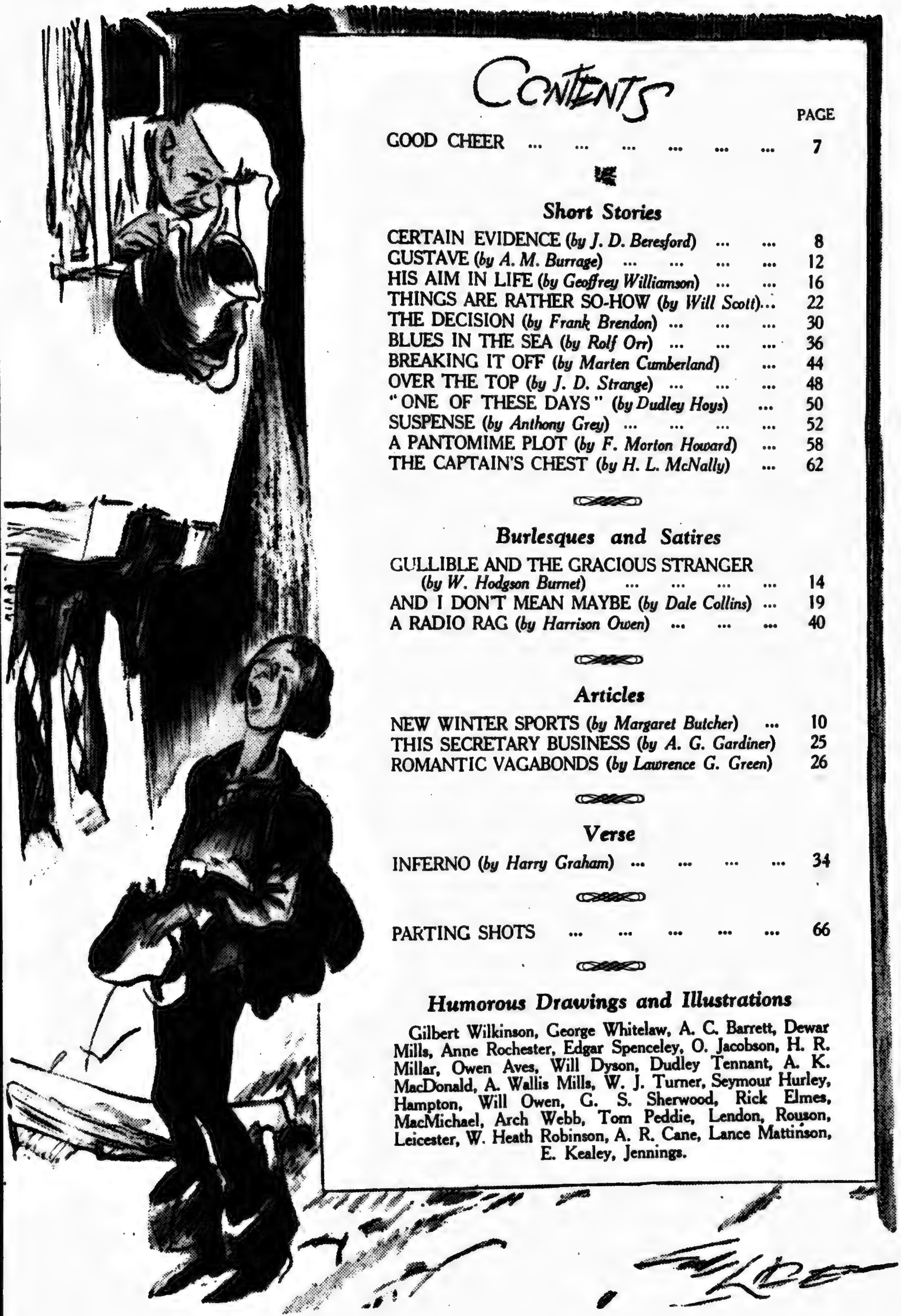

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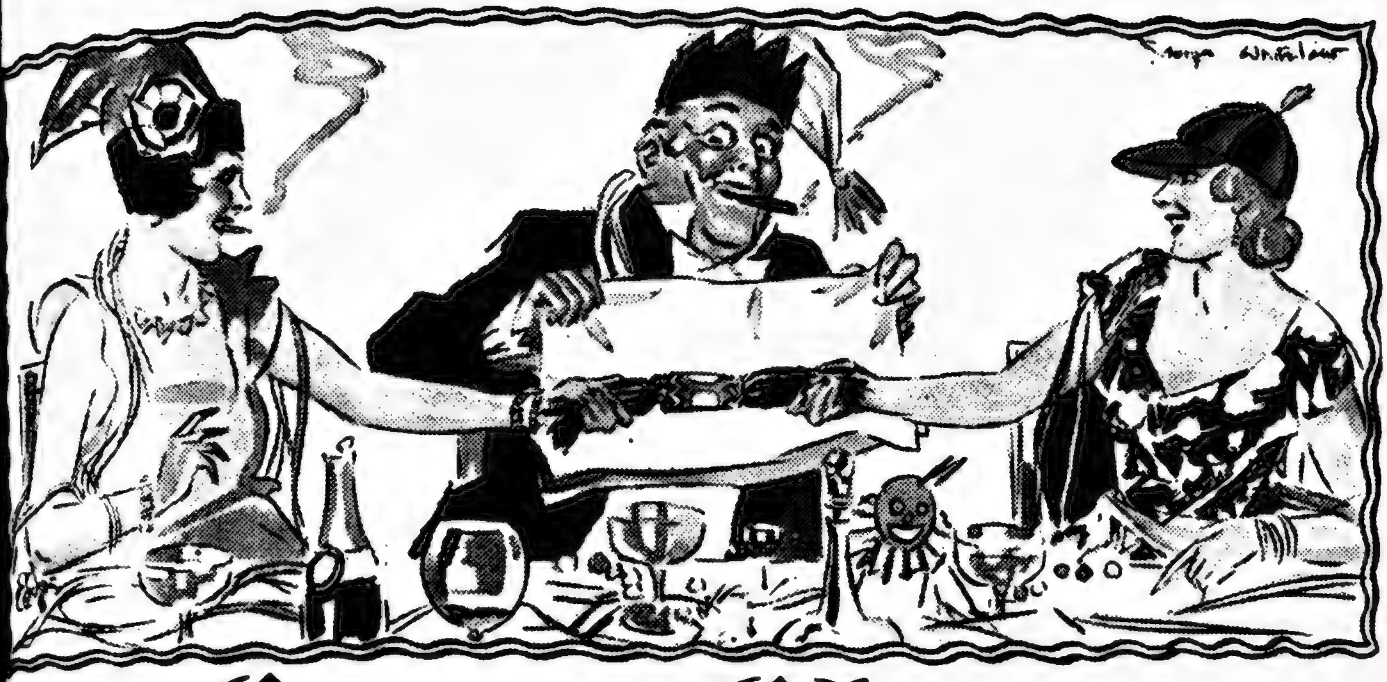


-Good Cheer-

HRISTMAS hamper. No corkscrew.

* * *

NIVES, Spoons and Forks.
The Implements of the Season.

* * *

KELETON in the cupboard. The turkey on December 27.

* * *

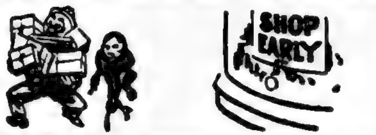
OW, here's a lie that all have flaunted:
"Oh, how divine! Just what I've wanted!"

* * *

CHRISTMAS SUGGESTION:
A BOX of toy bricks for the small son of the smash-and-grab raider.

* * *

URING a music-hall act a professional strong-man holds up six men weigh- in all nine hundred and fifty pounds.



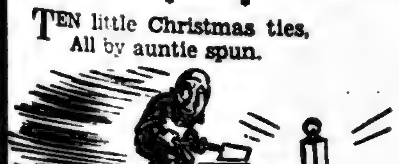
must find this accomplishment very ful when his wife decides to do a little istmas shopping.

* * *

A CORRESPONDENT declares that at this time of the year he often goes a long walk in the evening. There is ays a chance that, by the time he re- ns, the kiddies will have tired of their ms and trumpets and gone to bed.

* * *

TEN little Christmas ties,
All by auntie spun.



Father took the garden spade—
And then there were none!

* * *

OXING-DAY is not a Bank Holiday in Scotland. So the threepenny-bit d in the household Christmas pudding n be redeposited without any delay.

WE sympathise with the girl who hung her silk stockings on a hook at her bedside on Christmas Eve and found only ladders in them the next morning.

* * *

A LONDON actor is learning to fly in his spare time. Others are learning to act—in the public's time.

* * *

THE best of Christmas maxims,
When all is said and done,

Is—when you're 'neath the mistletoe,
Two heads are better than one.

* * *

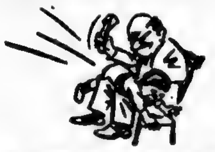
SOMETHING original in the way of pantomimes is promised by one producer this year. Can it possibly be that it has been specially written for children?

* * *

"THE railways are catching the spirit of Christmas," says a writer. But we have never seen a Yule log blazing on a waiting-room fire.

* * *

SHORTSIGHTED.



THE small boy who gave his father a pair of leather slippers for Christmas.

* * *

IF there's one thing in this world that a man would far rather be without, his aunt or somebody will give it to him as a Christmas present.

* * *

"I'VE seen you on the stage," he said;
She smiled and thought of all her "leads."
"What was I in?" He bent his head:
"Two feathers and a string of beads!"

CAROL singers in North London are to use a high-speed car. The cowards!

* * *

ONE firm that specialises in Christmas puddings warns customers that mice will sometimes get inside and devour the centres of them. The proof of the eating is then in the pudding.

* * *

SHE thought her young brother blighter—
Quite rightly, I have not a doubt—
For calling her "Cigarette Lighter,"
Because she so often went out!

* * *

THE average City man can't give any reason why he clings to his silk hat.

Except when the snowballing season starts.

* * *

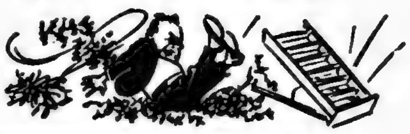
"I WILL make a clean breast of it," as the carver said when he helped himself to the best part of the turkey.

* * *

AMONG the season's novelties are realistic-looking cigars that contain pen-knife, corkscrew and nail-file. This is a great improvement on those realistic-looking cigars that are supposed to contain tobacco.

* * *

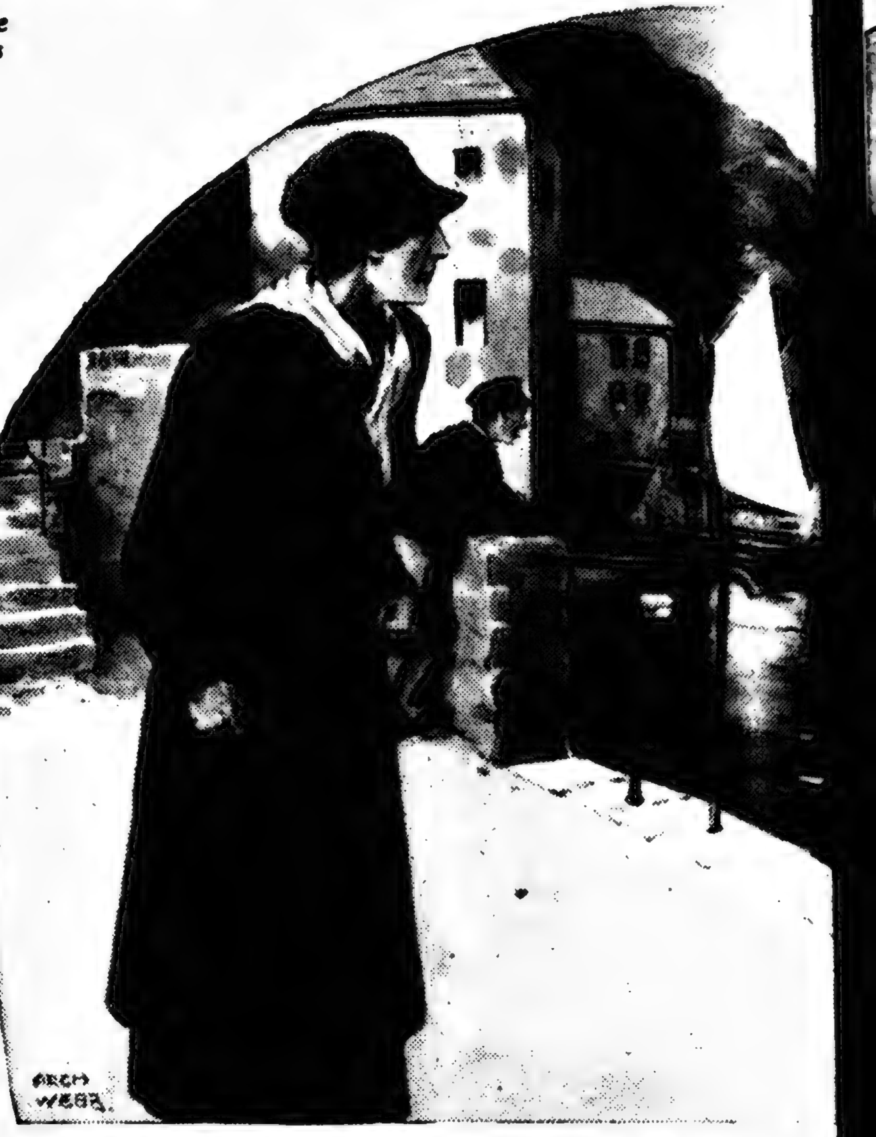
THOUGH streamers gay and mistletoe
Will make a house look jolly,



Father knows, when he puts it up,
It has its points, has holly.

* * *

ABSENTMINDED—The surgeon who made an incision in the side of the turkey and then sewed it up neatly.



"She had haunted the quayside, hoping that the body might drift in . . ."

How Science lifted the cloud from two young lives

CERTAIN

by

THERE are periods in some lives, of days, months, even of years in some cases, when the luck seems to run all one way.

They have become recorded in the language by such familiar phrases as "the lowest ebb" or "the darkest hour," indications of the desperate hope, dear to humanity, that the luck must turn at last.

Generally it does; sometimes it does not, and Erica Grey had given up all hope when her dawn came so queerly and unexpectedly.

Her lover, Harry Mordaunt, was managing clerk to a flourishing firm of solicitors in Porthaven—Barton and Green, a highly respectable firm with an excellent reputation for straight dealing.

Harry, too, was well thought of, if not popular; he was too reserved, and perhaps too hard-working for general popularity; and it was common talk that he would end by being taken into partnership.

Also, that he would marry Erica, the daughter of Roger Grey, the town's chief architect.

WHAT upset all these expectations and suddenly killed all Harry's prospects was the inexplicable disappearance of Claude Williams, a clerk in a local bank.

He had none too good a record from some points of view. He was one of those tall, handsome, overbearingly conceited young men—and altogether far too successful with women.

But if he often drank too much, was continually bleeding his mother who adored him, and generally living above his salary, his books were all in order when he disappeared.

That was on a night in December, a wet and windy night with an unusually high spring-tide that rolled up the river and flooded all the wharves; and the last time he was seen had been in the neighbourhood of the quay.

After that he had apparently vanished off the face of the earth.

Naturally, in a town of 40,000 inhabitants in which everyone knew everybody else's business, this was a sensation. The police were put on, every kind of search made and Claude's disappearance broadcast.

It was not, however, the police, but Claude's mother who turned the suspicion on the unlucky Harry Mordaunt.

She began it by going up to Barton and Green's office. She was a big, handsome, loud-voiced, rather domineering woman, very like her adored son in some ways.

WITHOUT mincing matters, she directly accused Harry of murder, and insisted that he should be called in and questioned. Very damning questions they proved to be in the issue.

"Was it not true that Claude had been making love to Erica Grey and that Harry had been fiercely jealous of him?"

Harry could not deny it.

"Had not Claude and he nearly come to blows in the lobby of the Ship Hotel, two days before Claude's disappearance?"

It was true. There were witnesses.

And then, inevitably, Harry was asked where he had been on the night of December 19; and had to admit that he had gone down through the storm to the quay to watch the high tide.

He had, indeed spoken to Mr. Barton about the flooding of the wharves next morning.

In short, he had not the shadow of an alibi, the motive was clearly indicated, and Fate had given him apparently a wonderful opportunity for the disposal of his rival—a rough night that had kept everyone indoors, a probable meeting-place on the lonely wharf; and an ebb tide like a mill race that would take Claude's body out to sea beyond any reasonable hope of recovery.

Nor did it help Harry when it came out that Claude had proposed to Erica Grey earlier [illegible] evening and had been definitely refused, since Harry had known that fact until two days later.

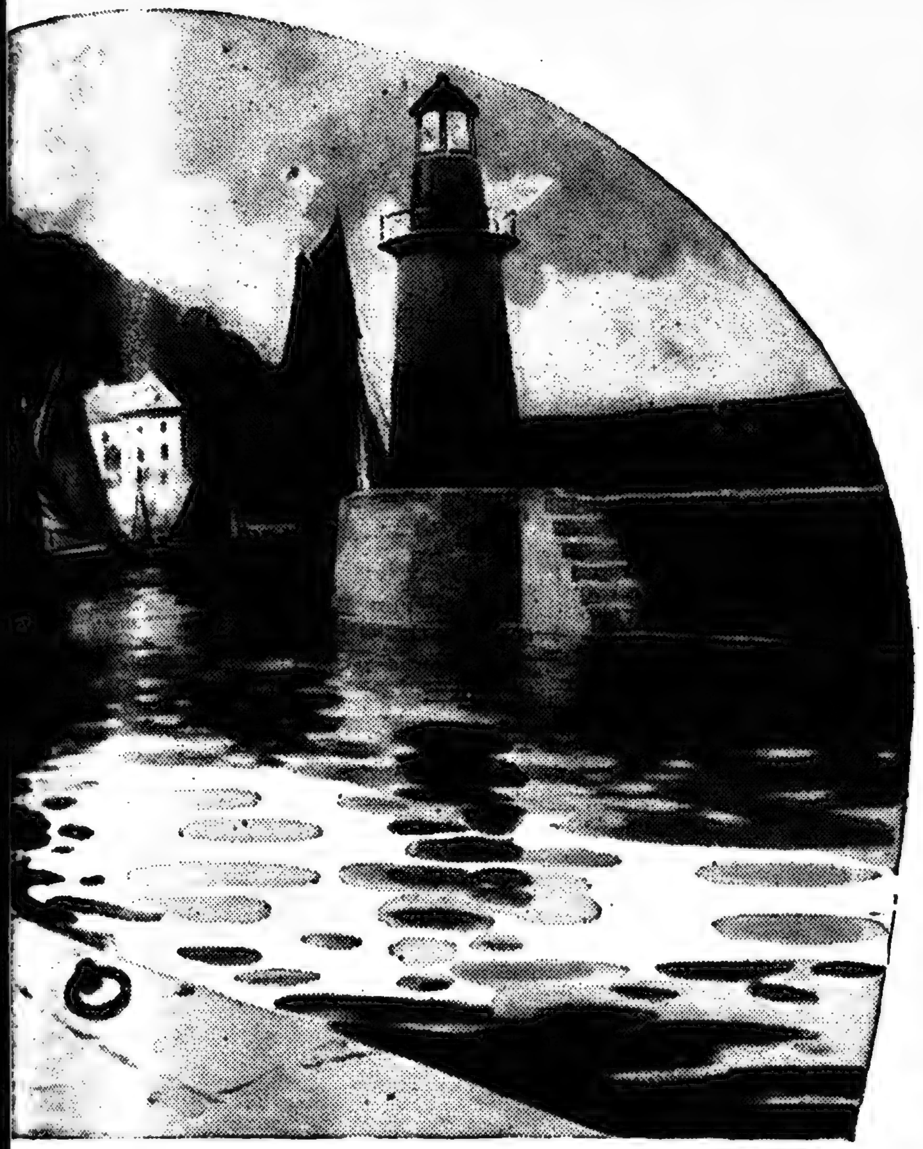
17 DEC 31

It did, of course, open the possibility Claude might have committed suicide, there was a body of opinion in favour that theory, but it represented a sm minority.

Yet, despite all this circumstan evidence, there could be no prosecuti because a man cannot be prosecuted murder unless the murdered body can produced.

Nevertheless, Harry Mordaunt branded, and Claude's mother, who fiercely vindictive, saw to it that brand should be kept before the public.

That, however, was only the beginni of the bad luck that dogged Harry M daunt for eighteen months. He resign



Illustrated by Arch Webb)

EVIDENCE

J. D. Beresford

is post with Barton and Green three weeks after Christmas, and they, however unwillingly, could do nothing but agree with his decision to leave Porthaven.

So Harry went out into the world, uncommonly poorly equipped in some ways, to make a fortune just at the moment when the world was entering the greatest trade depression in recent history.

He had about as bad a restart in life as a man could. He had that ghastly suspicion clinging to him; had struck a period of increasingly disastrous economic conditions; and, worst of all perhaps, from first to last his luck was dead out.

Everything he touched or attempted to touch went wrong. He and Erica met secretly at regular intervals; but although he was absolutely "on his uppers" at times, he would not ask for help from anyone in Porthaven.

Poor little Erica was not the only woman in the place who was nearly mad with despair. The other was Mrs. Williams. She had too firm and strong a mind to lose her reason, but she became morbid in her desire for vengeance.

Indeed, for many months after her son disapeared she had haunted the quayside at high tide, hoping—though it seems a dreadful thing to say—that the body might drift in and permit that prosecution of Harry for murder upon which she had set her heart.

Naturally, many friends were very sorry for her, and her misery kept the story alive when in ordinary circumstances it would have been forgotten.

But it was for Erica that most people showed sympathy; a young woman of twenty, with all her life before her, caught apparently in a net of destiny from which there could be no escape.

For no one doubted that Claude Williams was dead, whether by murder, accident or suicide.

Six months after Claude had disappeared one of the chambermaids from "The Ship" named him as the father of her illegitimate child.

She admitted then, for the first time, that she had been begging him to marry her. But no one really believed that Claude Williams had committed suicide. He was not that sort. And even if he had, it could never be proved.

Then a queer thing happened, which, with one swift turn of the wheel, ended Harry's terrible run of bad luck.

Mrs. Grey had taken Erica to the principal picture palace in Porthaven. It was a matinée and the first performance of a new programme. One of the minor items was an American travel film with a running commentary by an invisible speaker.

ERICA was not greatly interested. She had fallen into an apathetic condition, just getting through each day as it came, and her parents were finding it increasingly difficult, though they did all they could, to amuse her in any sort of way.

And she replied indifferently when, halfway through the film, her mother turned to her and said:

"There's something curiously familiar about that voice, Erica, though I can't think who it reminds me of. Doesn't it seem familiar to you, too, somehow?"

"I hadn't noticed it," Erica replied tepidly; "but I think I know what you mean. It is rather like someone, but I've no idea who."

But when the end of the tour came, photographs of the hitherto invisible lecturer appeared on the screen. He was shown as coming off the ship, still talking, and then as coming right up to the audience, until the film ended with a close-up of his head and shoulders for the final words of good-bye.

Long before that finale, however, Mrs. Grey had laid a suddenly agitated hand on her daughter's arm. "Do you see who it is, Erica?" she asked.

"Who? Which?" Erica replied apathetically, for she had not been paying attention.

"Oh! Look, dear. *Look!*" her mother implored her; and by that time the unmistakable figure of Claude Williams seemed to be coming right up to them.

EVEN then Erica could not for a moment grasp the significance of what she saw; did not, in fact, fully realise it till one of Porthaven's prominent citizens who was sitting in front of the Greys turned round and said in a voice that could be heard all over the house:

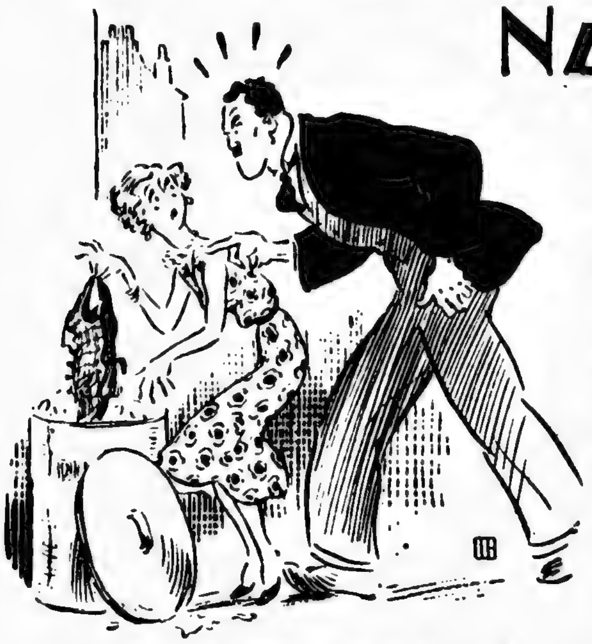
"Well, there ye are, Mrs. Grey. And I may tell ye that it always stuck in my head somehow that that young scoundrel wasn't born to be drowned."

But Erica wasn't listening. She was hurrying to the exit, eager to dispatch a wire to Harry to tell him that the cloud that had hung over him for eighteen months had lifted at last.

NEW WINTER SPORTS

by MARGARET BUTCHER

Helpful Hints for Stay-at-homes



“. . . trying to push this into the dustbin!”

THE Winter-Sports-Photograph Season—you will observe—is upon us again.

The illustrated periodicals of our country are now devoted almost exclusively to representations of Distinguished People lolling, slithering or whirling about in Switzerland, all dressed up in things that look like boiler-overalls, with boots which are, apparently, doing their level best to make up for an oversight in the matter of suspenders.

That is all very well; but it brings me to the reason for this exceedingly thoughtful and constructive article.

During the summer months we, too, tasted the sweets of publicity. We were never sure, when we opened our papers on Monday, that we should not come upon a charming photograph of ourselves, complete in shorts and what not, stumping heartily across the middle page.

That was something *like* a picture, that was. We had an infinite variety about us that is not to be found in boiler-overalls.

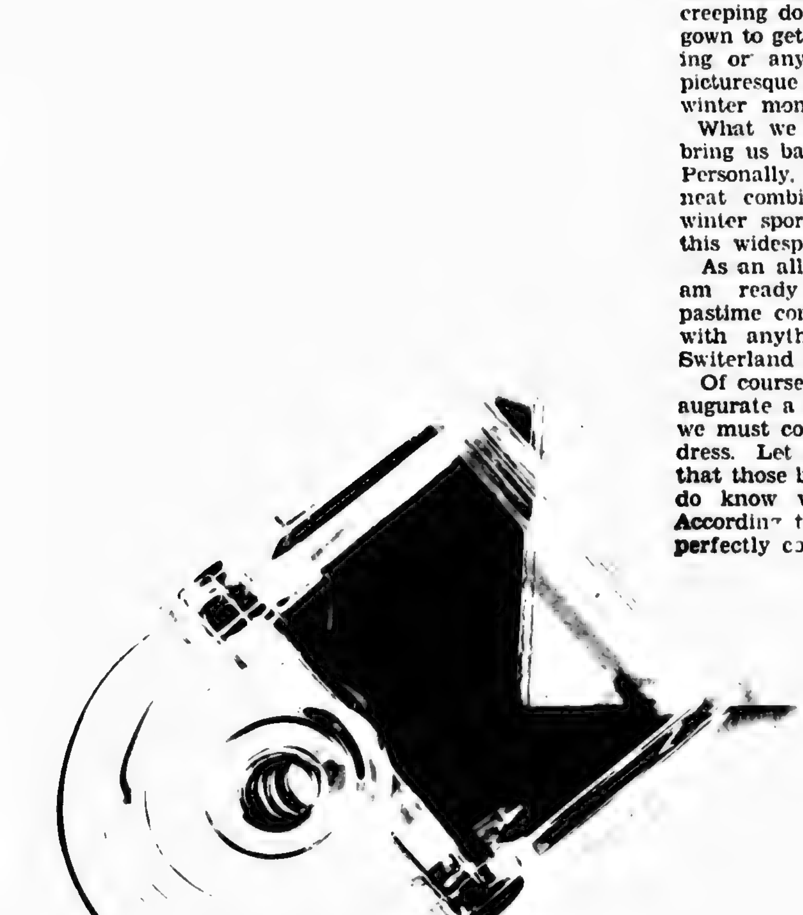
BUT what has happened? The hiking season is over and we have been relegated to oblivion. It seems grossly unfair.

Nobody bothers to take as much as a flashlight of us strap-hanging, creeping downstairs in a dressing-gown to get the milk in the morning or any of the arduous and picturesque things we do in the winter months.

What we need is something to bring us back into the public eye. Personally, I have in mind a rather neat combination of hiking and winter sports which should meet this widespread need.

As an all-the-year-round hiker I am ready to swear that the pastime compares very favourably with anything that goes on in Switerland or Norway.

Of course, if we are going to inaugurate a Movement of any kind we must consider the question of dress. Let us admit, once for all, that those boiler-overall folk really do know what they are about. According to their lights they are perfectly correct



Anybody who turns up at winter sports in garments with a more jazzy snap to them is certain to encounter a frostiness of regard—and quite quite rightly, too.

We shall come to that sort of thing ourselves. It is the eternal vendetta between the oldtimer and the tyro.

Next summer, you mark my words, the hiker in the eau-de-Nile sateen shorts or the hilarious plus-fours will get an exceedingly flat reception from the seasoned individual in the coal-sack skirt or the flannel bags that look as though they had been sifted, rather carelessly, out of the nearest horse-pond.

When May comes round we shall all be rooting in the stair-cupboard for habiliments sufficiently toned to remove from us all suspicion of being novices.

I have a friend, an inveterate winter hiker, who has brought this little business of wearing apparel to a very high pitch. His boots are particularly remarkable, in every respect exceeding anything obtainable for existing winter sports.

They are a mass of hobnails, studs, toecaps and other metal fortifications, and it it said among his friends that when he requires something done to them he visits a blacksmith rather than a shoemaker. They have also another curious feature—of which more anon.

HIS relatives, however, are not entirely in sympathy on this subject, and every now and then concerted efforts are made to dispose of certain garments belonging to him.

I remember, on one occasion, hearing him retail to a group of listeners the latest *contretemps* in this connection, much to the interest of a stranger in the corner.

“And what do you think?” demanded my friend, indicating his waistcoat. “I found somebody trying to push this into the dust-bin, only last week.” The stranger's face showed enlighte ment.

“Oh!” he exclaimed interestedly. “ *that* where you got it?”

This slight anecdote is relevant only far as it serves to indicate the standard r quired in the professional winter hiker.

There will be difficulties at first, course, but rural landladies will soon lea not to tell the eldest girl to let the do loose and put away the plated cruet whe you appear at the gate with a request f a meal or accommodation.

HAVING settled the clothes proble we will now consider more act aspects.

In Switzerland there are only abo three things that can happen to a ski- but in the home locality the possibiliti are infinite, once you get going.

The young man to whom I have referr created tremendous excitement la winter, by an exhibition of ski-ing on th steps at Waterloo Station, on his return town after a strenuous day in the countr

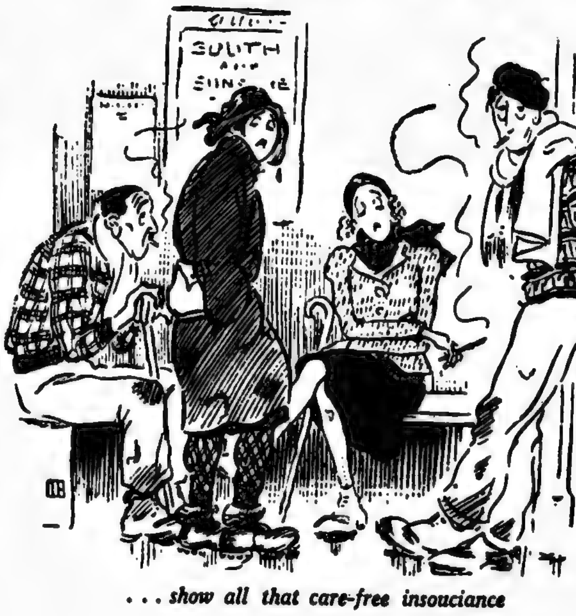
The boots, I imagine, were directly r sponsible, for while on a muddy road th give a very tolerable impression of objec which have been scrupulously riveted the ground, on a surface of any pol they are apt to strike up with interestin pyrotechnic effects and sounds resemblin a number of cart-horses in full flight.

What is more, he reached the botto intact, and even created a general impre sion that the whole thing had been car fully prearranged. It was a thorough masterly feat.

Indeed, if my suggestion is adopte Waterloo Station might be regarded as th final heat in the day's sport for Lo doners.

A thorough purler from the main pla form to the Tube would count sever points and compensate handsomely for a uneventful trip.

Then there is also a combination blind-man's-buff and obstacle-race whic may be played very effectively throug wooded country in the fogg parts of November and Februar



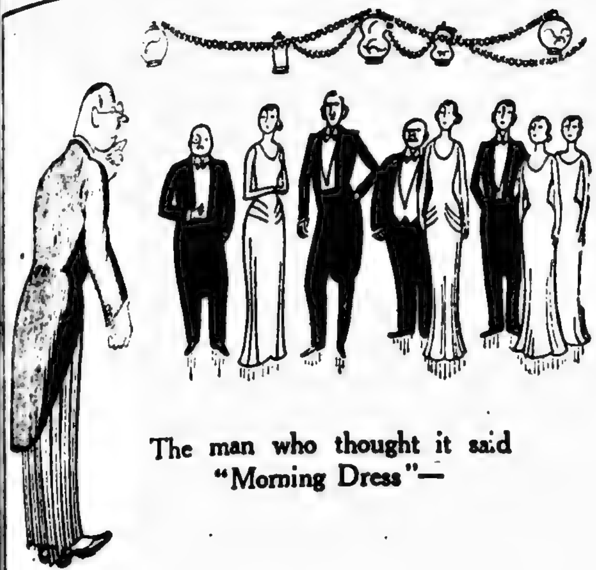
. . . show all that care-free insouciance

The winner, of course, reachi the station first, the goal bein the 4.37 Up. There he is found 5.46 by the next successful com petitor, whose possible chagrin losing the race is mitigated by th information that the 4.37 w taken off last month and th there is nothing more until 8.15

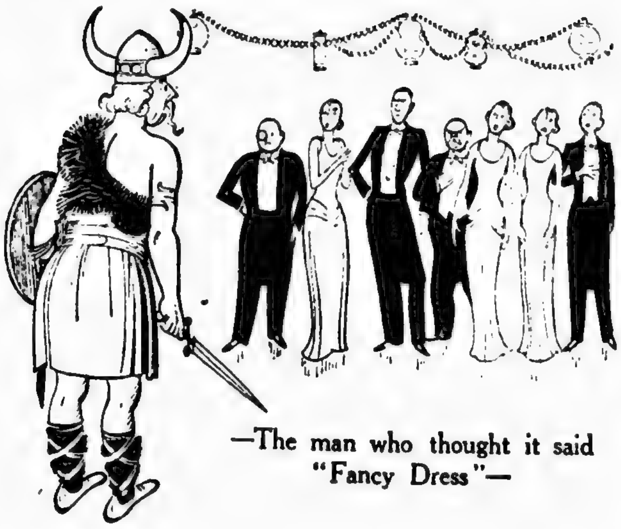
THE also-rans, with any luc arrive just in time to catc the 8.15, which gets to th station somewhere about 5, owin to the prevailing poor visibility.

A full-page representation of th returning party on the main pla form should, one feels, show that care-free insouciance we a accustomed to observe in our soc lights at winter sports and oth functions they are in the regul habit of attending.

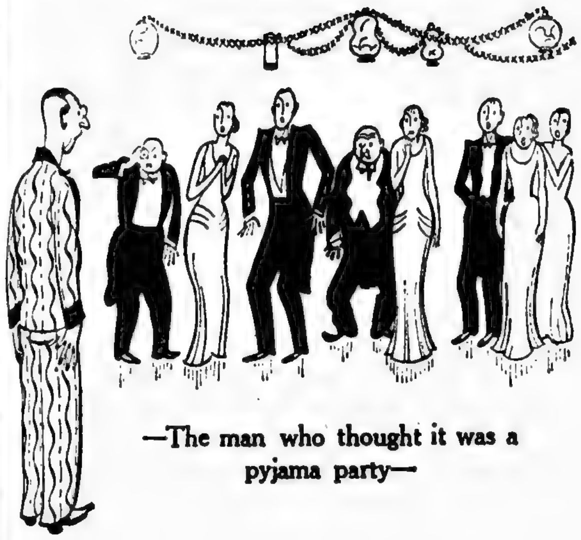
One way and another, the would have simply nothing on us



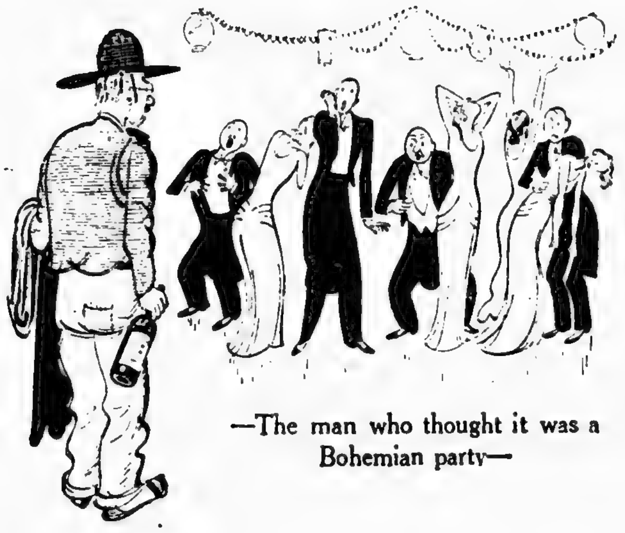
The man who thought it said "Morning Dress"—



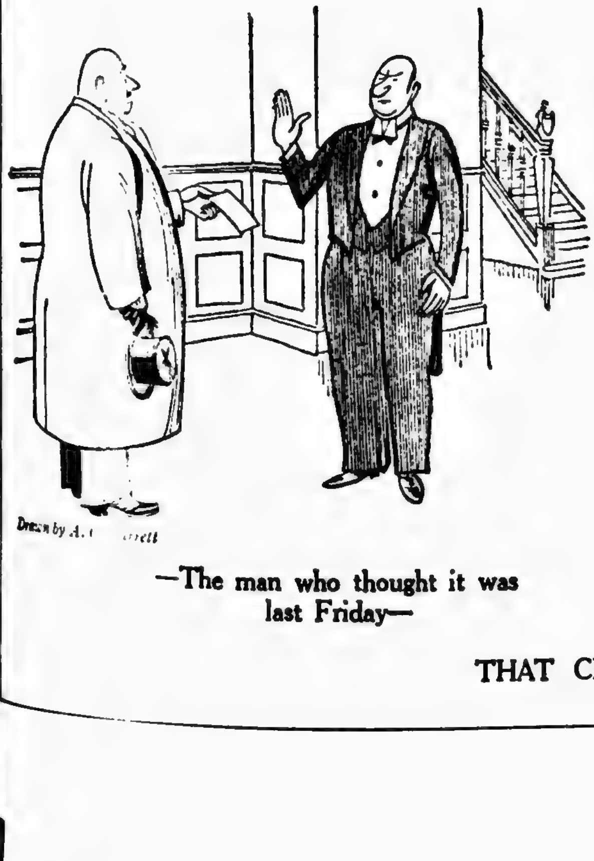
—The man who thought it said "Fancy Dress"—



—The man who thought it was a pyjama party—

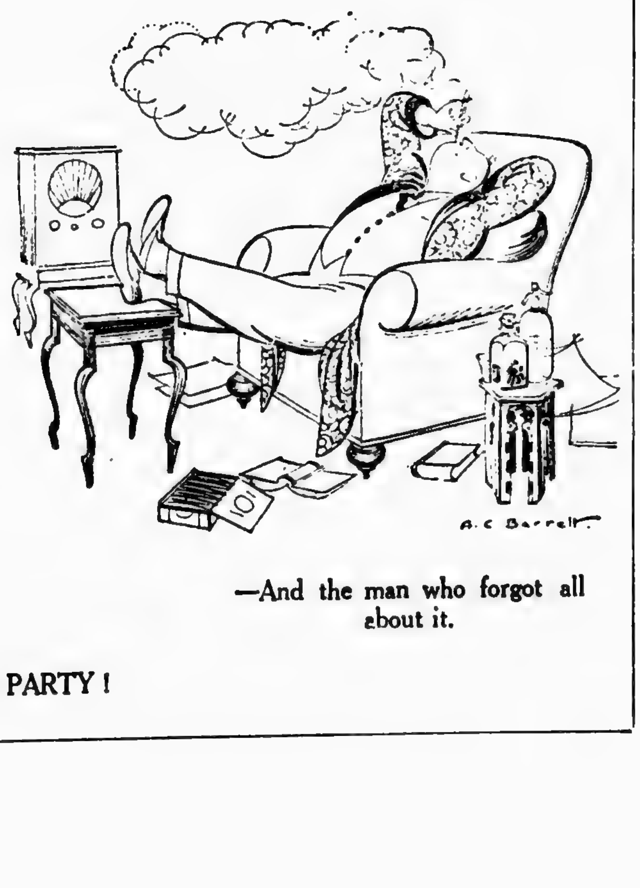


—The man who thought it was a Bohemian party—



Drawn by A. C. Barrett

—The man who thought it was last Friday—



—And the man who forgot all about it.

THAT CHRISTMAS PARTY!

A story for those who have not forgotten their youth

GUSTAV

SOME people are always young; some people have never been young; some people have been young once, and remember. The first and third in these three categories are likely to understand and appreciate this story. The people in the second category don't matter.

I was nineteen at the time, the ordinary kind of gawky silly ass of that age who tries to put on side because he is secretly so sensitive. I had a job in the City—the kind of job you would expect a boy of that age to have—and lived at home in a south-western suburb.

Nineteen is the correct age for a boy to fall in love, seriously as he thinks, for the first time. Calf love they call it. But the cynics who make mock of magic are jealous of youth and find easy epithets for its growing pains.

I was nineteen when I fell in love with seventeen-years-old Peggy.

Well, Peggy's parents and mine were friends, and that was how Peggy and I came to know each other. We fell in love in that queer, shy, adolescent way which most people who have passed that milestone of life have already experienced and can understand.

AND on a great occasion I asked her mother if Peggy could meet me in Town and come to dinner and a theatre.

I was able to do this in the grand manner because a fellow in my office had a brother who knew somebody in the theatrical profession who was trying to bolster up with free tickets a musical comedy which was already on its deathbed.

I was given a couple of dress circles for a Thursday night. It was not the most convenient night, because it came just before pay day. Still, all I had to pay for was the dinner.

I took expert advice from the cognoscenti in my office, and learned that an excellent dinner was to be had for three-and-sixpence at a Soho restaurant, which I shall call the Queen Caroline, within easy walking distance of the theatre.

Therefore it was arranged that Peggy should meet me in the foyer of the Queen Caroline at seven o'clock, which would leave us ample time to go on to the show, which began at eight. It promised to be one of the great nights of my life.

BUT it was the wrong end of the week, and I was running short of money. When I came to count up my worldly wealth I found that I had ten and threepence.

I was well in the danger zone. Seven shillings for two dinners, a shilling for the waiter made eight, sixpence for a programme, and that left only one and ninepence for 'bus fares, cloak-room fees and those etceteras which one is apt to encounter.

Peggy, I knew, would come up armed with a return ticket, but I was very near the brink of disaster.

I saw my danger and tried to borrow small silver from other men in the office, but, as the soldiers used to say, I was "unlucky." It was the wrong end of the week not only for me but for everybody else.

I had time to get to the Queen Caroline on foot and handed my hat and overcoat in to the care of a native of one of the French colonies—who would subsequently have to be tipped.

Then I went back to the foyer, and in two minutes Peggy and I were laughing into each other's eyes. She was a lovely child, fresh and sweet and beautiful.

I found myself being marshalled by a waiter with hardly any hair on his head, a little waxed moustache, and extremely polite and foreign manners.

"A table for two? Yes, Monsieur. How vill zis suit you? Vair good. Ze lady's seat is komfort'ble, I 'ope? Sank you, Ma'amselle. And now vhat may I get you, M'sieur? Ze table d'hote or somet'ing from ze a la carte?"

"Oh, we'll have the dinner," I said swiftly, thinking of my ten and threepence.

He bowed and went.

"How polite and attentive these Frenchmen are," I remarked to Peggy, with my best man-of-the-world air.

"Yes, aren't they?" agreed Peggy. "You wouldn't get an English waiter with quite the same manner."

The waiter brought the hors-dœuvres wagon and loaded our plates with a dexterously-handled spoon and fork.

While we were being helped I asked the waiter what he was called. When you are nineteen and are trying to show off before the girl you are dining out with you must always call the waiter by his Christian name. It is part of the rules.

"I am called Gustave, sir," said
little waiter with a bow and the
movement of the hands.

"Well, Gustave, what's good to-nig

"Vell, I recommend ze clear
Monsieur and ze young lady know w
zey prefair ze fillet sole or ze whiteb

HE rambled on through the m
and I listened with a lordly a
with my ten and threepence.

When he brought the soup he bro
also the wine list.

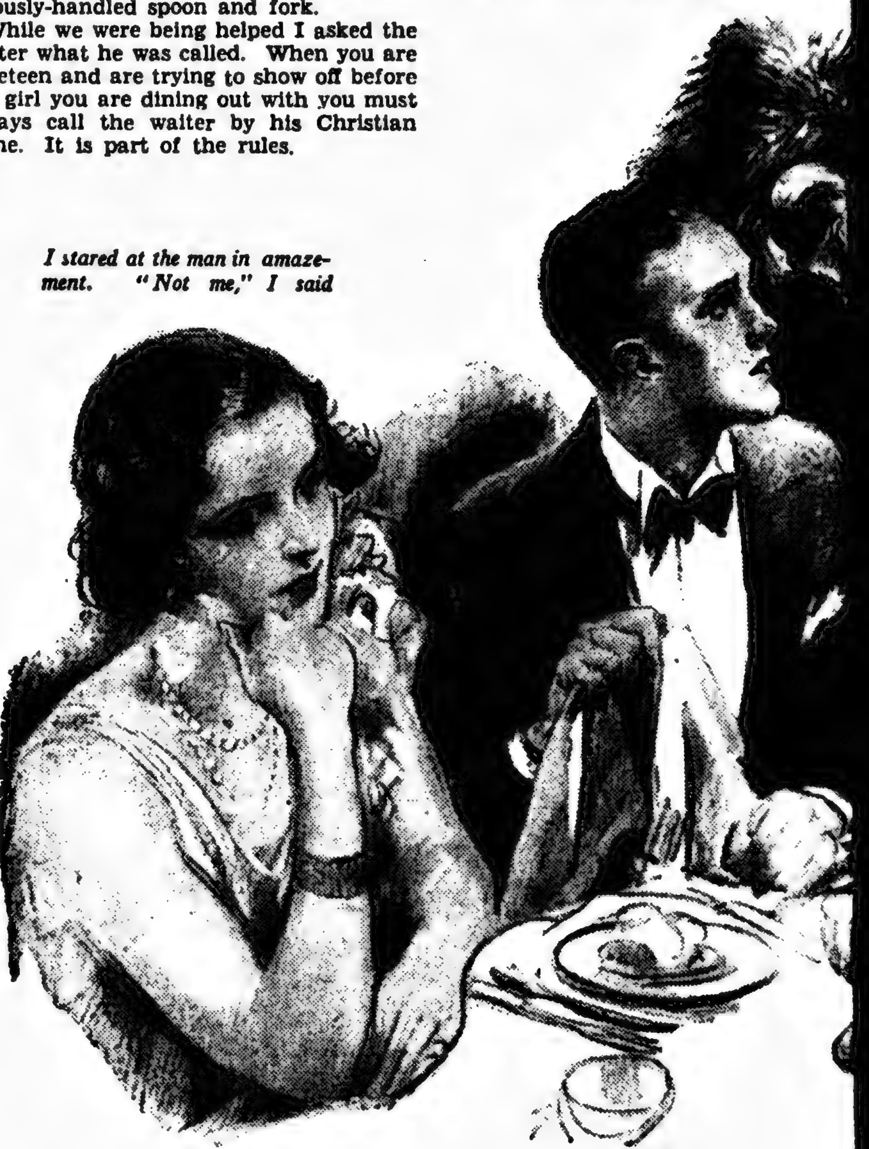
"Does M'sieur wish anysing to dri

I thought I was quite safe for P
was too young. I had never known
take anything containing the fa
suggestion of alcohol in her house or

After she had declined my invita
as I was quite sure she would it wa
intention to tell Gustave, in my
manner, that I never drank with m

And Peggy, poor darling, without
least knowledge of the torment into w
she was about to plunge me, let me d
She leaned across the table and w
pered with a confiding smile:—

"Mother said that if you asked m
glass of white wine wouldn't hurt m



I stared at the man in amazement. "Not me," I said

by A.M.Burrage

A glass! Yes, but you could order thing less than a half-bottle. And a lf-bottle of the cheapest Graves was shillings.

"A half-bottle of 24, Gustave," said I. keeping up the grand manner, but ming to sweat.

And a minute later I saw that the tion was even worse. I happened to e at the top of the menu and saw I had been misinformed as to the of the dinner. It was four and sixe, not three and sixpence. Then the om fell out of my world. I couldn't the bill, let alone do any tipping.

A man of the world would have turned his companion and said, "Look here, thing. I don't seem to have brought gh money with me. Can you let me some until we get home?" And if had none he would go to the manager explain the situation, only a trifle rrassed.

But a boy of nineteen, trying to show off before the girl he thinks he is in love with, is not a man of the world.

They talk about feminine intuition, but I am quite sure that Peggy hadn't the least idea that there was anything wrong.

Somebody else had, though.

GUSTAVE, coming to take away the fish plates, bent over me.

"Excuse me. Monsieur is wanted on ze telephone."

I stared at the man in amazement.

"Not me," I said.

"Oui, monsieur. If monsieur will have the kindness to follow me I vill show him where is the telephone box."

He halted by the entrance to the cloakroom, guarded by the native of Tunis who understood only French, and he spoke to me in the English of an Englishman and with an unmistakable accent.

"Excuse me, sir. Forgive me if I am wrong, but I think you are embarrassed. Forgive me again, but I could not help noticing."

I knew that accent. It is acquired only at the public schools and the universities.

"So you're not a foreigner after all!" I exclaimed.

"No. But I speak French as well as most Frenchmen, and to get a job here it is necessary to be a Frenchman and speak English with a French accent. Besides, one does not always want to be recognised by people one knew many years ago. But to come down to brass tacks, I think you are in a dilemma. Forgive me if I am wrong."

"I—I find I can't quite pay my bill, if that's what you mean," I blurted out.

He smiled at me—one of the sweetest smiles I have even seen.

"That's precisely what I thought. I saw you looking miserable and I guessed. And I knew you didn't want to own it before your friend.

"I was in the same difficulty myself once when I was about your age, in my last year at Eton. I'd have died rather than let my companion know that I couldn't pay. And I looked so miserable that a friend of my father, who happened to be dining in the same hotel, sent his card over to my table and came to the rescue. Thus does history to some extent repeat itself."

I stared at him dumbly for a moment. My brain was trying to do too many things at once. I never doubted that he was an Old Etonian.

HE had probably passed through doors which would be for ever locked to me. I wondered what had brought him to his present pass—to carry plates and dishes for third-rate foreigners and suburban diners-out.

That I shall never know. I could not ask him. Only one bit of his story did he communicate to me. I was thinking of my own romance, and asked: "Did you marry the lady, sir?"

Odd how I suddenly found myself addressing him as Sir.

"I did," he answered quite unemotionally, "and she died a year later with our dead baby in her arms."

The answer knocked me flat. Then I felt a hand on my arm and heard a voice in my ear.

"I'm sorry. I shouldn't have told you. But listen. I must get back to my job. Here is a pound note. When it is convenient you can return it to Gustave. Meanwhile you will be able to pay your bill and tip Gustave in a lordly way."

"Oh, don't!" I begged. For all my nineteen years I was very nearly crying.

THEN, once more, fingers pinched my arm.

"My dear," I heard a whisper, "I didn't mean to hurt you. You and that other child represent something that I've lost and shall never find again. For God's sake be happy while you can. You two were blown in here to-night on a wind from the Gates of Heaven. And now I sink, sair, zat it ees time you return to ze lady and I serve ze *poulet*."

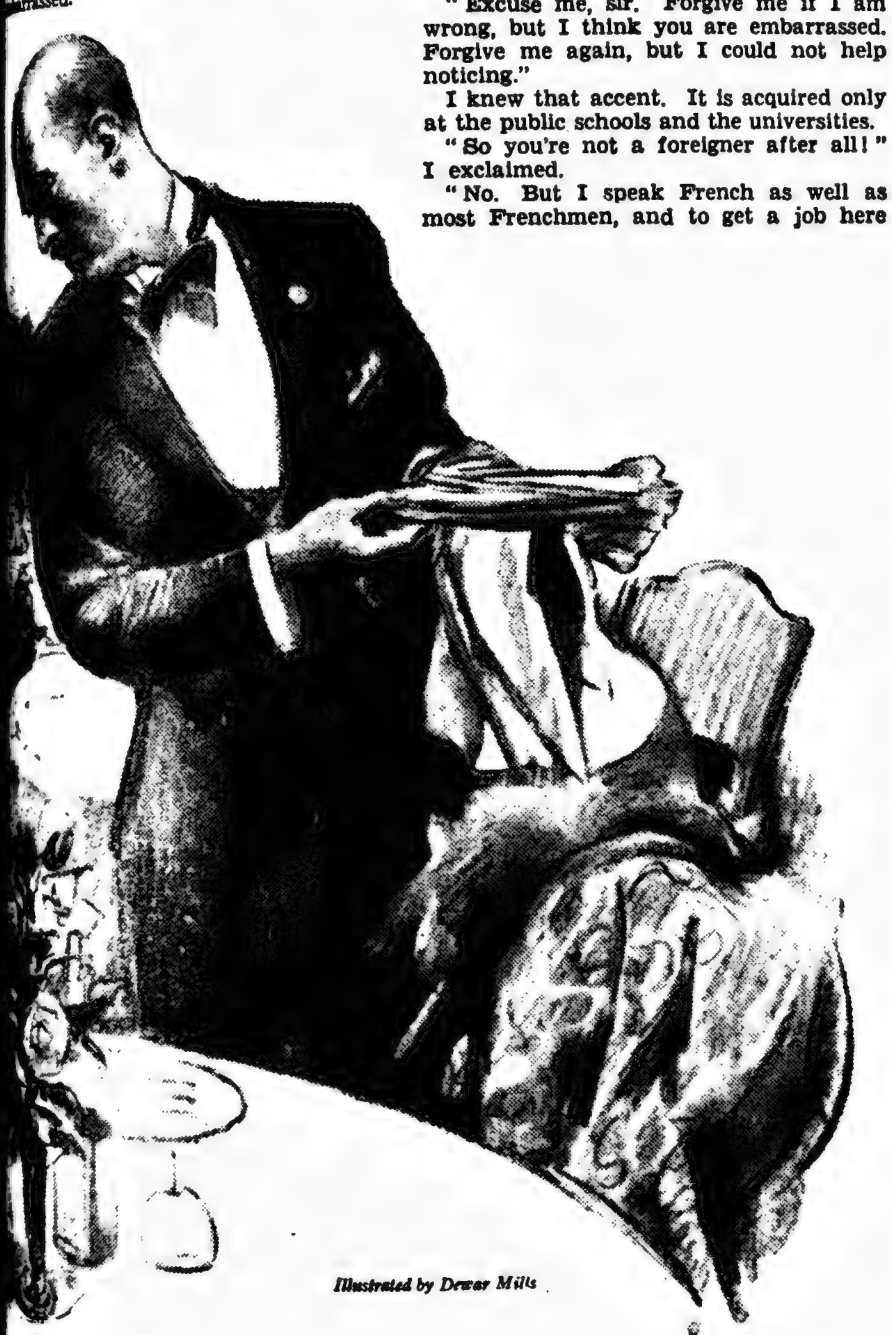
So I rejoined Peggy, financially secure.

"One of my directors rang me up," I lied to her, "to ask me about something. I happened to mention where I should be dining."

Gustave was most attentive, gave us excellent portions of everything, but was tactful enough to be only politely grateful for the half-crown I tipped him out of his own money.

I sent him the pound, for I couldn't bear to go back there and be waited on by him again. The last I saw of him was when he bowed us out, the complete French waiter with the French waiter's twinkle.

"Bon soir, ma'mselle. Bon soir, m'sieur."



Illustrated by Dewar Mills

Gullible *and the* Gracious Strange

An additional Chap

The author gives an account of his arrival in Lond, and tells how he went to sleep in one of the parks. He wakes to find the inhabitants on their way to their daily work, is warned off the grass by a park-keeper, and enters into conversation with a stranger who seeks his help.

I DO not propose to weary the reader with a too particular account of my antecedents, whence I came, or of the many adventures I went through before I arrived in LOND, the metropolis of ENG.

Suffice it to say that early one morning I stepped ashore from my boat which I had with some difficulty succeeded in mooring to one of the banks of the Tems.

Finding myself extremely tired I passed very gently through the streets (taking care not to damage the cornices of what I took to be Government offices with the skirts of my coat) till I came to an open space. Here I laid myself down upon the grass and slept as I reckoned for about five hours.

When I at length awakened I discovered I was in as pretty a little park as I have ever seen, called, as I was told later, the PARK OF SINJAMESEZ.

It was now by my reckoning near ten o'clock, and hurrying along the path close to where I lay were numbers of what I perceived to be human creatures of both sexes not more than six inches in height.

They showed neither fear nor astonishment at finding such a monster (as I must have seemed to them) in their midst, for the people of ENG are without fear, and pride themselves on what they call "*phlegm*" and pronounce "*flem.*"

Indeed, one of the little creatures, whom I took from his peculiar uniform to be a person of some authority, presently approached me and said:

"'Ere! come orf the grass! You can't lie there!"

For a moment I was, I confess, sorely tempted to punish him for such insolence by taking him in my hand and perch him in the topmost branches of a nei bouring tree.

I deemed it prudent, however, to s press this impulse, and getting up stepped across the little lake—for I da not trust my weight on the flimsy bri which spanned it—and walked slo along the path on the other side.

None of the little creatures took particular notice of me, although some the females, who were curiously alike having pink legs and little round ha looked at me admiringly nudging e other and giggling in a manner which found extremely offensive.

One of them indeed, a pretty little mi bolder than the others, had the temer to smile openly at me.

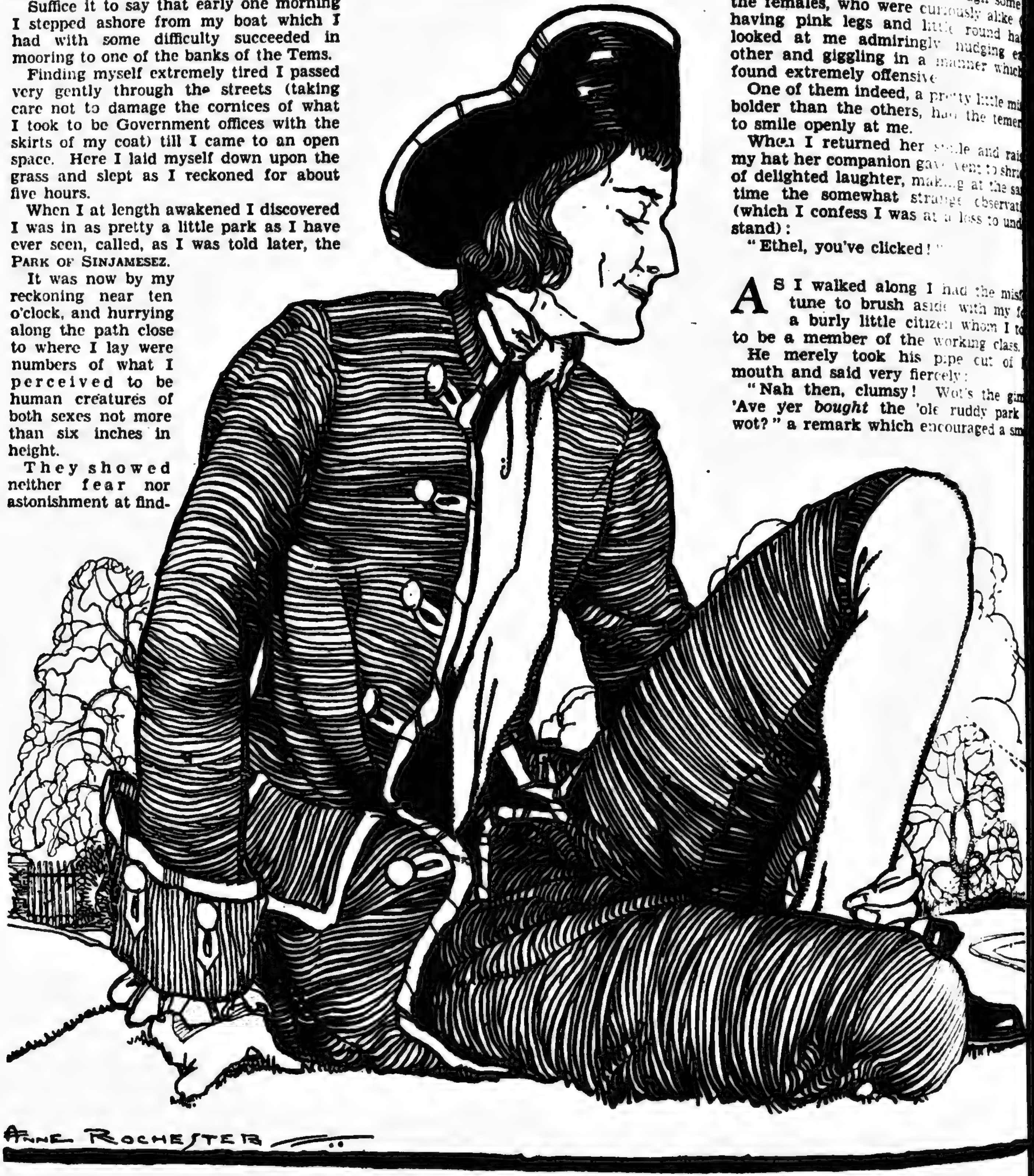
When I returned her smile and rai my hat her companion gave vent to shri of delighted laughter, making at the sa time the somewhat strange observat (which I confess I was at a loss to und stand):

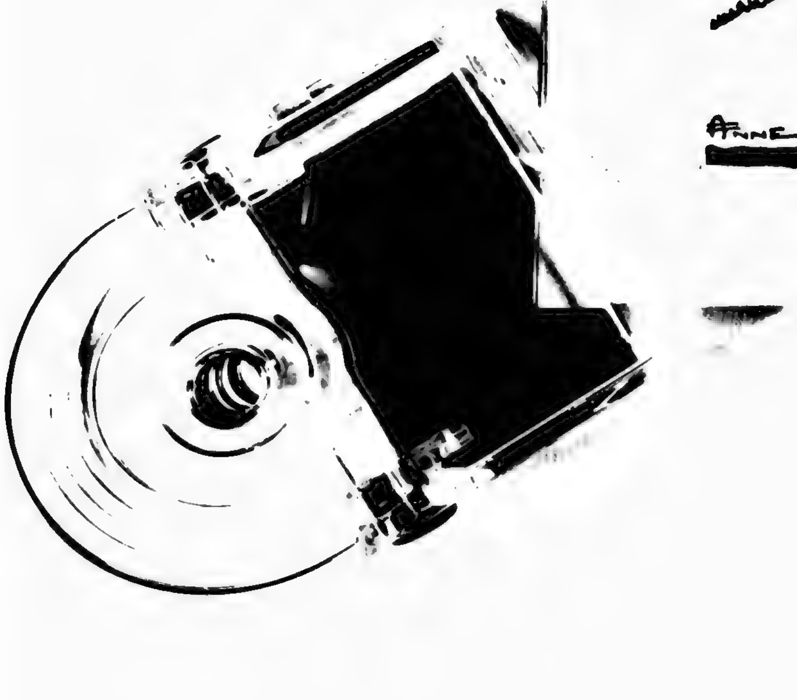
"Ethel, you've clicked!"

AS I walked along I had the mis tune to brush aside with my f a burly little citizen whom I to to be a member of the working class.

He merely took his pipe out of mouth and said very fiercely:

"Nah then, clumsy! Wot's the gi 'Ave yer *bought* the 'ole ruddy park wot?" a remark which encouraged a sm





y W. Hodgson Burnet

Gullible's Travels

y, whom I reckoned to be about four hes in height, to put his hands to his uth and shout:

"Is it cold up there, guv'nor?"

his question I afterwards discovered is d by these people to be the acme of nour when addressed by one of average ght to a person of abnormal stature.

tepping carefully over the railings I found myself outside the park, and r crawling through a handsome little h I approached the famous one-way are named TRAF—(so-called because all ffic goes round it)—which the people of p claim, I know not why, to be "the st sight in Europe."

ere I sat down to rest upon one of the s which guard the base of a handsome Ironic column.

had not been seated more than a ute when a well-dressed little creature passing me dropped his pocket-book, would have walked on had I not ked it up and called his attention to loss.

e immediately turned round, and lift- him up gently between my thumb and efinger, I placed him in the hollow of hand for safety, and restored his llet to him.

he little creature was full of gratitude overwhelming in his thanks, explain- that the wallet contained some £3,000 notes—which indeed he showed me— that he was on his way to place them his bank. He then told me the most antic story I have heard in all my vels

AN uncle in Australia, it seemed, had recently died, leaving him a vast fortune. A condition of the will d it down that my new-found friend uld distribute £50,000 among the most serving charitable institutions in the y of LOND.

ut, alas! he found himself in a diffi- ty, for he was a stranger in LOND and ew little or nothing about its charities. uld I care to help him?

explained that I, too, was a stranger a strange land, that I was newly arrived the metropolis, and that I was as ignorant as he was in the matter of its charities.

The idea, however, I added, appealed to me very strongly, for I had no doubt that together we could find out the most deserving institutions, and that it would give me great pleasure to help him to carry out the provisions of his uncle's will.

The little fellow was obviously delighted at my ready consent to help him.

HE insisted that we should celebrate our partnership with a drink, and smilingly suggested that, as I was too big to be accommodated in even the largest refreshment bar in LOND, he should go to his hotel (which was close by) and bring back a magnum of what he called "the bubbly," in which to drink to the success of our venture.

I was about to put him down in order that he might carry out this suggestion, when I observed that he wished to say something more.

He pointed out that we were entire strangers to one another, but that as I had done him a great service in restoring his wallet he proposed to show his confidence in me by leaving it in my hands till his return.

Not to be outdone, I laughingly said that in that case he must take *my* wallet with him, and so saying I pulled it out of my breast pocket.

His look of pleasure at my suggestion turned to consternation when he saw my wallet, which was about a foot higher than himself, and I suppose nearly as heavy.

I quickly relieved his anxiety, however, by taking from the little slit in my wallet, where I usually keep the stamps of my own country, a wad of notes similar to those he had given to me, though only of the total face value of £1,700.

These I gave him as I put him down, apologising for the amount being so much smaller than the sum which he had entrusted to my keeping, but pointing out at the same time that were I to attempt to run off with *his* wallet the very efficient police officers of LOND could scarcely fail to find me.

Laughing heartily at this jest of mine, he stuffed my notes into his pocket, and, hurrying away, was soon swallowed up in the crowd.

When I had waited for over two hours by my reckoning I must confess that I began to have some anxiety as to what had happened to my little partner.

He had unfortunately omitted to tell me his name, nor had I thought to ask him the name of the hotel at which he was staying.

On examining his wallet I could find nothing by which to establish his identity. The reader will readily admit that the situation in which I found myself was not a pleasant one. I could not be expected to sit all day on the back of a bronze lion in the SQUARE OF TRAF.

And yet to rise and walk away with a stranger's wallet containing £3,000 in notes when that stranger had so completely put his trust in me was an action so mean that it did not bear contemplating.

In this predicament I did a thing the like of which I suppose had never been seen in LOND before. Much to the amusement of passers-by I picked up in my hand a member of the Metropolitan Police with the object of consulting him as to what I should do.

At first the little creature was furious, attempted to blow a tiny whistle, and threatened to arrest me for obstruction, disorderly conduct, assault and other misdemeanours. At last, however, he consented to listen to me.

WHEN I had finished he laughed heartily, pulled out a note-book from his pocket and licked his pencil.

"Wot did you say your name was?" he asked. "Gullible," I told him, although I had a mind to throw him into one of the fountains at my side, for I do not relish being laughed at. "And a very appropriate name, too, if I may say so," he said. "You've been had, sir; absolutely had, by Pat Maloney, the smartest Confidence Trickster in this country.

It was, I felt, my turn to laugh.

"Trickster?" I said. "How, then, do you account for the fact that he has left me £3,000 in notes while he has only £1,700 of mine?"

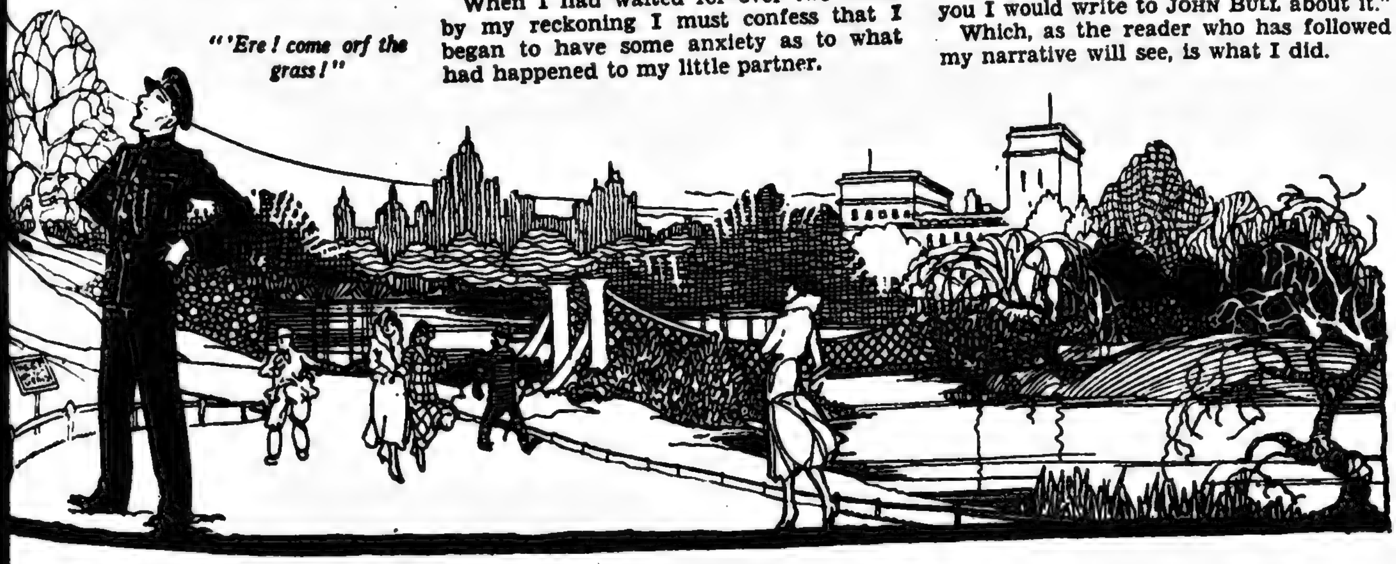
"Have a look at his wad, sir," he replied. "You'll find the top one's all right, but wot about the others?"

I took out the wallet and examined the wad of notes as suggested. The top one was a genuine £10 note, such as I had given to the stranger. The remainder were inscribed "Bank of Engraving," a bank of which I must confess I had never heard.

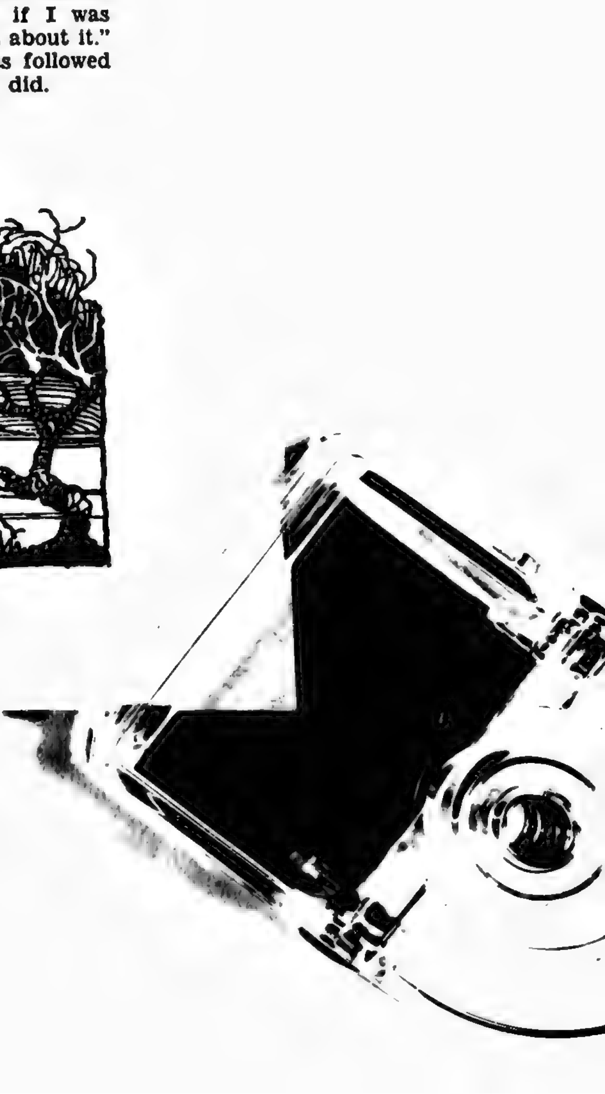
In my despair at having been made the victim of such a cruel trick I asked the policeman what I should do in the matter.

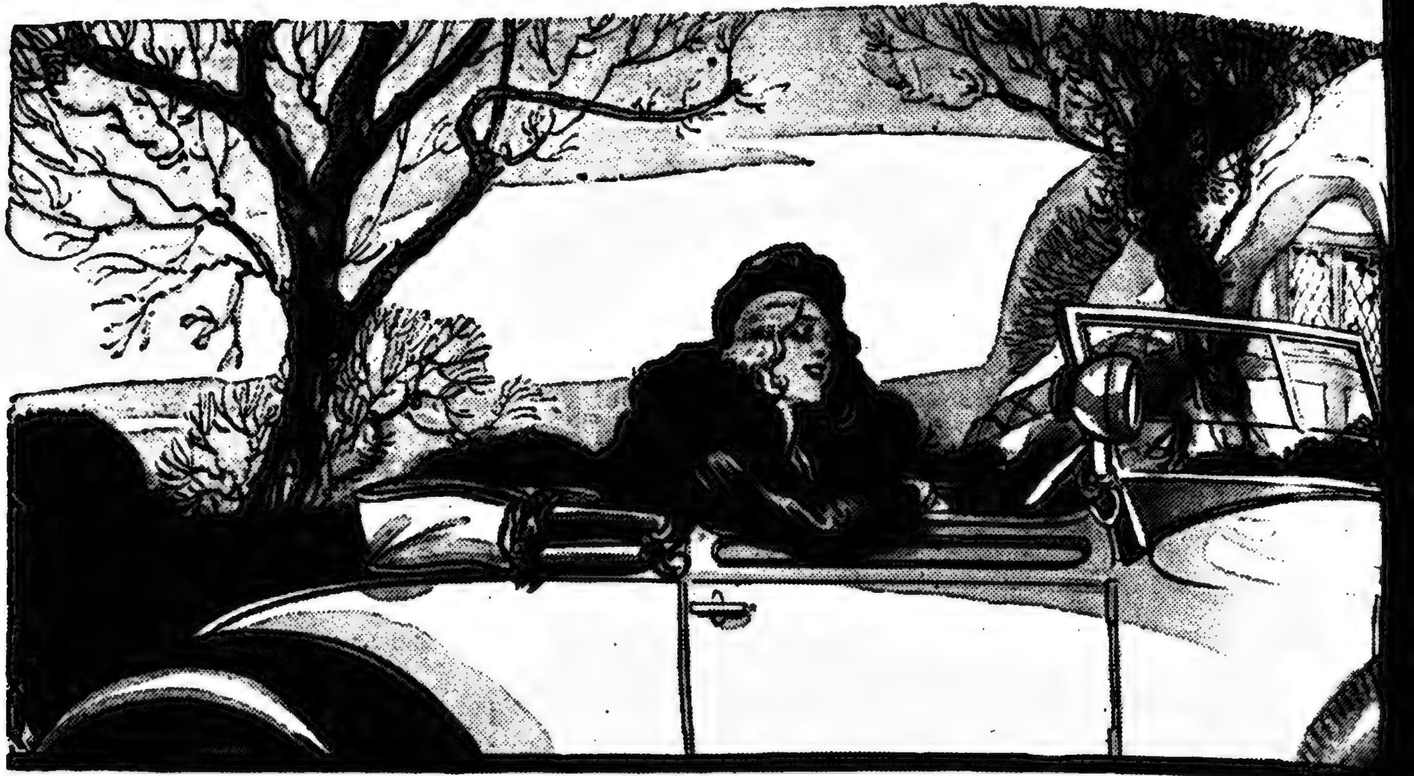
"Do?" he said. "Well, sir, if I was you I would write to JOHN BULL about it."

Which, as the reader who has followed my narrative will see, is what I did.



"'Ere! come orf the grass!"





In which Cupid draws a long bow but scores a double bull's-eye!

HIS AIM

by Geoffrey

MARMADUKE PREBBLE'S aim in life was to see his stuff in the Society weeklies, but though he scribbled effusions of every description, he never seemed to be able to break into print.

People thought that when he inherited a legacy from his aunt he would become more rational. They were sadly mistaken.

"Now," he said to his friends, "I shall retire to a cottage in the country and concentrate on writing."

"What sort of writing?" he was asked, but refrained from volunteering an answer—very possibly because he had no very clear conception on this important point.

YET to the country he certainly retired, deserting the fashionable cocktail bars and night clubs for a remote corner of Sussex.

From that moment he seemed lost to his friends, and he certainly showed no sign of tiring of his hermit existence.

He may even have worked seriously enough in his isolated retreat; but months passed and he appeared to be no nearer to attaining his ambition, which, to repeat, was to see the products of his pen in the pages of the Society weeklies.

Marmaduke was a likeable fellow; could mix a commendable cocktail; dance divinely and drive a sporting "straight eight" with one hand—lots of girls could have vouched for that!

Moreover, he had a knack of kissing adequately without ruining a lady's make-up—lots of girls—but let us get on with the story, pausing only to observe that Marmaduke's disappearance from London society occasioned quite a flutter.

"Can't understand it," was the general comment. "Must have an out-size in bees under his bonnet. Says his one aim in life is to see his stuff in the Society weeklies. Isn't it just too pathetic to see a good man like that lose his reason when he's just been left a couple of thousand a year to do what he likes with?"

Well, the flutter disturbed the eardrums of little Joyce Varden, who had never seen Marmaduke in her life, but who now drank in every word of gossip with singular interest.

You see, Joyce also had a fixed aim in life, which was to preside over an exclusive establishment for the sale of costly "creations."

But Joyce had a negligible income and her dream remained unrealised, because although her father was well enough off, he had a rooted objection to her spending any of *his* money in floating a business.

Thus it was that she felt drawn towards Marmaduke immediately she began to hear about his idiotic ambition. Not that she was entirely sympathetic.

JOYCE, who was a petite blonde with eyes of sea-mist green, had a discerning taste in cocktails, danced soulfully, delighted in speeding, and was always punctilious about her make-up.

So she naturally shared the general view of her set that a man of Marmaduke's accomplishments was a fool to waste his sweetness on the Sussex air when the West End was simply panting for it.

Something, she felt, ought to be done about it.

It was not a difficult matter for her to find out Marmaduke's address without appearing indiscreet; and one crisp November morning she cajoled her father into letting her borrow the Bentley.

Then she had a little confidential chat with Hopkins, the chauffeur, on the subject of miles per gallon.

"No, don't fill her up," she insist
when she had ascertained all the facts s
required. "I'm not going far."

The lie hung lightly upon her perfec
carmined lips. At noon she steered
car into a remote Sussex lane and broug
it to a standstill before a picturesq
thatched cottage.

MARMADUKE, who had been mopi
miserably in his lonely parlo
came to the doorway in surpri
Joyce, sitting contentedly at the whe
took in every detail of his appearance
a glance and decided instantly that rumo
had been surprisingly accurate for on
Marmaduke was indeed a nice boy.

"I say," she called brightly, favouri
the would-be writer with a dazzling smi
"is there such a thing as a filling-stati
near here?"

Marmaduke shook his head.

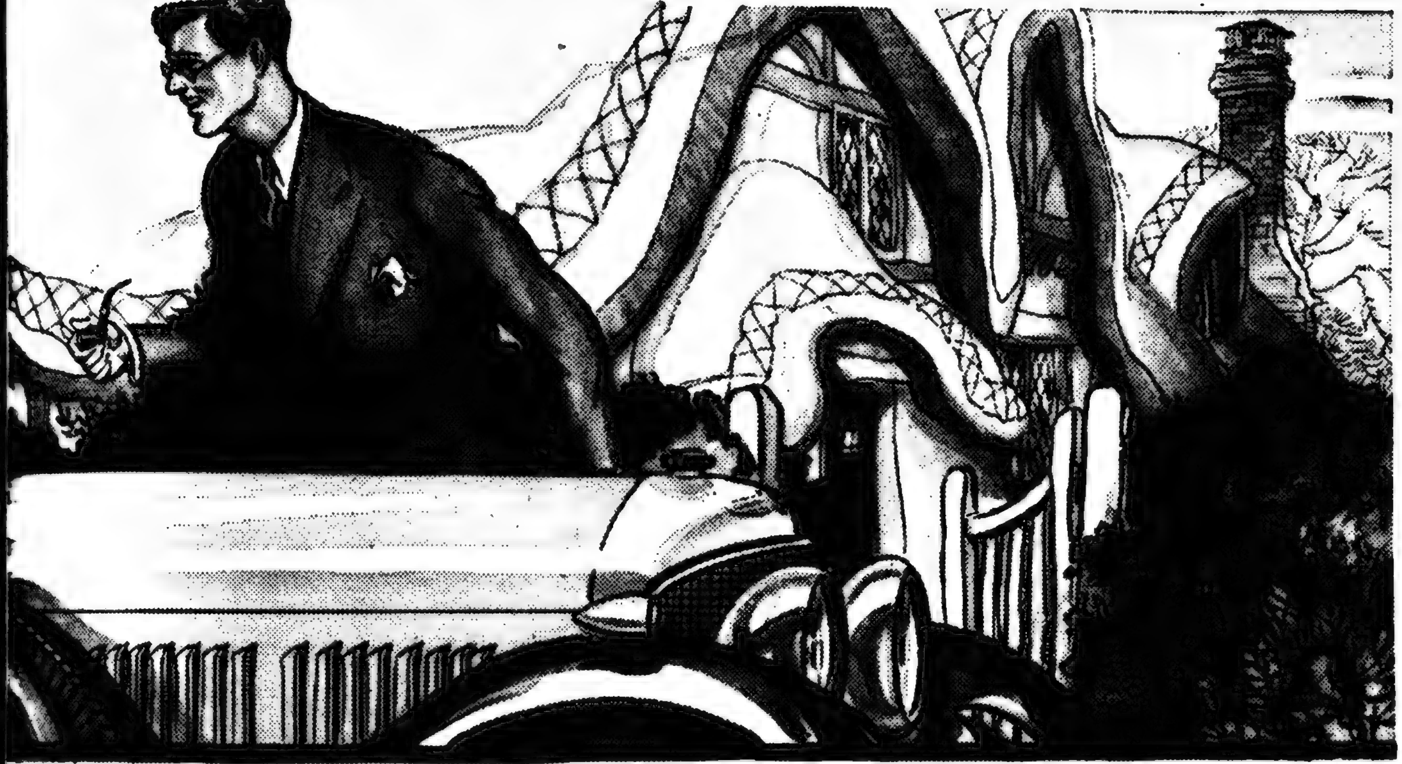
"'Fraid not," he replied. "At least, t
nearest is eight miles away."

"That's torn it!" gasped Joyce, with
rueful pout that was beautifully feign
"The old chariot's just about run dry

Mentally, Marmaduke bestowed a hea
kick upon himself. He had deliberat
left his own "straight eight" in tow
being determined that there should be
distractions in his rural retreat.

And now the one thing he desired m
in the world was to render assistance
the goddess in the car. The long, lon
weeks of exile had increased his suscep
bilities, and already he was complet
under the sway of those eyes of sea-m
green.

"Won't you come in and rest?"
asked boldly, as a happy inspiration ca



"I say," she called, favouring him with a dazzling smile, "is there such a thing as a filling station near here?"

IN LIFE

Williamson

to him. "There's a 'bus that's due to pass the end of the lane in about twenty minutes, and I could easily stop it and borrow enough petrol to take you to the filling-station."

Of course, Joyce agreed to his suggestion willingly: and though twenty minutes is not very long, their acquaintanceship had made considerable progress by the time that they both sauntered forth to hail the saviour 'bus.

Marmaduke, in a gloriously golden trance, was overjoyed by the seemingly incredibdle discovery that they possessed mutual friends in town.

"Life is full of coincidences!" he observed wisely.

"Yes, isn't it!" agreed Joyce, feeling just a little conscience-stricken. Somehow she had not expected that she would find this man so likeable.

IF you'll let me drive on with you," ventured Marmaduke, when the borrowed petrol had been trans- red to the Bentley, "there's a quaint inn by the filling-station where they ve a passable luncheon. I'd feel fully honoured if you'd join me."

"I was rather hoping you would invite to stay for luncheon at your cottage," responded with delectable frankness. looks such an intriguing little place."

"Why, I hardly had the nerve," blurted Marmaduke. "I mean, I've nothing y exciting in the larder. I live on ned stuffs mostly. But I could shake u up a cocktail, and if you care to take luck . . ."

"Oh, let's," interrupted Joyce, and ked her arm with his.

Joyce made herself quite at home and chatted gaily to Marmaduke while he mixed a cocktail.

"My word!" she exclaimed rapturously as she sipped the amber liquid. "This is simply marvellous. What is it?"

Marmaduke flushed with obvious pleasure.

"It's a mixture of my own," he murmured modestly. "I call it 'Sunrise Glow.' I'm glad you like it. Have another?"

"Thanks, I will," replied Joyce eagerly. "It beats anything you can get in town."

OVER the second cocktail they discussed the luncheon problem, Marmaduke standing on the threshold of the little cottage larder and announcing his culinary resources for Joyce's critical consideration.

"I don't think I fancy anything out of a tin myself," he added ruefully. "How about eggs?"

Joyce pouted. Then, as an afterthought, she asked: "Are there any tomatoes?"

"Yes," replied Marmaduke, producing a bag for her inspection.

"Oh! Splendid!" exclaimed Joyce, setting down her glass and springing to her feet. "That gives me a chance to shine. You must let me make omelettes."

She was soon busy at the little gas cooker, with Marmaduke standing attentively at her elbow. The omelettes turned out a great success, and throughout the meal they conversed cheerily on a variety of topics in which they found a common interest.

When Joyce finally took her seat at the wheel of the Bentley and drove away, Marmaduke stood for a long time at the cottage gate staring after her. He was profoundly impressed.

Well, Marmaduke closed up his cottage and came back to town the very next day!

Two evenings later he was dancing with Joyce Varden at the "Gin and It" Club; two weeks later their engagement was officially announced; two months later they were on their honeymoon.

When a girl with eyes of sea-mist green makes up her mind, things move swiftly.

There is no time like the honeymoon for the appreciative discussion of aims and ideals; viewpoints seem to converge naturally; harmony holds sway; discord is discountenanced.

And the return from the honeymoon? Cynics will tell you that disillusion and the hum-drum, prosaic round of everyday life await the returning bridal pair; but let the case of Mr. and Mrs. Prebble shame the cynics.

Within a few weeks of their return Joyce achieved her life's ambition and opened an exclusive establishment in New Bond Street on Marmaduke's money—that is, Marmaduke's aunt's money.

From the outset the undertaking was a conspicuous success. Joyce had decided that it should be, and that no expense should be spared.

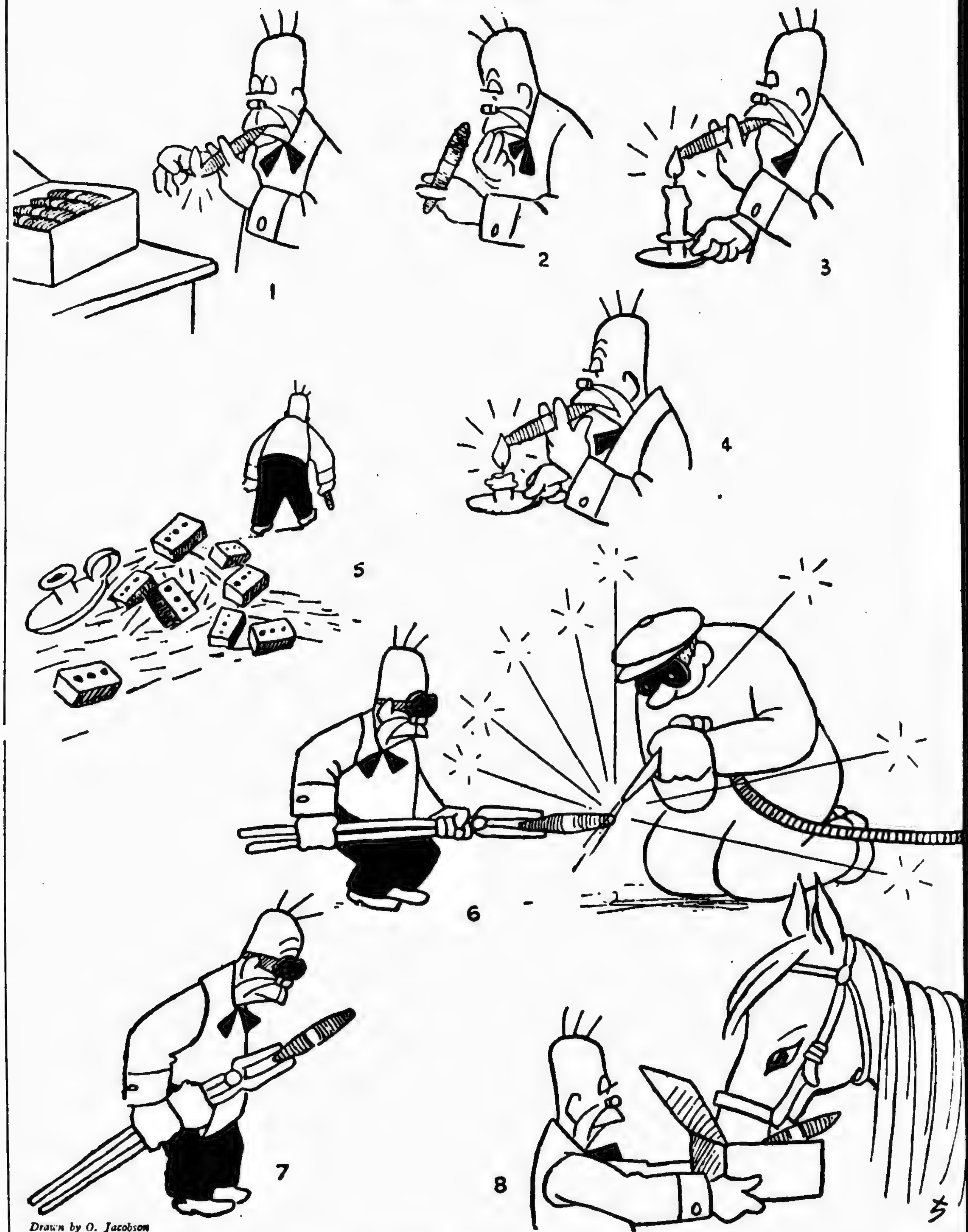
IN the first month she spent alarming sums on advertising alone, and people who knew the limitations of Marmaduke's finances began to talk.

"Can't understand it," was the general comment. "Must have an out-size in bees under his bonnet. Says his one aim in life is to see his wife's business an established success, and that he'd sell his 'straight eight' if it became necessary!"

But there are no bees under Marmaduke's bonnet. Joyce and he are supremely happy, and so long as the business in New Bond Street flourishes they will have no quarrel with life.

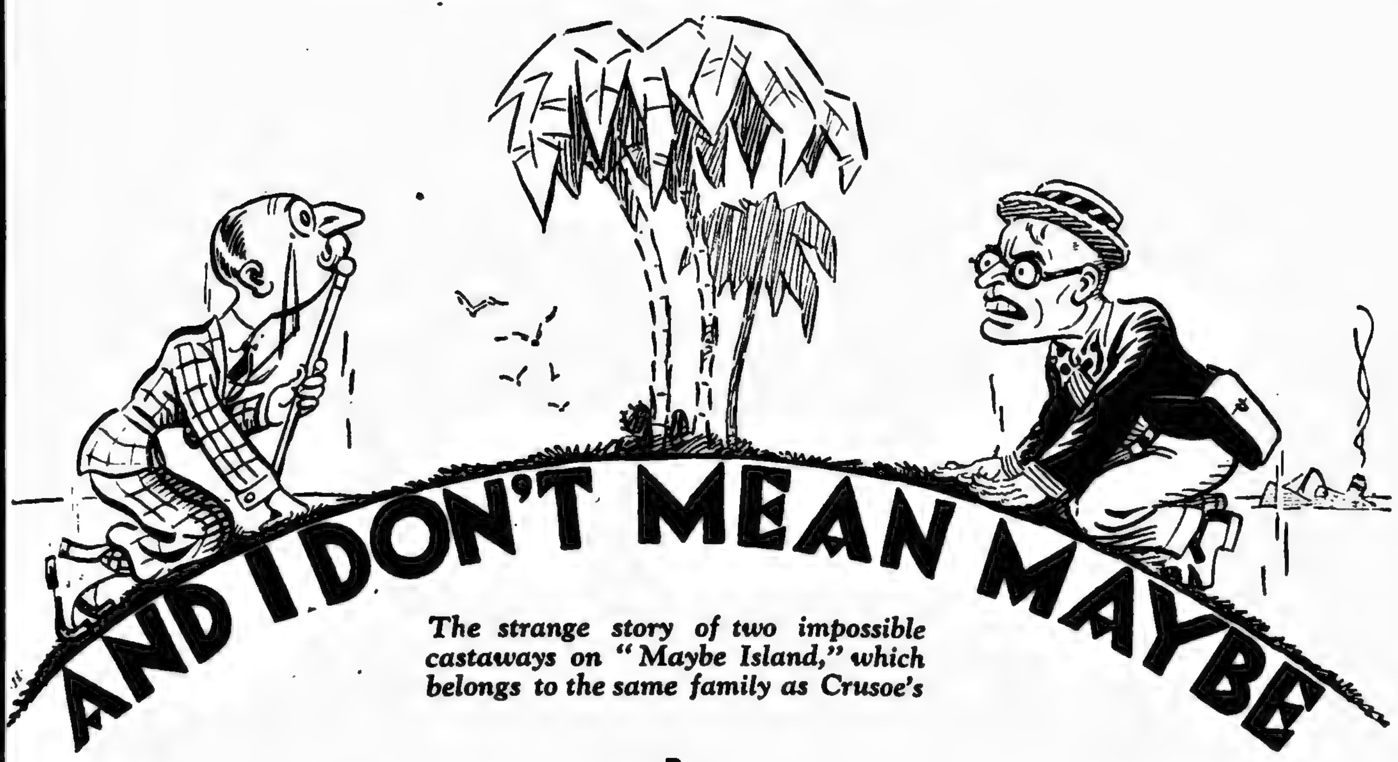
You see, Marmaduke's ambition is attained also. He writes every line of his wife's advertising copy; and she advertises in all the Society weeklies!

THOSE CHRISTMAS CIGARS



Drawn by O. Jacobson

ADAMSON NEVER GIVES IN!



AND I DON'T MEAN MAYBE

The strange story of two impossible castaways on "Maybe Island," which belongs to the same family as Crusoe's

By

Dale Collins

THE two survivors from the wreck landed on opposite sides of the island and met on their first tour of inspection. Their surprise was as great as Robinson Crusoe's when he came on Friday's footprints, and this was only fitting, for it must be admitted at once that Maybe Island belonged to the same family as Crusoe's.

The Englishman looked like a picture of an Englishman in an American comic paper. He was tall, thin and erect, and wore a small, fair moustache on a vacuous face.

The sea water had stained his spats. He had a habit of nibbling at his silver-topped stick. On encountering this unexpected stranger he put a monocle into his eye and stared as if he had met a trespasser in the ancestral park.

The American might have stepped out of an English comic paper. His lantern jaws chewed busily on a piece of gum; he wore a hat made of thick, braided straw; he carried a camera and a guide-book protruded from his pocket.

HIS suit was broadly padded across the shoulders and he sloped down to a pair of shoes.

The Englishman, noticing those shoes first, stiffened. But the American was proud of them, for they were snappy creations in varying hues. A small stars-and-stripes decorated his lapel.

"Why, say, I'm genuynely delighted," he cried, using a manner of speech which any American will tell you no American ever used. "And I don't mean maybe—no, sir!"

The Englishman halted and, though much taken aback, contrived not to see the outstretched hand. The shoes, the—gum, the jarring words, the suit, the whole man—hang it all, they took swallowing. And really it was hardly the thing to rush up in this fashion to a person whom he had not met.

"Ah, quite—eh, what?" he murmured, using a manner of speech which any Englishman will tell you no Englishman ever used. He nibbled his stick.

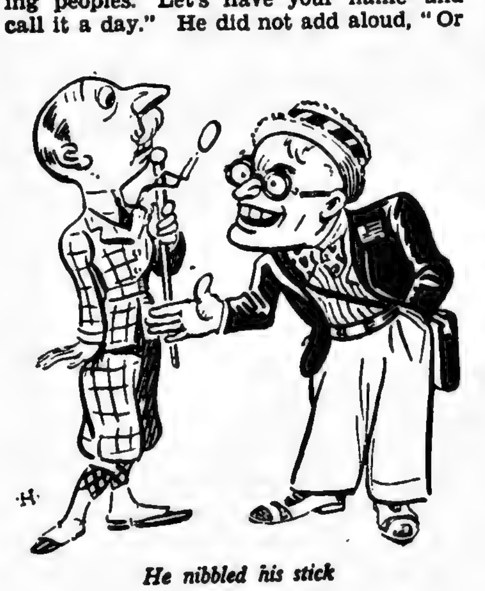
"Survivor, like you, I figure. Wonder we didn't make each other's acquaintance aboard." (The Englishman allowed himself to look a shade amazed at this statement.) "My name's Duke Clutterbuck."

The Englishman frowned down eyebrows that tried to rise. "Did you say 'Duke'?"

"Now, say, listen, Duke Clutterbuck's my name. Not one of your fancy titles of birth, either, but an honest-to-God name given me by my dear old Momma and Pop."

"I beg your pardon. Very quaint, I'm sure."

"No high-hatting," warned Mr. Clutterbuck. "Cut the Ritz." His smile came back. "No sense in us quarrelling. Here we are, brothers in the noblest confederation ever—the union of the English-speaking peoples. Let's have your name and call it a day." He did not add aloud, "Or I'll knock your pumpkin head off, you big sucker."



He nibbled his stick

"My name," said the other, without committing himself to any effusive treaty of friendship, "is Major D'Arcy Cholmondley."

"Quit kidding!"

"Pardon?"

"You mean it? Would you spell that for me."

The Englishman did so, pained.

"Pronounced 'Chumley'! Well, I always figured that was just a joke we had on you."

"You talk in riddles, what?"

"Just my kinder foolishness. Shake."

THE Englishman, reluctantly, slipped into those sinewy fingers a limp hand that set Mr. Clutterbuck's mind leaping off to effeteness.

"Now get this, D'Arcy," he went on, fighting down scorn. "I'm not just shooting off my mouth when I tell you we're up against a tough proposition. We gotter take off our coats and fight shoulder to shoulder against the mighty forces of Nature. Back in the cities they call her Old Mother Nature, but you and I, old timer——"

"Excuse me, Mr. — er — Butterhuck," Major Cholmondeley interposed coldly, "there seems to be a misunderstanding. I shall do my best to—well, I mean to say —to eke out an existence, but I have absolutely no intention of forcing my company on you. Absolutely none! We mightn't hit it off in the same mess, what? So, if you'll excuse me and all that sort of thing——! I trust you have an—er—enjoyable stay. The weather looks brighter. Good-morning."

"You poor sap," exasperated Mr. Clutterbuck flung after him, "I was only trying to be sociable out of common humanity. For a desert island companion I'd rather have a rattlesnake."

In this fashion the English-speaking union on Maybe Island came to temporary disruption.

For details of their lives in the weeks

that followed the reader is referred to the immense library of lore on the subject of such existences.

After the usual shell-fish, goats, coconuts, smoke on the horizon, parrakeets, meditations on solitude and tropical scenery, this record is resumed at the state when boredom forced the two inhabitants together again.

THEY met; shook hands; buried the hatchet.

"If only he can contrive to be—well, less of an outsider, I shall do my bally best to put up with the bounder," the major mused.

"If he'll only come down off his perch and try to be human, maybe I won't have to push his face in," Mr. Clutterbuck hoped.

Had these thoughts been spoken aloud they could not have annoyed each other more than they did with their actual speeches.

For Mr. Clutterbuck said heartily, "And now that you and I have got right together again, old top, why, as I see it, we'll be able to make something worth while of life in our little Eden."

And Major Cholmondley answered bleakly, "Eden? Frightful bore! Deucedly primitive, what?" He shipped his monocle.

"I don't get that attitude, old timer. It's just up to us. My folk have always fought Mother Nature—tamed her——"

"My people," said the major, "have been busy taming themselves."

"Raspberries!" scoffed Mr. Clutterbuck. "And at that they certainly tamed you to death."

On these lines the peace parley continued. Perhaps the affair could be classed as satisfactory as most international brotherhood meetings, but it failed to lull either of the high contracting parties.

"Damme," sighed Major Cholmondley, "the man's an outsider."

"Oh, hokey," mourned Mr. Clutterbuck, "why didn't I just knock his head off as soon as he came fluting up."

Aloud he said, "Well, it's certainly been swell to heal our little differences."

And the major: "Oh, quite! quite! I mean to say, what?"

Both these speeches intensely irritated their hearers.

EACH continued to dwell on opposite sides of the island, just as once they had dwelt on opposite sides of a pond. This state of armed peace went on for a long time. (See textbooks for "monotonous procession of uneventful days," etc.)

Presently, however, they were drawn together more and more frequently for purposes of mutual annoyance and self-flagellation.

Nothing was too trivial to serve as a peg for argument.

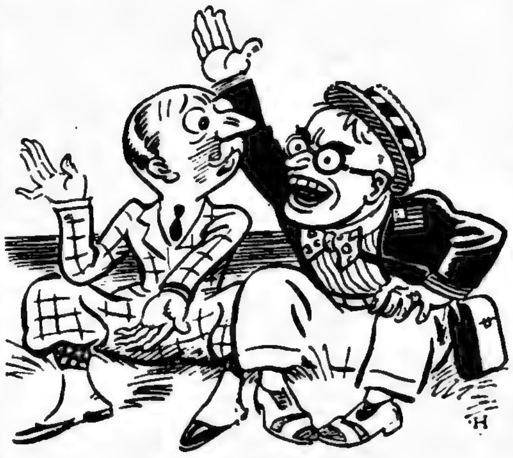
"By jove, what wouldn't I give for a decent piece of roast beef!"

"Sure!—I know! And wet cabbage and half-baked potatoes. Don't tell me about English cooking, baby—I've had some! Now if it comes to real eats, my money's on clam chowder and chicken Maryland and a slice of pie."

"My poor barbarian, I suppose it's absobally-lutely useless to point out that to a civilised digestion those great wedges of pie you Yankees devour are simply anathema."

"Ann nothing! They're Food—something you Britishers know nothing about."

"My dear benighted man, our palates are not ruined by a diet of gassy soda drinks sucked down at the same time as oily club sandwiches. The mixture, old thing! — what? — there are limits, you know, absolutely."


"Cut that out!"

"There are, you big louse, and you're it."

Drifting further and further into savagery (see textbooks), they grew more and more ruthless and violent in nationalism.

Major Cholmondley asserted—what?—that all Americans, from the president down, were grafters, who put the Almighty Dollar before anything else.

Mr. Clutterbuck averred—say now, listen—that if the English had produced men since the days of the *Mayflower*, the stock had fled the country, leaving only a deposit of unmentionables of whom Maybe Island held a specimen.

Major Cholmondley asked—well, I mean to say—could anyone claim that Chica was civilised?

On and on the battle raged, grow more bitter each day. The climax ca one tropical morn when the pair sat the sand outside Major Cholmondle residence.

"Or take baseball," the Major continu —they were always continuing now.

"Now that's sense!" agreed Mr. Clutt buck, brightening.

"Any nation that can play game li baseball—well, I mean to say, what? mean a joke's a joke and all that, but ha it all!—baseball! Rounders, sir, rounde A child's game! Rounders!—well, 'pon m soul!" He gave a military laugh.

Mr. Clutterbuck was shocked to t depths of his being.

"Cut that out! Cut that out, you hea I'll not stand for it. Why, hell, have y ever been to a cricket match?"

"I have, thank God!" said the ma reverently.

"Then just get this, you poor fish. I'd been dead ten years and they offer to resurrect me if I'd go to a cricket ga I'd tell 'em, thanks, but I might as w rot asleep where I was."

Major Cholmondley's moustache brist and his face flamed.

"This has gone beyond endurance." rose, turned stiffly on his heel and march off to his hut. "Wait there!"

"Sure, I'll wait," said Mr. Clutterbu for it had dawned on him that he wou have to murder the major on his return

Major Cholmondley reappeared, grim

"I have seen my duty. One day might be rescued, what? I could n allow that. Men such as you, sir, are menace to the peace of the world. Wh I left the wreck I prepared for savages."

HE covered his foe with a revolver.

"What's the big idea?" ask Mr. Clutterbuck.

"I must strike a blow for civilisati By Gad, I intend to shoot you."

"If I'm a savage, that surely is a ve British gesture," mocked Mr. Clutterbu

"Confound your insolence! All t same, I suppose I'd better explain to y that I shall not be able to live on here."

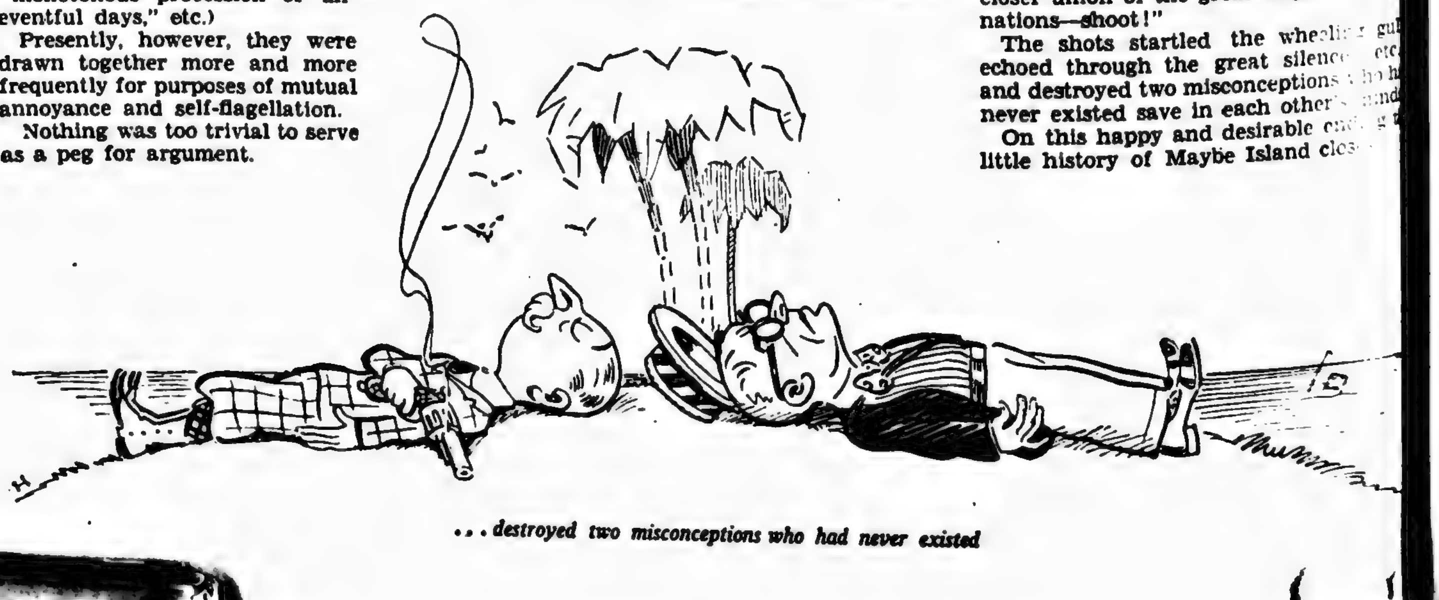
"Is that so? What do you figure doing about it?"

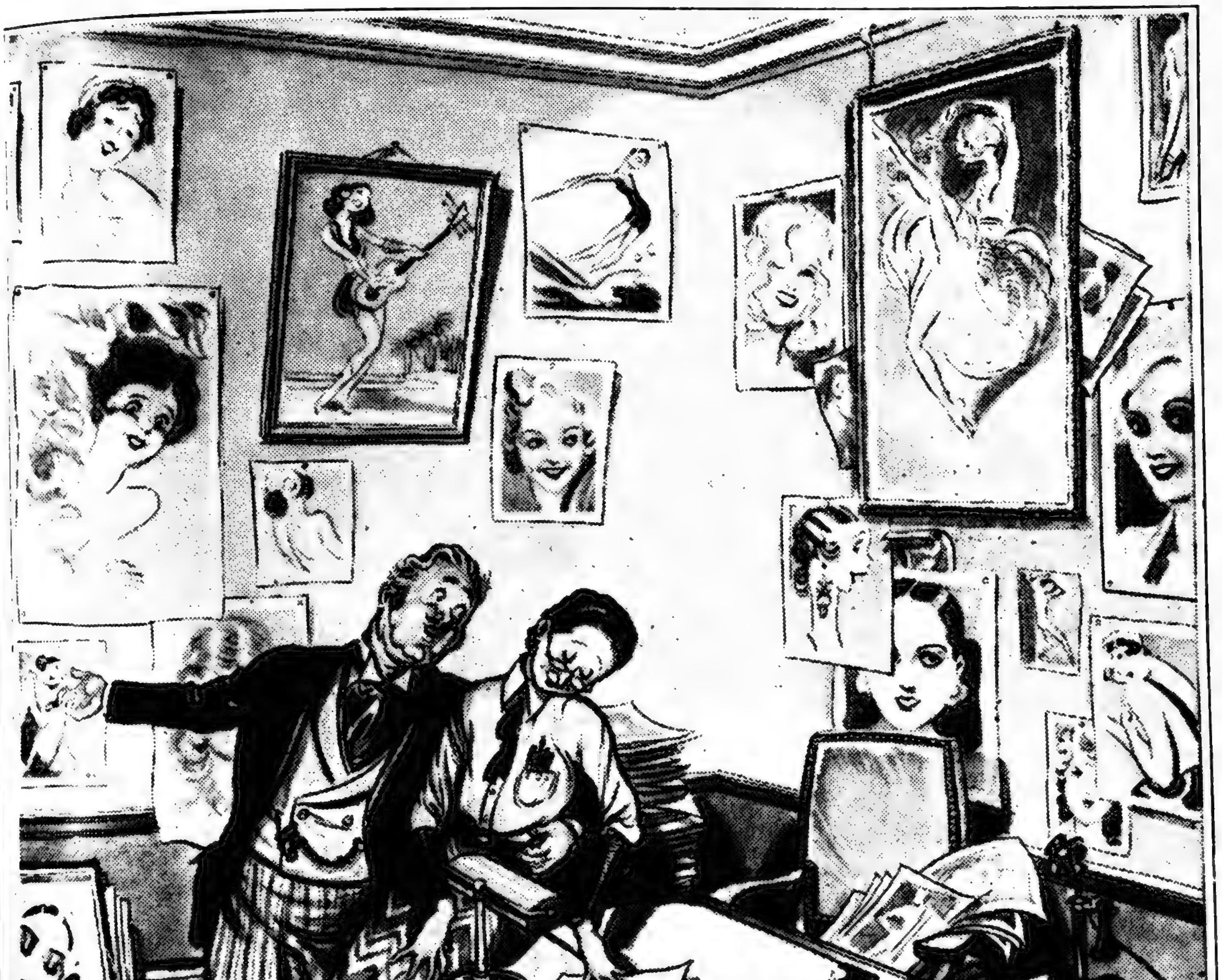
"The decent thing, what? I shall sho myself, of course."

"That goes with me." Duk Clutt buck started up radiant and ready. "S listen, fellow, so long as you'll keep yo word and do that, in the cause of t closer union of the great English-speak nations—shoot!"

The shots startled the wheeling gul echoed through the great silence, etc and destroyed two misconceptions who h never existed save in each other's mind

On this happy and desirable ending little history of Maybe Island clos


. . . destroyed two misconceptions who had never existed



Edgar Spenceley

Drawn by Edgar Spenceley

FILM PRODUCER (soulfully): "Dearest, I love you! You're so different!"

THINGS ARE

"Fairy tales were invented before telephones—and nobody speaks

MARIA lifted the receiver.

"Give me Grange 07834, please," she called.

Half a minute passed; then a soft voice that made Maria's eyebrows lift came purring over the wires.

"Grange 07834."

"Is Mrs. Landon-Simms at home, please?"

There was a second's pause, then the soft voice came again.

"Who is that speaking, please?"

"Miss Coryan wants to speak to Mrs. Landon-Simms," said Maria.

"Are you Miss Coryan?"

"No, I'm Miss Coryan's maid."

The pause was longer this time. Maria wondered what he was thinking. And then he spoke just one word, and she knew what he was thinking.

"Virginia?"

Maria smiled at the receiver.

"No—South Carolina."

"Columbia?"

"Hartsville."

"Gee! You're from Hartsville? I know Hartsville. At least, I was there once when I was a boy."

"I knew you were American when I first heard you speak," said Maria.

"I SUPPOSE I'm only half American, really," the soft voice amended. "My father was from Richmond, Virginia, and I was born in Chase City; but we came over here when I was a little fellow, and I've been a kind of Londoner ever since. Always meant to go back, though. Say, you know the Wateree River in the spring time?"

"Don't I!" smiled Maria.

"Why, just to hear you say that makes me see it! Every time I hear a voice from home—a Southern voice. . . ." He stopped. "Say, where are you speaking from?"

"Elms 1000," said Maria.

"I'll call you later, and we'll have a talk," said he of the soft voice. "Mrs. Landon-Simms is coming. Hold the line."

Mrs. Landon-Simms came, Maria handed over the receiver to Miss Coryan, and that was that.

That and something more. Something which Maria did not understand in the least. Fairy tales were invented before telephones, and nobody speaks of love at first hearing.

Besides . . .

Miss Coryan hung up the receiver, having made a date or cancelled a date or something equally unimportant. She passed into her boudoir and left herself in the hands of Maria. Half an hour later she left herself in the hands of her chauffeur and was driven to the Embankment Theatre to toil with a busy smile for fifty pounds a night.

Leaving Maria to look down on the moonlit St. John's Wood Road and dream it was the far-off Wateree River.

"Strange he should mention the Wateree River. I used to play there, when I was little—under the pussy-willow trees. . . ."

Maria looked at herself in the glass and frowned.

"Talking to yourself, Maria! Bad sign!"

And she stopped talking.

An hour later the telephone bell rang again and Maria ran to the receiver.

"Elms 1000?"

"Speaking," said Maria.

"Know who this is?"

"I've got your number," said Maria. "Grange 07834. But a number's not a name."

"Jim," said Grange 07834.

"Nice name," said Maria.

"Think so?"

"Sure!"

They talked. And talked.

Yes, didn't he just remember corn-cob time! And the taste of clams! And the little wooden schools up the maple avenues! Used to go to one of those little wooden schools himself! Remember the maple leaves, wet on the sidewalk, in late September?

AND moonlight in October on the Wateree River?

Yes, sure, moonlight on the St. John's Wood Road must be a pretty poor understudy. . . .

"Going back soon to South Ca'lina?"

"Why, no, that's not likely," said Maria. "Miss Coryan travels a lot and I go around where she goes. We shall go to Vienna next, but maybe not for weeks."

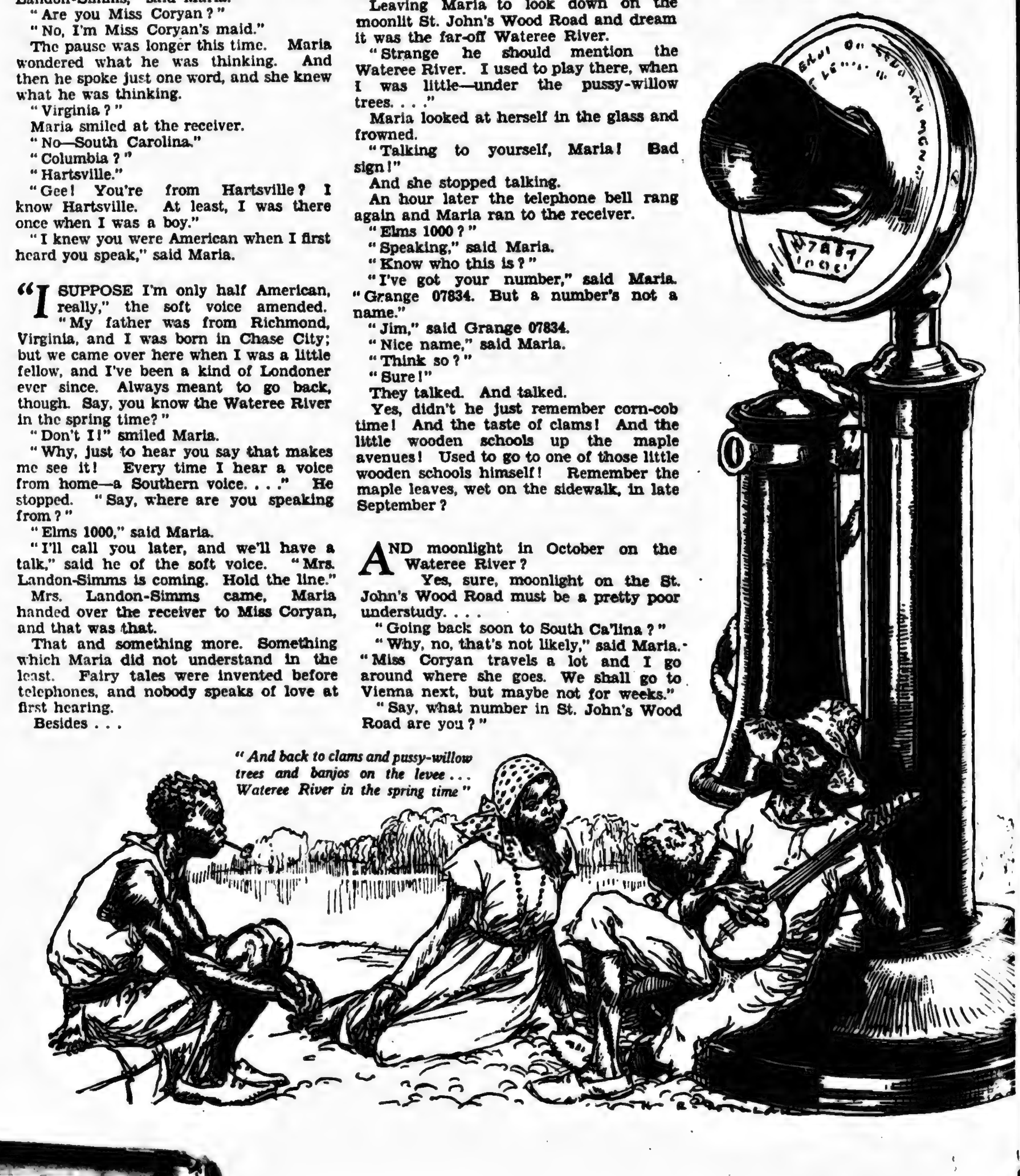
"Say, what number in St. John's Wood Road are you?"

"I didn't say I was in St. John's Wood Road—I said I could see it," replied Maria. "And that's as near as you need know!"

"I could look it up under Coryan in the telephone book," laughed Jim.

"Except that the name isn't Coryan in the telephone book," smiled Maria, "and it would take you a year to trace a number!"

"Still, we can talk, sometimes."



"And back to clams and pussy-willow trees and banjos on the levee . . . Wateree River in the spring time"

RATHER *SO-HOW*

of love at first hearing

by WILL SCOTT

"Why, certainly."

"You got a name, too ?"

"Maria."

"Just the right name!"

"Think so ?"

"Brings back the South to me!"

"Ah!"

And more. And more. And more.

And he was Mr. Landon-Simms' chauffeur. And his age was twenty-five. And Maria's was twenty-one. And London was no place for a Southerner, anyway. And . . . And . . .

"Call you up to-morrow, Maria ?"

"You can try. May be busy!"

"I'm all right around ten. And evenings after seven."

And then across it all a voice, hard and crisp, that knew not the South and cared less.

"Eighteen minutes!"

"Gee! I guess this call is going to ruin somebody! Good-night, Maria!"

"Good-night, Jim!"

And after that the St. John's Wood Road did not look quite so unlike the Wateree River by moonlight.

Except . . .

"Maria," said Maria, "you're a fool!"

And who knew better than Maria?

MISS CORYAN liked to talk, and Maria liked to listen. Had to, whether she liked or not. Or that had been the arrangement hitherto.

Now, somehow, something seemed different.

"Bore, looking up old friends!" commented Miss Coryan, as Maria waved her hair in a shaft of morning sunlight.

"Yes, miss," agreed Maria.

"Not even friends!" added Miss Coryan.

"No, miss," agreed Maria.

"The Landon-Simmses were friends of father's, years ago in New York. I've never even met them. But I had to look them up."

"Yes, miss," agreed Maria.

"Not that I've looked them up," said Miss Coryan. "Put off the evil day like an old hand. But it will come. Pleaded business. And then some! But if popularity keeps me in little old London much longer it's bound to happen. You don't seem to be listening, Maria ?"

"Yes, miss, I'm listening," said Maria.

"You've gone quiet. Homesick?"

"Maybe I am, miss. Most likely that's what it is."

"Well, I'm not, and I'm hungry. We'll have breakfast."

"Certainly, miss."

A rehearsal at ten. Exit Miss Coryan at five past, being the star. And then Maria sat. And thought. And watched the telephone. . . .

It rang.

SHE picked it up with a haste that told of little practice in these matters.

"Maria ?"

"Maria ?"

"Jim ?"

"Good morning."

"Good morning."

And back to clams and pussy-willow trees and banjos on the levee and the Fourth of July and Thanksgiving and . . .

And need we listen any more ? We know it all!

"Good-bye, Maria!"

"Good-bye, Jim!"

"Call you to-night ?"

"If you like."

"I'll like!"

Ting-a-ling. . . .

And Maria sat looking in her mirror, and wondering why the heck this fool of a world had been made this fool of a way.

"Such a nice soft voice, and he thinks like I think, likes the things I like, knows the places I knew. . . ."

And then——

"But he doesn't suggest calling, or the talkies or anything. . . ."

* * *

That was Tuesday.

And Wednesday. And Thursday. And Friday. And Saturday. And Sunday.

If you can remember which day is which! Maria couldn't. . . .

Monotonous ? Well, isn't eating ? And sleeping ? And putting your shoes on ? And making money ? And losing it ?

* * *

"Maria."

Silence.

"Maria!"

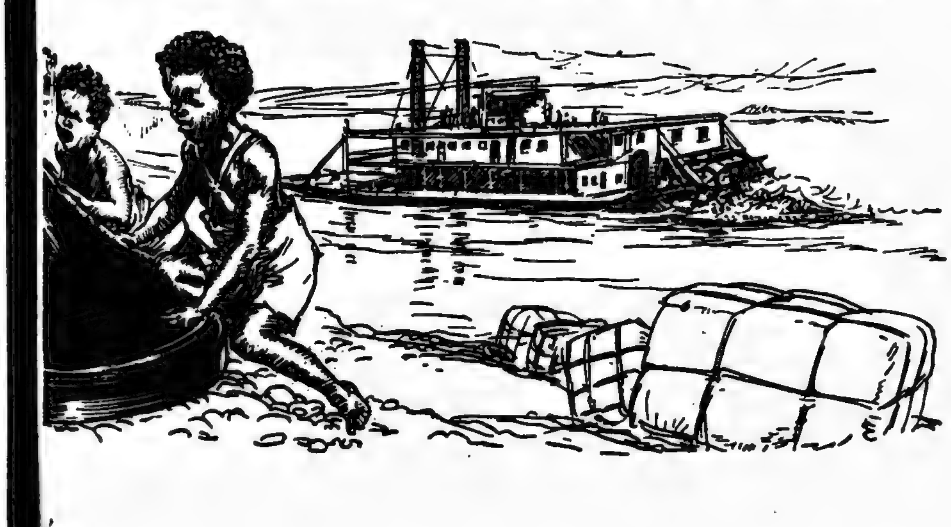
"Yes, miss ?"

"You're not listening, Maria!"

"Yes, I am, miss."

"Maria, what's coming over you ? Falling in love or something ?"

Maria tried to smile. Shocking attempt!



"I want you to pay attention, Maria. The bores found me out at the stage door last night. The Landon-Simmses. Complete set of husband, wife and child! Worse than I thought, but they'll have to be endured. I've invited them for Sunday, and you'll have to spread yourself, Maria. They haven't seen America for years, so we'd better stage it properly. Don't suppose you can find any clams in this heaven-forsaken hole, but——"

"And how will they be coming, miss ?"

"Per their own automobile, of course. Though how that is your business, Maria, I don't see."

"No, miss. I beg your pardon, miss."

* * *

Ting-a-ling.

"Maria ?"

"Jim ?"

"What'll you be doing Sunday ?"

"Oh, staying on the job, of course."

"You don't get the day off ?"

"Not likely. I'll be chauffeuring the old man round to the places he's got to go with the old woman. Wherever those places are. He don't show me his date-book. But why ?"

"I just wondered."

"Say, you sound gloomy!"

"No, I'm not. Go on talking where you left off last night, Jim."

"You want me to ?"

"There's nothing I want more!"

"All right."

And Jim went on talking where he left off last night. And Maria went on listening. But we needn't . . .

MISS CORYAN literally gaped.

"You want to *what*, Maria ? Leave me ? Leave *me ?*"

"Oh, I've been happy with you a long time, Miss Coryan. It isn't that at all. I'd like to stay, really. But—— Well, you wouldn't understand, miss, you just wouldn't!"

"I'd like the chance to try! It's a boy, I suppose ?"

"How—how did you guess, miss ?"

"Guess, Maria ? After the way you've been mooning about the place this last fortnight! But why leave *me ?*"

Maria lowered her eyes.

"You see, miss, we've never met. We've only talked—over the telephone—and—and—he's never seen me. I think he'll be calling soon, miss. And I—I can't be here!"

Maria hurried to the door.

"You see, miss, he—he doesn't know—I'm a coloured girl."

And out went Maria.

Tears ?

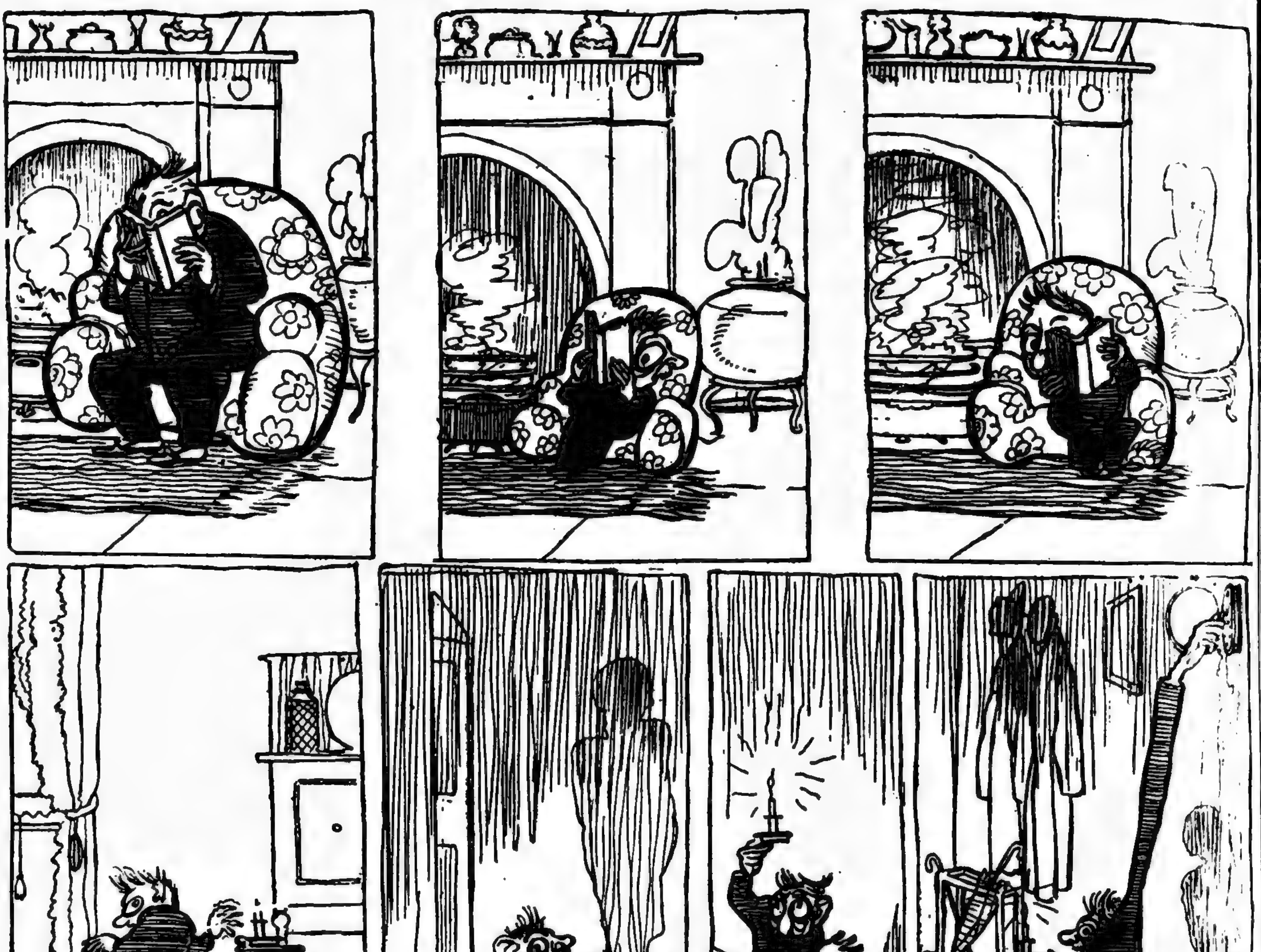
Perhaps they were.

* * *

"I hope you'll forgive the inadequacies, Mrs. Landon-Simms," said Miss Coryan. "My maid left me suddenly, and things are rather so-how!"

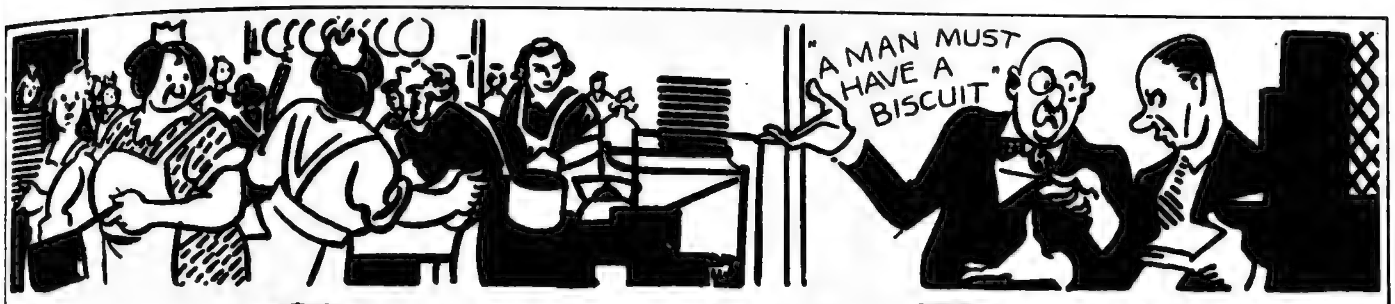
"Servants are terrible these days, my dear," cooed Mrs. Landon-Simms.

"We have our own troubles, Miss Coryan," Mr. Landon-Simms put in. "Drove my own car here to-day. Gave the chauffeur his orders to come here this afternoon, and that's the last we've seen of him. No more nigger chauffeurs for me! Not reliable, you know—I'm hanged if they are!"



Drawn by Will Dyson

THE THRILLER!


"A MAN MUST HAVE A BISCUIT"

This SECRETARY Business

by A. G. Gardiner

He prefers to "muddle through"!

WHEN a certain Duke of Grafton got into financial difficulties he called Charles Greville in to look into his affairs and tell him how to get out of the mess he was in.

And Greville nosed around in the kitchen and the gardens and the stables, and came back and said: "Your expenditure is extravagant. You have got too many people about doing nothing in particular and telling other people to do nothing in particular.

"For example, what do you want with fourteen cooks and assistant cooks down in the kitchen? Surely you can cut down your staff there."

And the Duke replied: "Well, a man must have a biscuit."

I am reminded of the Duke by the discussion about the modern secretarial mania. The criticism is concerned with the development of the disease in public life and Government offices.

The last thing expected of anybody in the public service, I gather, is that he should do anything himself.

His job is to sit in a chair, ring a bell and tell somebody to write to somebody, speak to somebody, do something, or go somewhere.

And if he is a really important person he has a secretary who also has a secretary, who hands the job on to a typist or the office boy or the hall porter.

The multiplication of secretaries and secretaries' secretaries has reached a point at which one seems to see a file of men passing a bit of business from hand to hand as men pass buckets of water at a fire.

It is, I understand, the same in business. I have a friend whose chief occupation in life is to take hold of businesses that are on the rocks or are plainly drifting on to the rocks, and to try to get them into clear water.

He is very busy in these days. He tells me that he usually discovers that the seat of the mischief is in the office, where the work done is in inverse ratio to the number of men employed, and where everyone who has anything to do is provided with secretaries to do it or to tell someone else to do it.

THIS view is confirmed by the head of a great firm whose transactions are on a Napoleonic scale, and who tells me that he runs his office with thirty men where another would have a hundred getting in each other's way.

"My heads of department," he says, "have no secretaries and no typists of their own. Secretaries and typists are a snare. They encourage the view that you have nothing to do but sit back in your chair and dictate and dictate and dictate.

"There is no more subtle and devastating disease than dictating unnecessary letters and irrelevant memoranda.

"It grows on you like the dope habit. If a man has anything to say and has to write it himself he will take the fewest words about it. "If he has anything to do and has to do it himself he will do it in the quickest and least wasteful way possible. The secretary and the typist habit simply chokes the wheels of business, makes unnecessary labour and creates work for work's sake."

There may be extravagance in this. I am not competent to say, for I am not in business—fortunately for business.

But I think, from my own modest experience, that there is some truth in it. I had for many years some acquaintance with the secretary business—my position in those days made it necessary for me to have a secretary if only for the sake of appearances.

One of my secretaries sat in my room with me for fifteen years, and I should never wish to have a pleasanter stable companion.

He could talk politics or literature or art. His good humour was like sunshine, and his willingness to oblige me was an unceasing miracle.

BUT he hung over me like a nightmare. And I fancy I hung over him like a nightmare, for he was an entirely honest fellow.

If I had been a more efficient "head of department" I should have sat back in my chair, filled my pipe, put my feet on the desk and rattled out staccato orders, and kept him busy doing nothing in particular.

And if he had been a more efficient secretary he would have explained to me what I had to tell him to do.

But we were neither of us handy at the secretarial business.

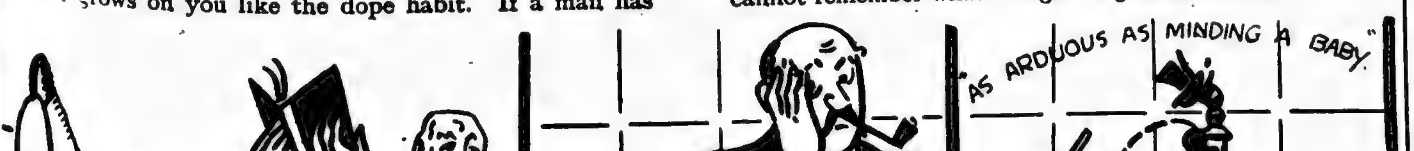
I found that keeping a secretary busy was as arduous as minding a baby. It was a whole-time job.

Sometimes he tidied my desk and sometimes he even tidied his own; but the normal state of both our desks was chaos.

When he left me to go and live in the country and write beautiful Nature articles that you may now read in books, I was able to get on with my work without the gnawing thought that what I ought really to be doing was to find work for someone else to do.

Since then I have never had a secretary. I daresay I suffer for it. I fancy others sometimes suffer for it. I forget engagements. I leave letters unanswered. I leave bills unpaid. I leave the receiver off the telephone. I go to dinners on the wrong nights and pay calls at the wrong addresses.

But I muddle through. I get my work done. I am never disturbed in the midst of it by the disquieting thought that there is a secretary sitting behind, waiting to do something for me and eating his head off because I cannot remember what I ought to give him to do.


"AS ARDUOUS AS MINDING A BABY"

Romantic VAGABONDS

by Lawrence G. GREEN

Illustrations by LENDON

ALONG the waterfront, in bars and cafés where wandering men gather, you will find him. Or down for'ard among the deck passengers.

On roads between the cities, paying with stories for his rides in motor-trucks; on river banks, railway platforms—in all those restless places throbbing with the promise of journeys towards that wonderful land over the horizon.

I have met him stevedoring in Zanzibar; throwing his last milreis on the roulette table at Rio; travelling down the Congo with his ivory stowed on the lower deck; checking the cocoa sacks on the sweltering beach of Accra.

Always with his mind fixed on some beckoning port far away.

Long ago this man escaped from the comfortable rut marked out for him; ran away without regrets into the winds, the rains, the sunshine of the world.

He was young enough then to care nothing for that security in life which is the ambition of millions; and so, when he cut loose, he had saved no money and mastered no trade.

Now he has a store of knowledge and memories which he would not exchange for the savings of any stay-at-home. He is not a sailor—though he has polished brass and shovelled much coal—for the sea, to him, is only a highway to new countries.

The Legion of True Adventurers

He is, simply, the true adventurer of our time.

Consider for a moment the modern adventures recorded in the newspapers, and you will see that most of them can be carried out, with more or less success, by any person of average intelligence—and money.

Conquests of the Antarctic, backed by the wealth of nations, have become luxurious affairs; very different from the voyages of men like Biscoe and Bouvet under sail in little ships.

Girls fly to Africa and Australia—helped by powerful organisations and petrol dumps. The hardest task of the explorer is to find a territory which is not littered with the tins and bottles of previous travellers.

The rover without a shilling in his pocket faces the real hardships of a grim old world. I admire him—though many do not—above all other adventurers. What is it that drives him from land to land, piling up rich and romantic experiences? Seldom does he know where he will find the next meal, the next bed. Yet there is in him a spirit of fatalism, or faith in luck, which sends him trudging on untroubled by the fear of hunger.

THOSE who stayed behind may well envy him. They have chosen the safe path; yet every day they worry, while he goes gaily, a carefree wanderer of the by-ways with nothing to guard and nothing to lose. A man with a valuable secret which he would be unable to divulge if you offered him a thousand pounds.

I met the first of this happy legion—the first one I could recognise—when I was a schoolboy tramping wistfully along the quays of Table Bay Docks.

Sailing ships came regularly in those days, among them a fine French ship, full-rigged, the *Ernest Reyer*.

I spoke to one of the crew, a dark young fellow who might have passed as a typical Ponantaise sailor, a man from the north of France.

He answered in English, with a South African accent. He was not

"Tore the guts out of our motor-car in the sand . . ."

a sailor at all, but a farm lad who had drifted inevitably to the sea from a wine district of the Cape.

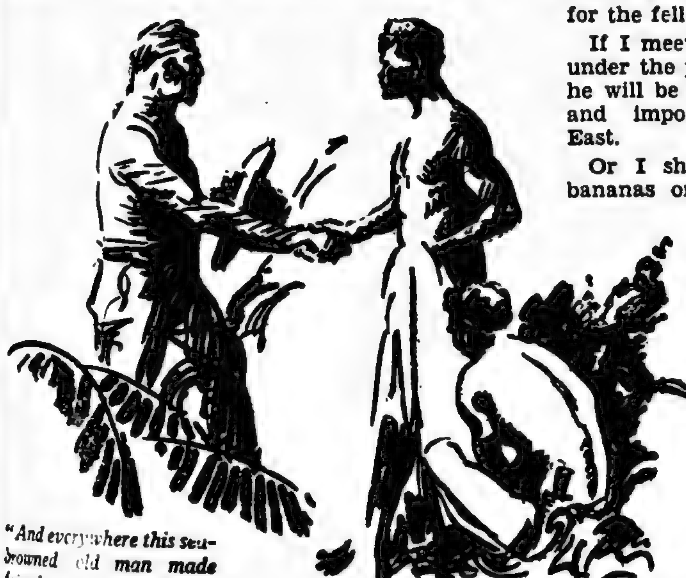
A Huguenot, born and brought up inland—a throw-back, perhaps, to some old seafaring ancestor who had fought the English on the Spanish Main.

He could not explain what had moved him to leave the farm; but the thought of the voyage had quietened some gnawing desire, and he was content.

THERE was no news of the *Ernest Reyer* for a long time. Then came a paragraph stating that a lifebelt bearing her name had been washed up on the coast of France.

The ship, and her men, and my friend the Huguenot, were never seen again. Yet I am fated to think all my life of that chance meeting on the deck of a forgotten windjammer.

Once I spent a month in an American freighter on the lonely sea-track between New York and Cape Town. No ports of call. Life was made tolerable only by a case of books and the presence on board of one of the cheerful company of penniless world-travellers.



"And everywhere this sea-browned old man made friends . . . . in Tahiti and Cocos Island . . . ."

He had signed as a steward; but in this department he had not given satisfaction. The chief engineer, short-handed below, had done his best to turn him into a greaser.

AND it was in grease-stained overalls, with tanned face sweating and distant blue eyes weary with the heat, that he used to slip into my cabin —having evaded the engineer of the watch—each evening.

A glass of Canadian rye-whisky would bring out his humour. He would suck at a cigarette and speak:

"Busy day in the office, mister. Typist run out on me. Three thousand dollars worth of business gone to hell!"

He could drop the harsh New York accent at will, and assume it again to flavour his tales. I gathered that he was happier on shore than afloat.

"Gentleman for a day, dog for a year—that's a sailor's life," he would say. "You get to a new place, roll around a lot of knock-down, drag-out dives where the liquor eats the varnish off the table, and wake up with a hammer swinging inside your head. Any silly game is good enough to pull in the poor sailor. Yes, I've seen it done with three oyster shells and an oyster."

He snapped his gnarled fingers.

* * *

The ship drove on, the air of the tropics like a warm jelly over us. She landed me at Cape Town and made her round of the African ports and islands.

When she returned my wanderer was not on board.

"Oh, that greaser—the feller called Smith," said the chief engineer. "He skipped at Mauritius."

Well, I could understand a man leaving his ship at that friendly island. More French than British, it is, with a welcome for the pleasant stranger such as few spots in this world give.

But it would certainly be useless to search to-day in Mauritius for the fellow named Smith.

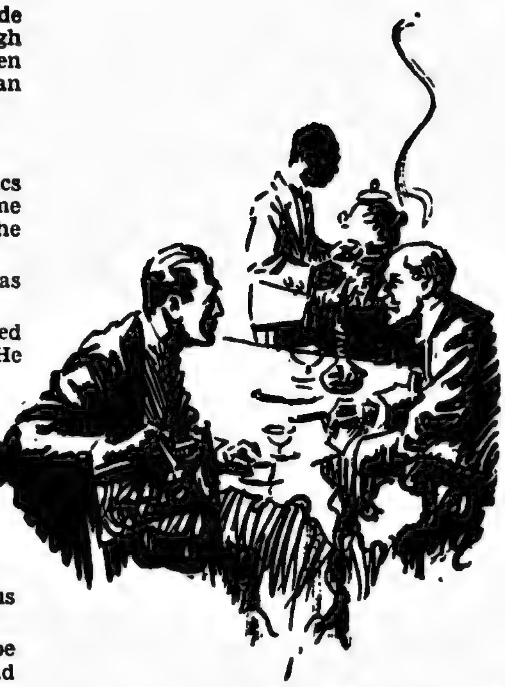
If I meet him again it will be under the punkahs at Aden, and he will be bound on an alluring and impossible quest further East.

Or I shall find him loading bananas on a South American quay, ready to clear when the next ship hauls out for Port Royal, because of some tale of good times and bright prospects a man has told.

For Smith the future lies always over the horizon.

* * *

One night in New York I sat over chicken Maryland and French wine in a "speakeasy" with an American journalist. We had been in Namaqualand together; that sun-scorched corner of South Africa which suddenly gave up an unsuspected hoard of diamonds worth many millions not long ago.



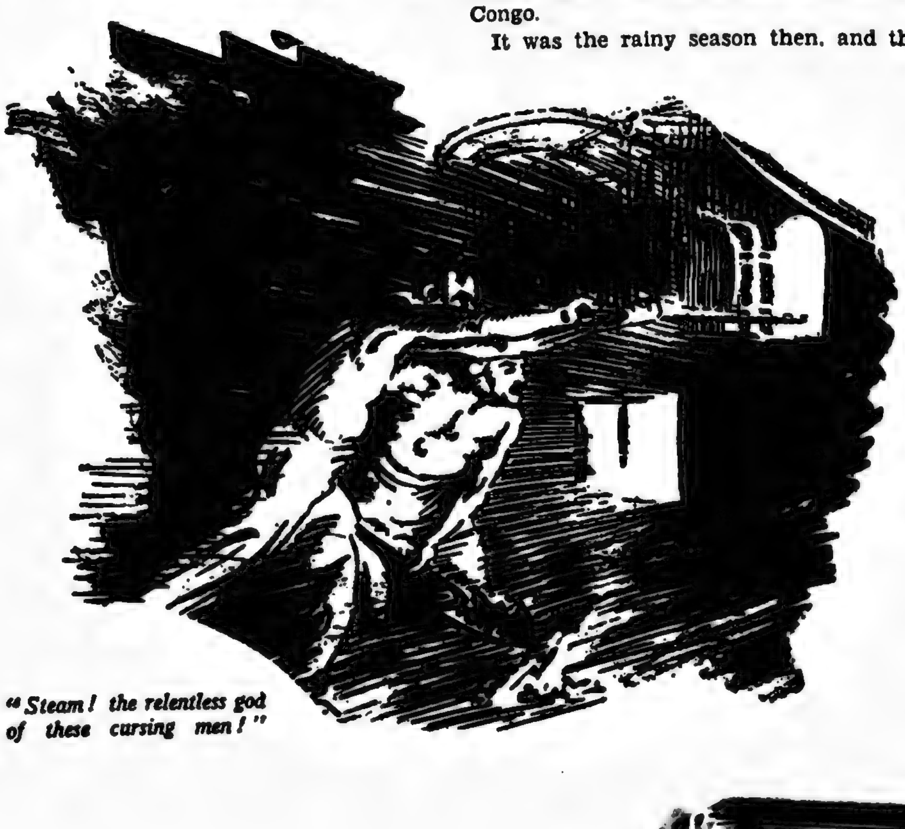
"To-night I picture him dining with the governor of some mountainous province of Madagascar"

Namaqualand seemed a long way away. We reminded each other, as old friends will, of the day when the mercury stood at 120 and we lost ourselves, and tore the guts out of our motor-car in the sand, and how an ox-wagon had rescued us.

The Americans are known as swift and superficial travellers; but this journalist had seen the "two ends and the bight" of the world and taken his time about it. Tourist third to England. Worked as a deck-hand to Cape Town.

A voyage in a South African whaling steamer to see the Norsemen kill great blue whales. Nothwards overland into the Congo.

It was the rainy season then, and the



"Steam! the relentless god of these cursing men!"

river steamer was held up by floating islands of papyrus grass.

He put his kit-bag into a dug-out canoe and set off with four paddlers through narrow openings in the maze of the blocked river.

White men welcomed him to their outposts—traders, missionaries, officials. One day he borrowed an elephant gun, and his boys led him to a herd.

"The first one dropped easily—the second needed fifteen shots," he recalled. "Then I marched to the nearest administration, took out a licence to shoot two elephants, and went back for the tusks. That enterprise paid my expenses to Cairo."

TRULY fortune favoured the brave. He had lingered in Eastern ports, selling his articles, working chance passages in tankers, pig-boats, freighters, liners from Bombay to Yokohama.

Two years after leaving America he entered the Golden Gate and crossed to New York, having completed an odyssey more enterprising in its way than a world flight.

Captain Joshua Slocum was before my time. Skipper Harry Pidgeon—who sailed round the world alone in a yawl half the size of Slocum's craft—I came to know intimately.

Pidgeon was the happiest man I ever met, and the healthiest. He must have been nearly sixty years old when he came beating into Table Bay in the little *Islander;* yet every day was filled for him with the joy of living.

He carried no tea, coffee, tobacco or alcohol, and very few tinned stores in his cabin. One meal of dried fruit and bread a day was enough for him.

As long as his ship was well fitted out for the next ocean passage he never worried about money—indeed, he covered thousands of miles with only a pound or two in his locker.

And everywhere this sea-browned old man made friends who remember him, who must still talk of him in Tahiti and Cocos Island, Durban and Panama, though he has sailed away.

He was alone, but not lonely; for he had that spirit within himself which resists even the monotony of mid-ocean.

NOW there passes across this gallery of rovers a tall young man with a strip of leopard skin around his double-brimmed felt hat.

He owns a coffee farm on the slopes of Kilimanjaro in East Africa.

"Everything will be all right," is his calm phrase when you ask him how he manages to roam so far afield while other coffee planters toil in the tropical heat to raise their crops. "Dash it, man," he said to me once, "I can't get under the ground and push the beans up!"

So while his coffee matures untended by human hand, he steps on board the Messageries Maritimes liner at Dar-es-Salaam and settles down to enjoy free table wine until the hot gates of the Gulf are astern and the anchor thunders down off Suez.

You will find him at Shepheard's, spending, but never wasting, a small and mysterious income which, I am certain, was never earned on that far-away coffee farm.

For a month he will survey life in Cairo serenely, pass on to Italy, and then hypnotise the captain of some Africa-bound steamer into offering a cheap passage back to the Harbour of Peace.

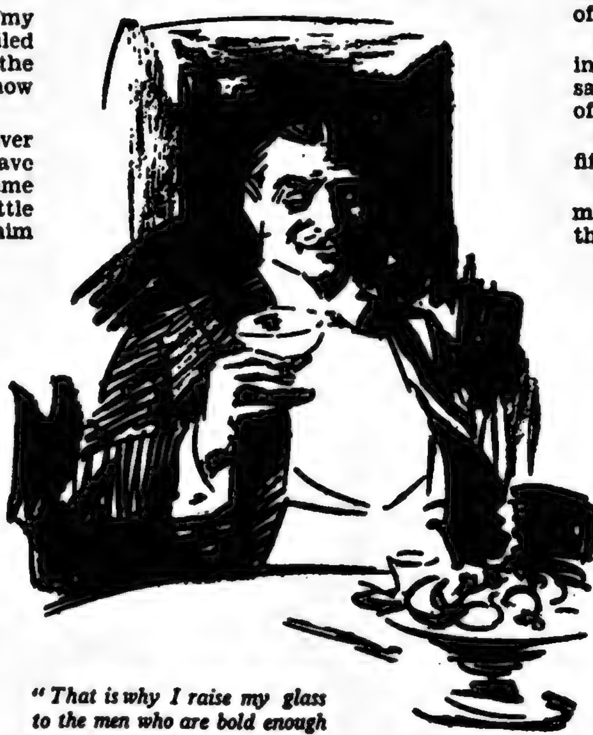
He fits naturally into any company on land or sea. Men are glad to pay for his drinks. He has the gift of languages; but there is some other quality which enables him to buy with his few shillings the luxury for which I must pay pounds.

To-night I picture him dining in white mess-jacket with the Governor of some mountainous province of Madagascar.

He will be talking, stimulated by the good champagne; and his host will be listening respectfully.

When he leaves, and goes out into the cool under the palms, the problem of returning to the coast will have been solved for him—the loan of a motor-car pressed on him and accepted with a deprecating smile.

This wanderer casts a spell on all men, from Governors to Chinese cooks. His talk is necromancy; he needs no cheques.



"That is why I raise my glass to the men who are bold enough to ignore the threatening vision of comfortless old age"

* * *

One night in Cape Town the bay was filled with steamers held up by a shipping strike. There came to my house a fireman. Outwardly a fireman, that is, for he wore the black cap, sweat-rag, blue-trimmed singlet, coal-stained trousers and heavy boots by which you may know the tough citizens of the stoke-hold.

But when he came under the light I saw a man I had last met drinking champagne in a great hotel.

They were taking volunteers "below," it seemed, to get the ships away to Europe; and he had gone because two friends had signed on as well, for the love of the adventure.

He asked for beer, and, indeed, he looked as though he needed a long drink. Heat-dried, he was; he gave me that painful impression of one who has been torn from his bunk at all hours, for many nights on end. And he talked of the hardest work in the world. . . .

When you travel by sea you may hear, occasionally, the clang of a shovel deep in the ship. My visitor took me down there, so that the beat of the engines became a surrounding roar.

We stood in the white glare of furnaces and saw others labouring there: men dragging open the doors, lunging forward with their shovels so that the heavy coal spread evenly over the pools of fire.

MEN with grey faces, skins smeared with grey and furrowed with sweat. Red slice-bars, rattling barrows, hiss of water on embers, whine of steam. Steam! The relentless god of these cursing men.

"I'll never do it again," said my visitor.

No, not that. But I had word of him from the West Indies the other day. He had flown from Trinidad to Brazil (without paying a fare); and by this time, I suppose, he has crossed the Andes and is looking out over the Pacific as though, somewhere among the islands, lies the end of his journey.

He will sail up to the Marquesas, swim in quiet lagoons, feast on roast pig with savages, run riot in Sydney after weeks of idling.

All this while you and I catch the eight-fifteen and walk our firm city pavements.

That is why I raise my glass to the men who are bold enough to ignore the threatening vision of comfortless old-age. Empty-handed they come out of stirring adventure; each year more restless, further from the will-o'-the-wisp we call success; scorched by the hot flame of an indefinable romance.

I WISH I could invite all my roving friends to dinner to-night, loosen their tongues with wine, and hear of their tracks up and down the world.

That is impossible. I know that if I could wait long enough in the Avenida Rio Branco, one will pass; and that some must come in time to Charley's Bar in Limehouse; and in La Flore Mauricienne I might hear at last a familiar voice.

But together they can never be. Take a bag of rice, fling it over a chart of the world, and there you have these wandering men; crossing and recrossing the roads of romance while I try to follow them with wistful eyes.

YULE LAYS

ALTHOUGH we know that time does fly,
And all things are too good to last,
Yet every Yuletide hears our sigh
That present time so soon is past.

A Lament

THERE are always girls at parties who possess no voice at all,
Yet so far forget the duties of a guest
As to rise and start a-singing like some wretched squeaking doll,
But without, alas, requiring to be pressed!

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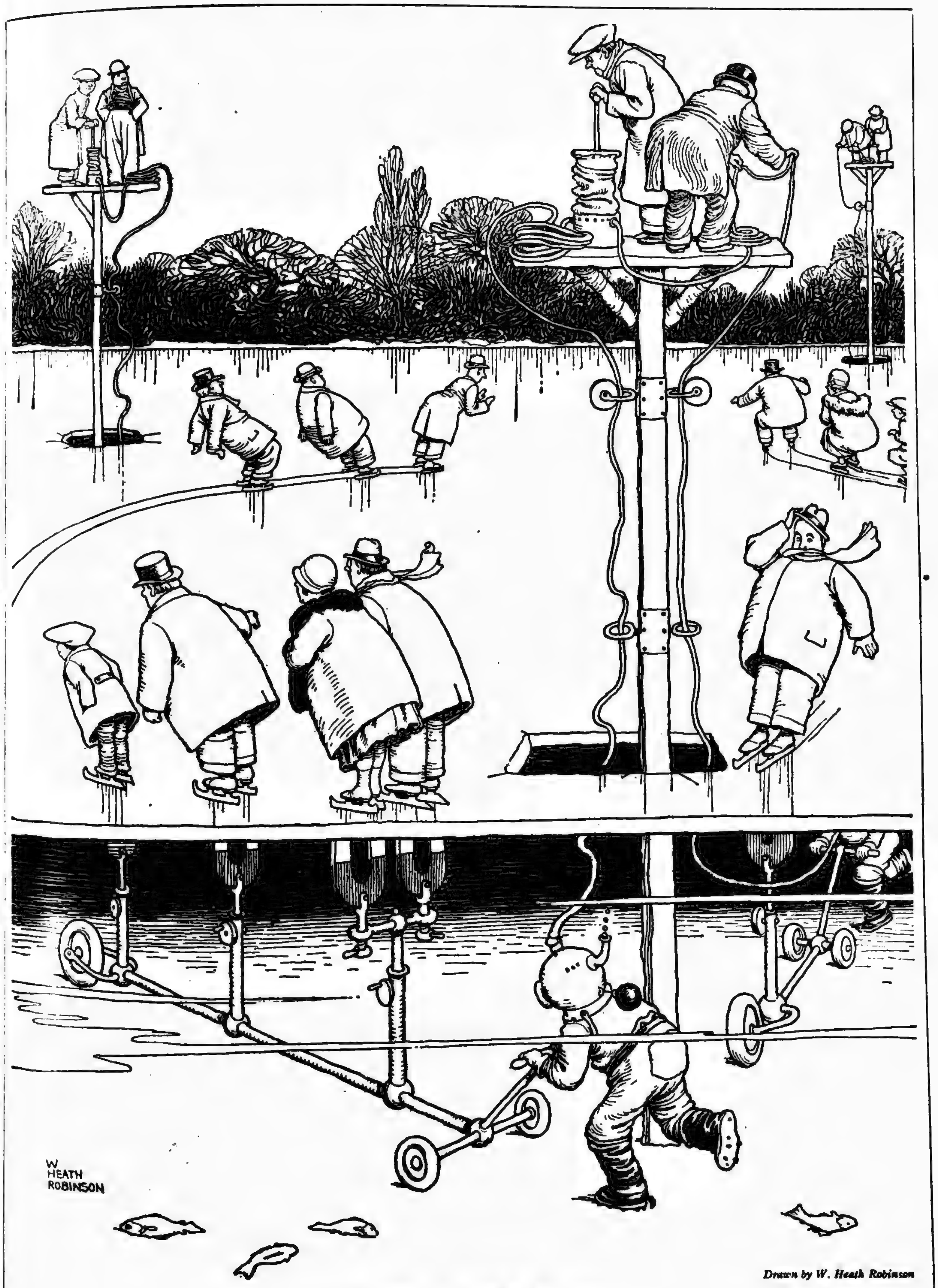


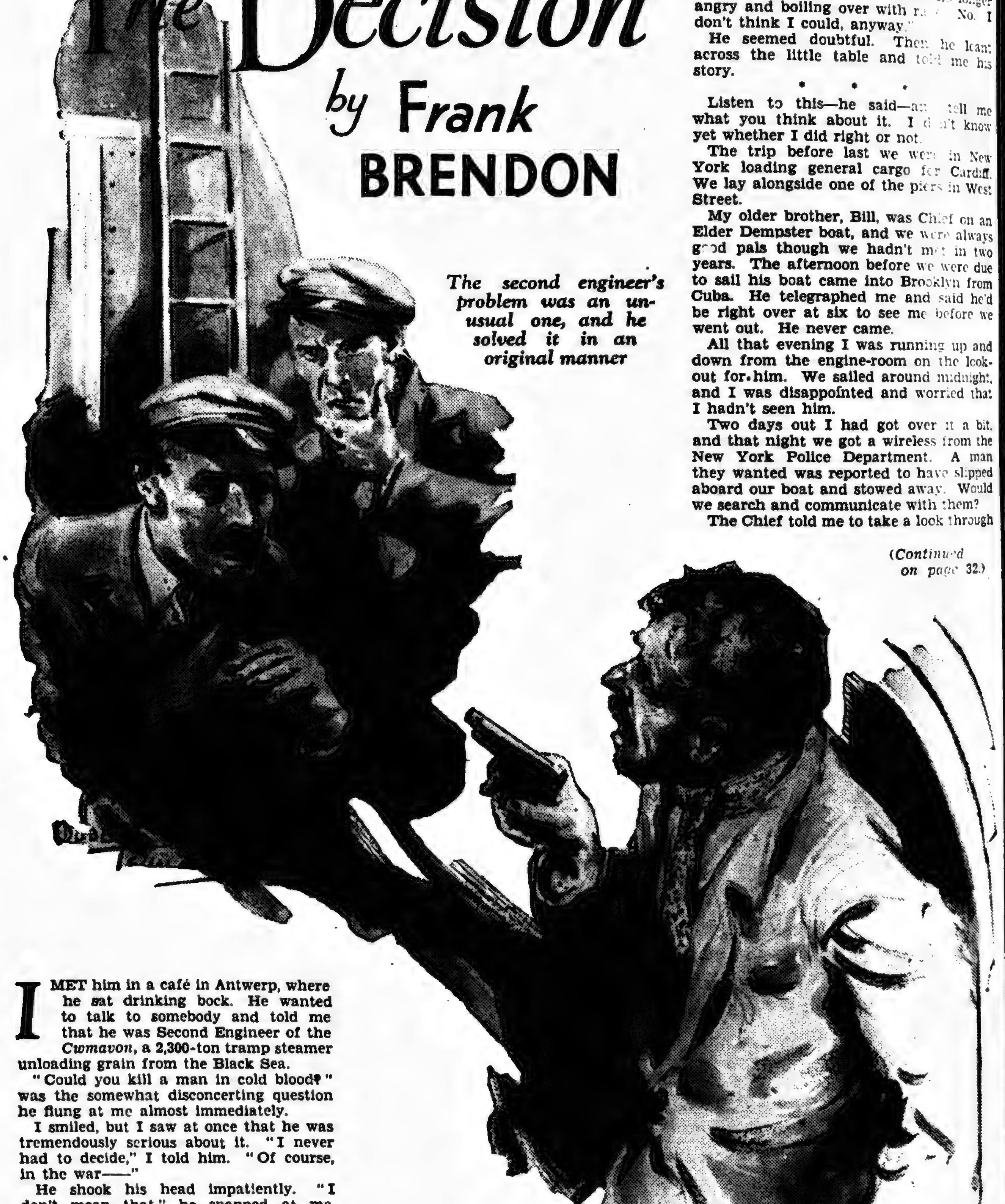
Drawn by W. Heath Robinson

MAGNETIC AID FOR SKATERS

The Decision

by Frank BRENDON

The second engineer's problem was an unusual one, and he solved it in an original manner



"You ain't goin' to take me to no skipper. Talk like that an' I'll pump you so full of lead——"

I MET him in a café in Antwerp, where he sat drinking bock. He wanted to talk to somebody and told me that he was Second Engineer of the *Cwmavon*, a 2,300-ton tramp steamer unloading grain from the Black Sea.

"Could you kill a man in cold blood?" was the somewhat disconcerting question he flung at me almost immediately.

I smiled, but I saw at once that he was tremendously serious about it. "I never had to decide," I told him. "Of course, in the war——"

He shook his head impatiently. "I don't mean that," he snapped at me. "That's different. I mean the way an executioner does it. He pulls a lever—bump!—see what I mean?"

I hesitated a little. "No," I decided. "I think I'd have a hard job to bring myself to do that—in cold blood."

He searched me with his dark eyes. "Not if he had done you some great injury—killed someone you were fond of, for instance?"

"No," I said. "Not if I were no longer angry and boiling over with rage. No. I don't think I could, anyway."

He seemed doubtful. Then he leant across the little table and told me his story.

* * *

Listen to this—he said—and tell me what you think about it. I don't know yet whether I did right or not.

The trip before last we were in New York loading general cargo for Cardiff. We lay alongside one of the piers in West Street.

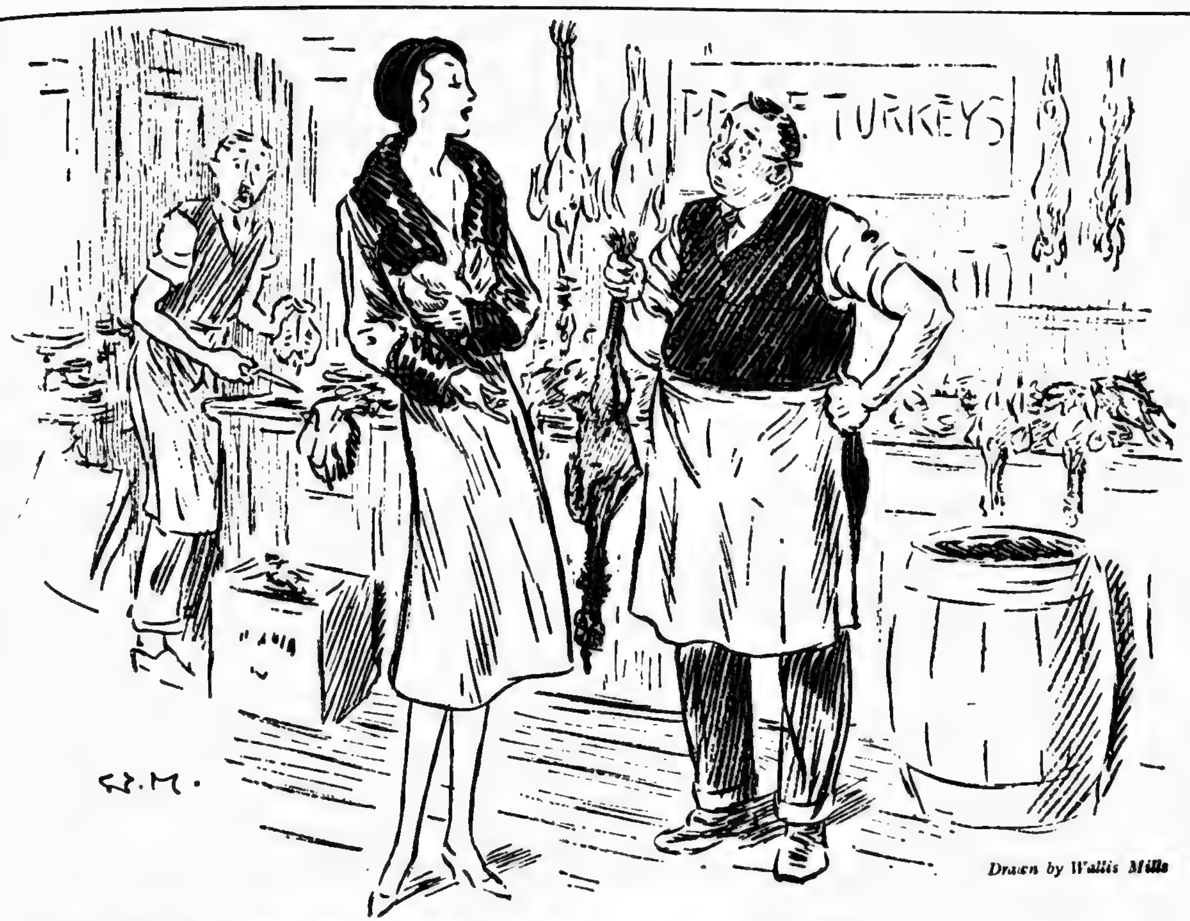
My older brother, Bill, was Chief on an Elder Dempster boat, and we were always good pals though we hadn't met in two years. The afternoon before we were due to sail his boat came into Brooklyn from Cuba. He telegraphed me and said he'd be right over at six to see me before we went out. He never came.

All that evening I was running up and down from the engine-room on the look-out for him. We sailed around midnight, and I was disappointed and worried that I hadn't seen him.

Two days out I had got over it a bit, and that night we got a wireless from the New York Police Department. A man they wanted was reported to have slipped aboard our boat and stowed away. Would we search and communicate with them?

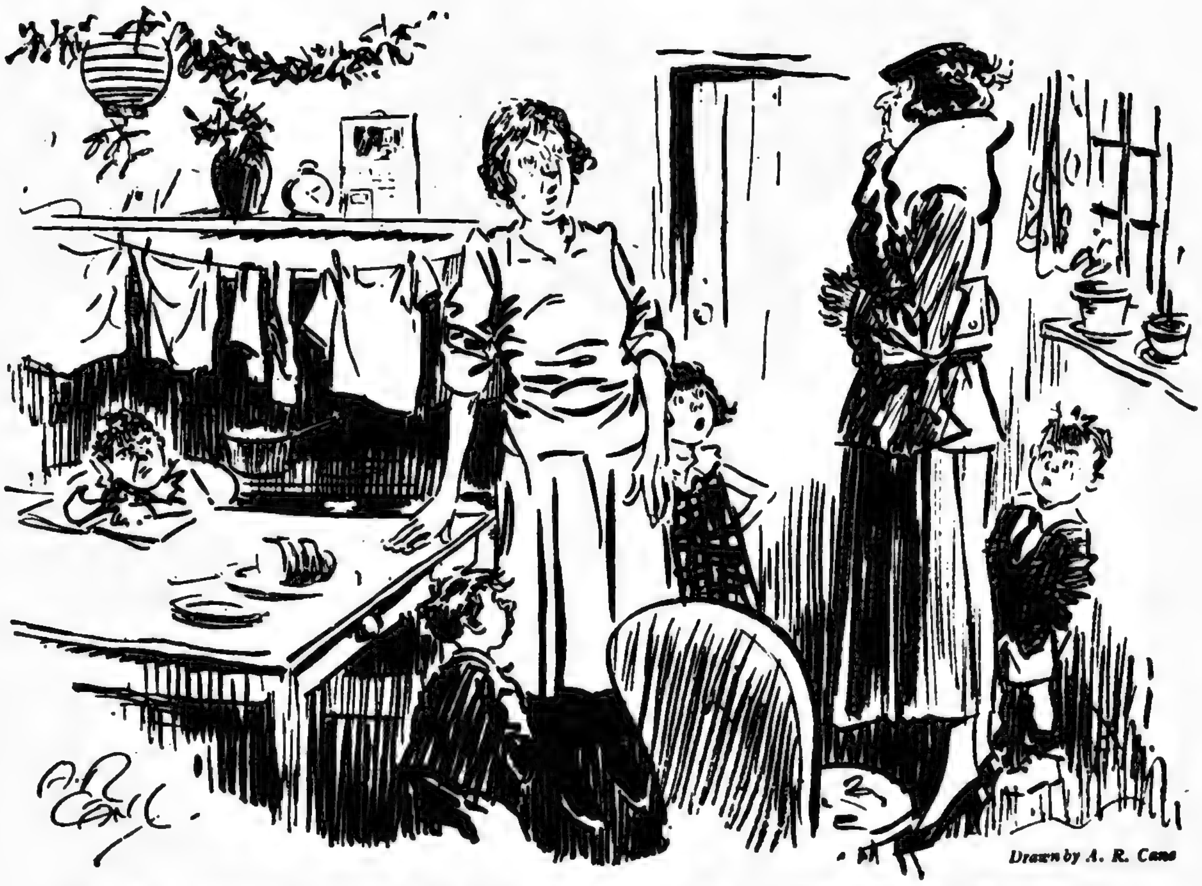
The Chief told me to take a look through

(*Continued on page 32.*)



Drawn by Wallis Mills

POULTERER: "And how would you like this turkey dressed, madam?"
YOUNG HOUSEWIFE: "I really don't know—but—just whatever they are wearing this season."



Drawn by A. R. Cane

LADY BOUNTIFUL: "And who had the sixpence in the Christmas pudding I gave you?"
HARASSED MOTHER: "We think young Douglas, mum, but will know for certain when we hear the result of the X-ray examination on him."

THE DECISION

(Continued from page 30.)

the bunkers in the morning. I did, but I found nothing. I fancied the Third was upset about something, but he said nothing to me until four next morning, when I relieved him.

He was waiting for me at the foot of the ladder. "You know that fellow they're looking for?" he stammered.

"What about him?" I said.

"He's down the tunnel under the flooring. He came aboard the night we sailed. He said—he told me he would be killed if he was sent ashore and—well—I let him stay and gave him some grub."

"The hell you did," I shouted. "D'you realise what the old man will say?"

The Third was distressed. "Yes, I know. What'll I do?"

"Let's see this criminal," I told him, and he went to the tunnel door and shouted down.

Well, this bird came out. He was the meanest-looking runt of a man I ever set eyes on—a regular, tough, little gutter-rat.

"What the hell d'you mean?" I asked him. "You got to see the skipper."

WHAT happened then was done so quickly I didn't see a thing till—presto—there was an ugly-looking automatic in his fist.

"Fellas," he said, and his voice rasped in his scraggy throat. "You ain't goin' to take me to no skipper. Talk like that an' I'll pump you so full o' lead——"

I made a move at him, but he was quick. I saw his eyes and I stopped for a second.

"Listen," he went on," I got to make this passage with you. You guys is goin' to help me. If I got to burn I may as well burn for you as for that bird on West Street."

"You killed a man, then?" I asked him.

"Sure," he bragged, "an' I'd bump you too if you tried to pull anything with me."

For a fraction of a second his eyes turned towards the Third, and I acted.

I knocked the gun down and smashed him in the face so hard that he banged up against the bulkhead.

I never saw such a change in a man. All the fight went right out of him. I had the gun from him in a twinkling.

"It's all right, fellas," he kept saying. "I wouldn't have done nothing to you. The gun wasn't loaded, anyways."

I pulled out the magazine. He was right. "Who did you kill?" I asked him.

"One of the mob," he said. "They were after me. I wanted to go straight an' you know how it is when a guy wants to quit the racket. You jes' can't do it. They get you." He was whimpering.

"You mean it was a gang fight?" I asked.

"Yeah," he nodded.

Then the Third butted in. "What'll happen when the old man knows I hid him for three days?" he asked me. "Can't you pretend you never saw him?" the Third pleaded. "I wouldn't want to have any trouble now just when I'm going up for my ticket this time home."

"You're a damn fool," I said. "You shouldn't have bothered with a little gangster rat like this. He isn't worth it."

"Let him stay till we get into Cardiff," he suggested.

"You're daft," I told him. "The police will come aboard soon as we get in. They'll be waiting for him."

Then the gangster broke in. "I can swim," he said. "I won prizes for swimming when I was a kid. Ain't there some place I could slip over the side before we gets in?"

The upshot of it was that I said: "Go ahead, then."

"Gees," he whined. "Thanks a lot, fellas. Say, I can make it all right with you two. I got plenty dough."

THEN with that he pulled out a leather wallet. I got the shock of my life. There in worn gold letters were two initials—a W. and an H. They were the initials of my brother Bill.

I reached out my hand, but he snatched the wallet away.

"Where did you get that?" I demanded.

He looked at me sort of funny. "I found it on West Street."

"Let me look at it," I said. I was nervous as a cat.

He didn't want to hand it over. I took him by the throat and shook him. He gurgled a bit and gave it up.

It was stuffed with dollar bills. There were no papers or anything else in it. I gave it back to him.

The Third was so relieved he wasn't noticing this much. He started to tell him how he could get ashore in Cardiff. He was a daft youngster that.

"Before we get to the dock gates," he told him, "there's a lot of mud flats between Penarth and Grangetown. You can't go wrong. You can hide up in the steering-gear house and when no one' about you can slip over and swim. It's half mile, more perhaps, but not much."

"That's nothin'," the rat said.

He slunk back into the tunnel and took over the watch. All the time unti eight bells I kept thinking about Bill an puzzling things out. After breakfast I go Sparks to send a wireless to New York, t the police.

IT took a day to get a reply. Poor ol Bill had been found murdered i West Street the evening we sailed

I wonder what you'd have done? It wa pretty plain that the man in the tunne was Bill's murderer. Circumstantia evidence, of course. Now I was in a fi I could turn him over to the police i Cardiff, but it would mean a row for the Third.

There was another thing. I could dra that dirty rat out of the tunnel and kil him myself. That's what I meant abou killing in cold blood.

Again I thought about Christian principles. You know what I mean, about forgiving people, and, anyway, these day they have a new-fangled theory abou criminals not being able to help it—sor of lunatics, see?

Then that morning, when the hooter started blowing, I knew I had to [illegible] It was dark and foggy. I was standing by the reversing engine wheel, and made up my mind.

I called him out on the platform. He was sulky and half asleep.

"We're getting in now," I told him. "Give me that wallet."

He bristled up. "Say, you don't want the whole works."

"Give me that wallet," I repeated. "It was my brother's."

"Aw, gees," he whined, and I came n to losing my temper because I was trying to be calm and collected about everything.

"Give me that wallet," I said, "or I'll throw you in the crank-pit and crush you to pulp."

HE gave it to me, then I took out five dollars and gave them back to him.

"That's enough for you," I told him. "It goes a long way in these parts. Now slip up to the steering gear and take a look through the port. If the after-deck's clear wait 'til the telegraph rings. Then beat it quick and slide over. It's foggy. You're in luck."

As he went up the ladder I stood watching him from the reversing wheel. I lit a cigarette to steady myself. In a few minutes the telegraph rang *Slow Ahead.* I answered it and shut her down a bit on the throttle. The Third came running down in his pyjamas.

"What's up?" he asked me. "I passed that little chap out in the alleyway. He was wild about something. He said: 'Tell that big palooka down there that I did bump his brother. Tell him I'll get him, too, swipin' my jack like that!'"

* * *

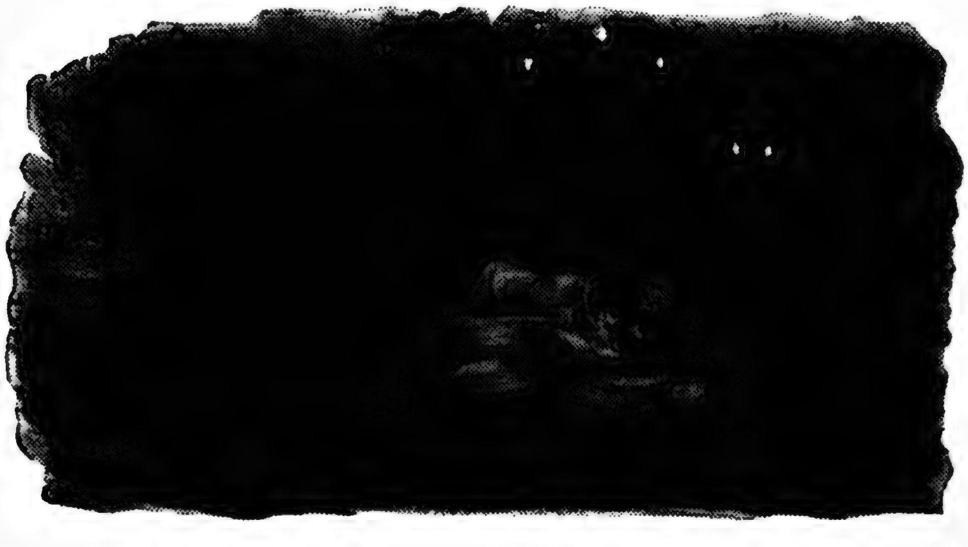
There was a long pause while the Second Engineer of the *Cwmavon* lit his pipe. He was still frowning.

"Christian principles may be a fine thing," I said, "but I think he was lucky."

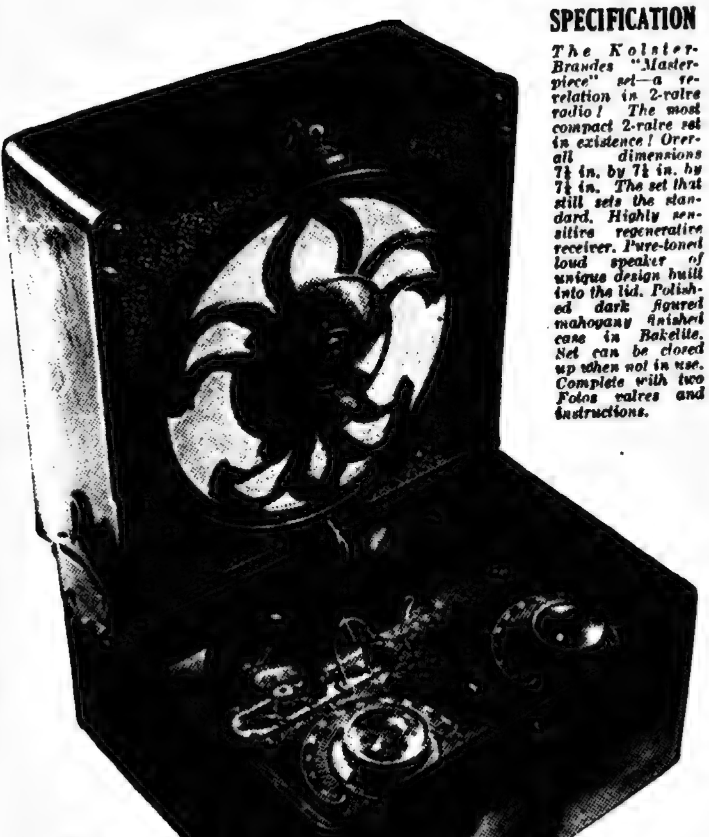
"You didn't understand me," said the Second.

"I think I understand how you felt," I said.

He shook his head. "Listen," he said. "We only slowed down for fog two hundred miles west of the Fastnet."



We have searched the world for a *better* set and can't find it



SPECIFICATION

The Kolster-Brandes "Masterpiece" set—a revelation in 2-valve radio! The most compact 2-valve set in existence! Overall dimensions 7½ in. by 7½ in. by 7½ in. The set that still sets the standard. Highly sensitive regenerative receiver. Pure-toned loud speaker of unique design built into the lid. Polished dark figured mahogany finished case in Bakelite. Set can be closed up when not in use. Complete with two Fotos valves and instructions.

KOLSTER-BRANDES "MASTERPIECE"

It set the standard last year. It sets the standard to-day! We cannot find anywhere a set to equal the K-B "Masterpiece" for value, for results. Nor can you! After 12 months of wireless progress it is still a revelation in two-valve radio.

500 COUPONS

B.D.V

CIGARETTES

each Coupon worth 3 TIMES other coupon values

10 FOR 6d 20 FOR 11½d

The writer of this advertisement has himself received 23 stations, in London, on the K-B "Masterpiece" Set, using only a 15 ft. indoor aerial.

Old King Cole
was a merry old soul.
A merry old soul was he,
He called for his pipe,
He called for a light,
And he called for his "B.D.V."

EVEN LESS COUPONS REQUIRED FROM B.D.V. TOBACCO—EACH COUPON BEING WORTH 1½ CIGARETTE COUPONS.

GET THE GOLDEN GIFT BOOK.

To
Godfrey Phillips, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.),
39, Commercial Street, London, E.1

Please send me a copy of the amazing B.D.V. Golden Gift Book in colour showing 275 treble-value gifts and including 5 free coupons.

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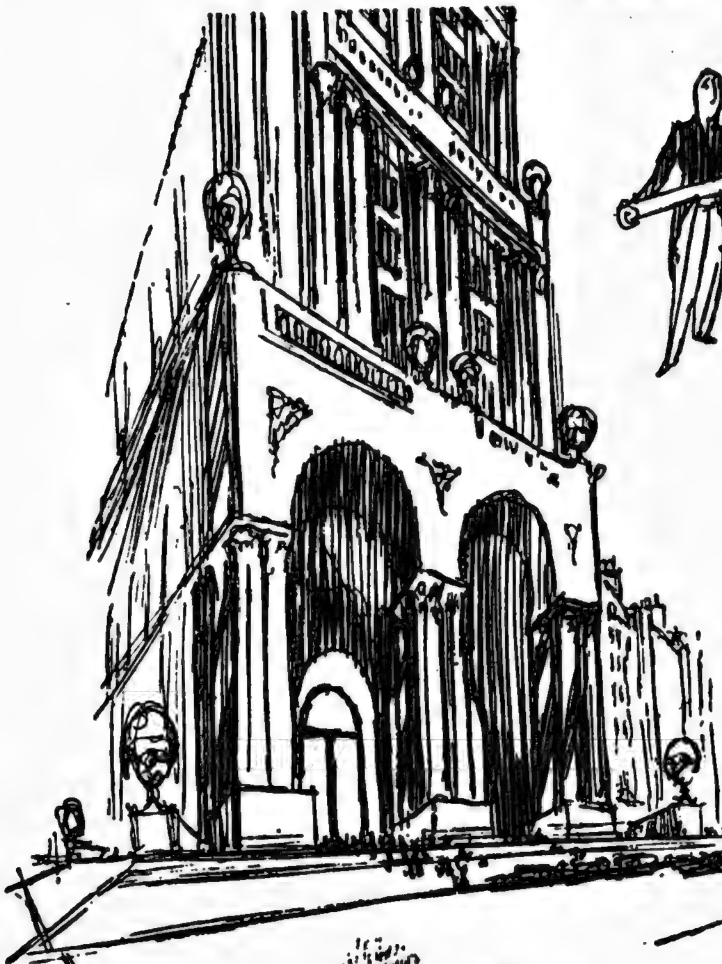
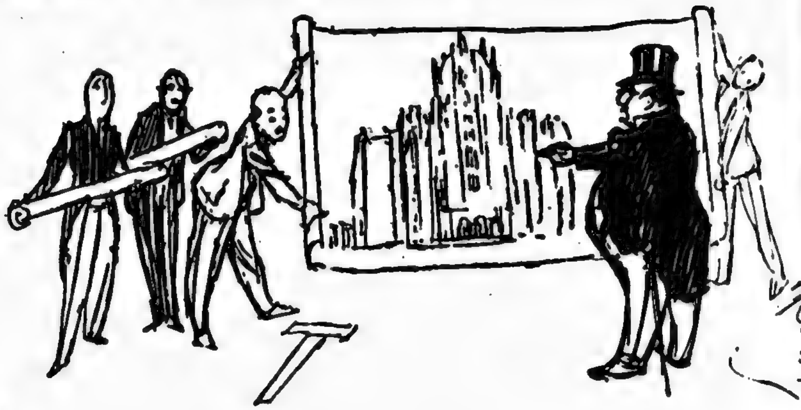
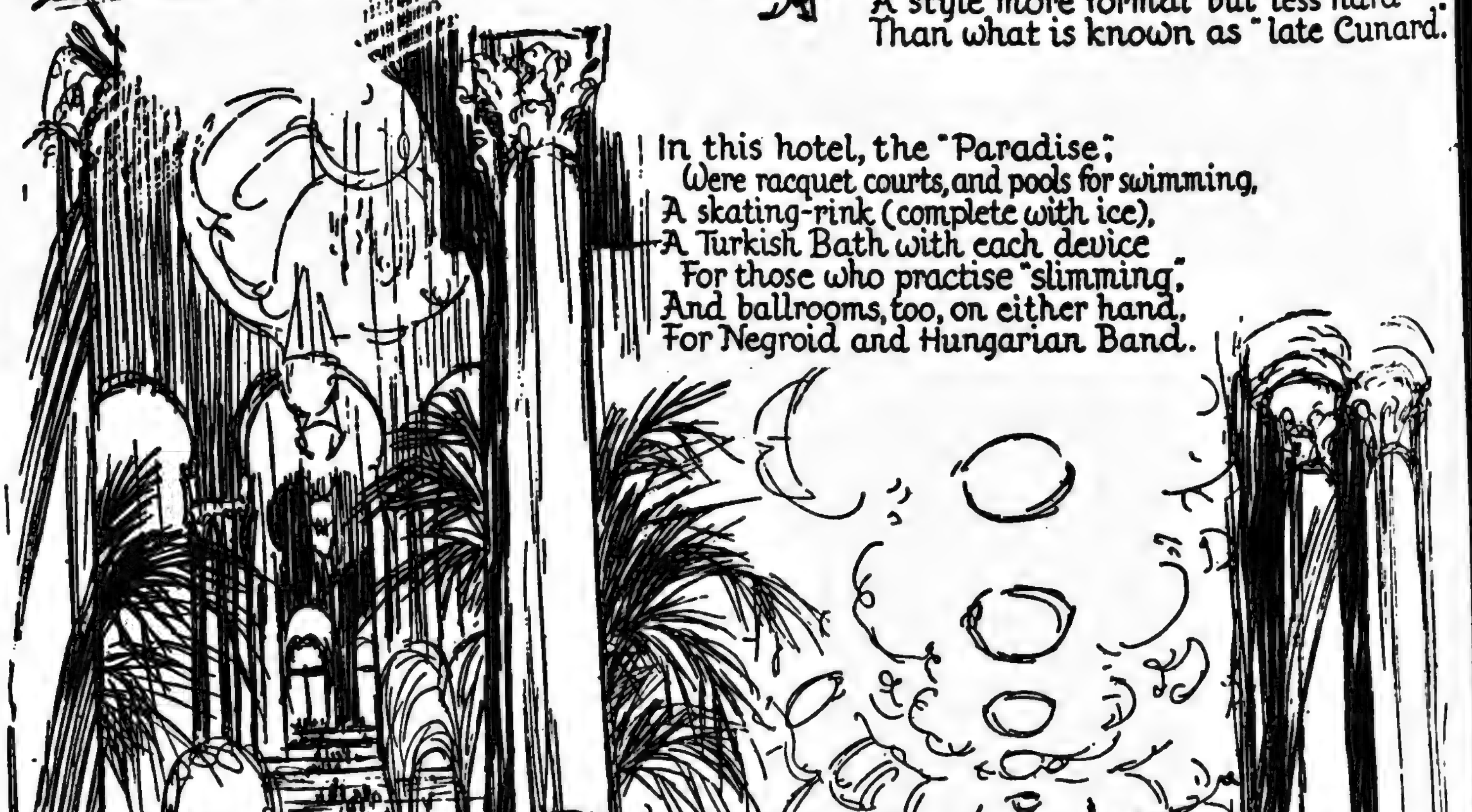




I knew a man extremely well
(His name I shall forbear to mention)
Who built and ran a huge hotel
Where millionaires and such could dwell,
Receiving that attention
Which Wealth exacts from all, indeed,
Who cater for its ev'ry need.

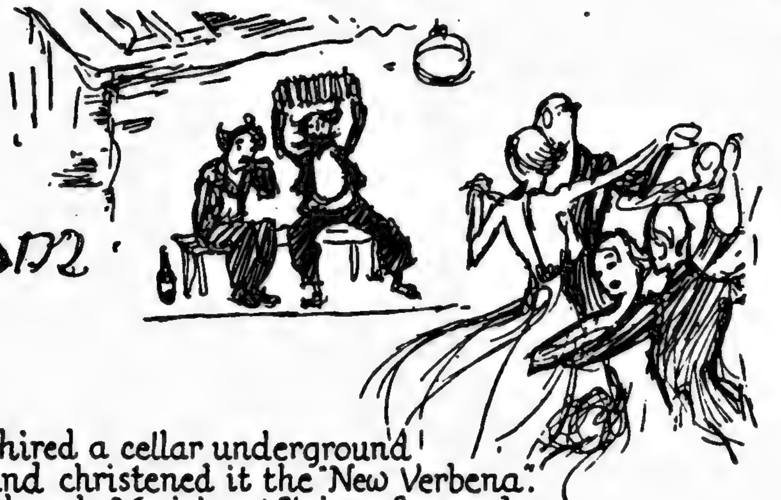
The Entrance Hall was vast and void.
And somewhat like St. Pancras Station,
But ev'rybody much enjoyed
That touch of Early German Lloyd
About the decoration:
A style more formal but less hard
Than what is known as "late Cunard."

In this hotel, the "Paradise,"
Were racquet courts, and pools for swimming,
A skating-rink (complete with ice),
A Turkish Bath with each device
For those who practise "slimming,"
And ballrooms, too, on either hand,
For Negroid and Hungarian Band.



Inferno

By Harry Graham



Of bedrooms there were scores and scores,
  Each with a bathroom, central-heated;
With wireless sets on all the floors,
And Bridal Suites (with double doors)
  Where guests were duly greeted
With all--or nearly all, maybe--
The comforts of a Wagon-lit.

The Restaurant upon the roof,
  With cocktail-bar and crystal flooring,
Was absolutely climate-proof,
And yet the Public kept aloof:
  They found the whole thing boring!
The waiters waited all in vain;
Folks came there once; but not again!

My friend was of that alien race
  Whose hide is like rhinoceroses',
And as it seemed a hopeless case,
And ruin stared him in the face,
  Said he: "I'll cut my losses!"
I'll scrap my grand hotel," he said,
"And start a Supper-club instead!"

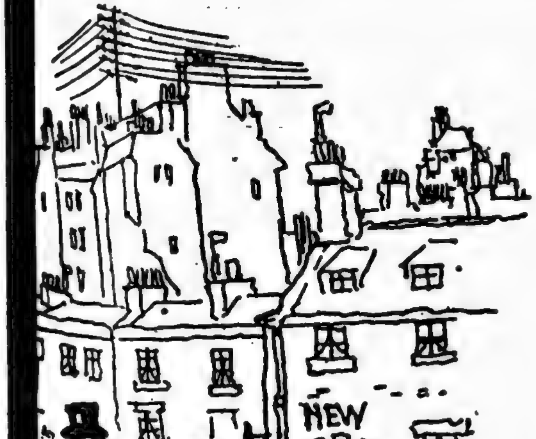
He hired a cellar underground
  And christened it the "New Verbena."
Although Musicians' Unions frowned,
Two Balkan troubadours he found--
  Jew's Harp and Concertina;
A Cabaret comedian, too,
Whose songs were definitely "blue."

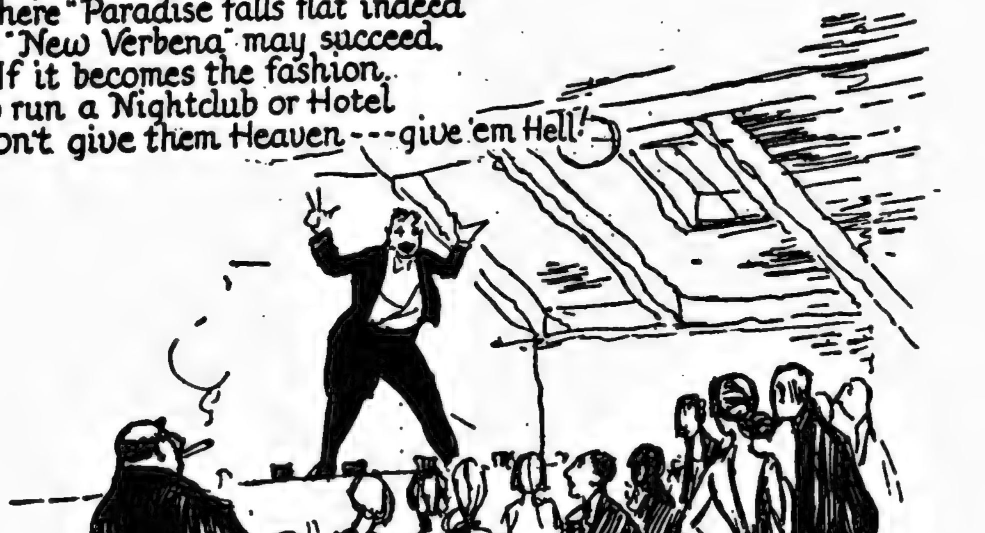
The want of space in which to dance,
  The total lack of ventilation,
Were features that appeared, perchance,
To draw the public and enhance
  This nightclub's reputation,
And Bright Young People flocked, each night,
With others, older and less bright.

My friend became a millionaire.
  Of that there's not the slightest question,
For hundreds nightly swarmed to share
The Balkan band, the noise, the glare,
  The squalor and congestion.
They seemed particularly keen
On songs that frankly were obscene.

MORAL

My Moral all who run may read:
  To pander to the public's passion
Where "Paradise falls flat indeed
A "New Verbena" may succeed,
  If it becomes the fashion.
To run a Nightclub or Hotel
Don't give them Heaven---give 'em Hell!

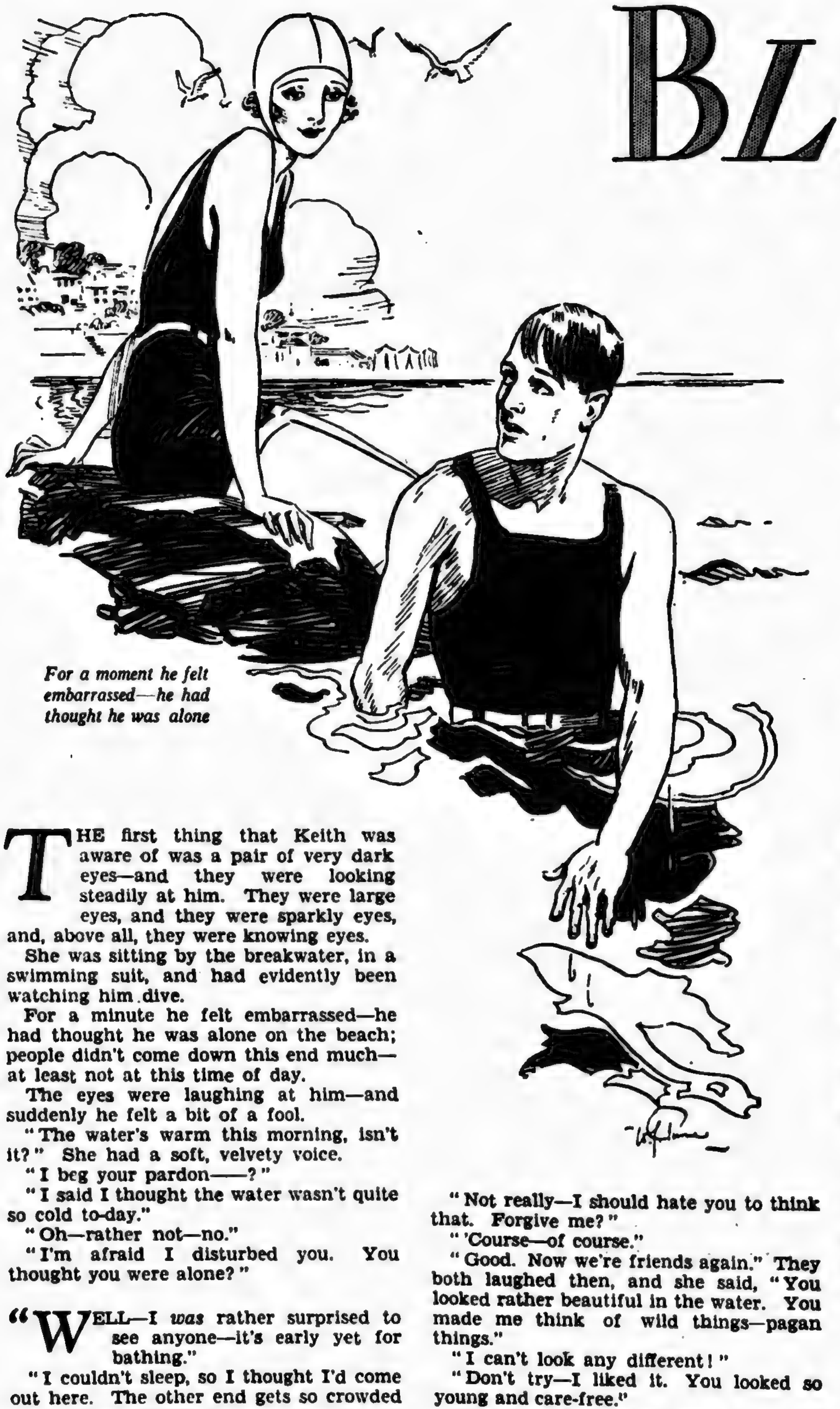




Drawn by A. K. MacDonald.

BLUES in the SEA

by Rolf ORR



For a moment he felt embarrassed—he had thought he was alone

Queer complications in the love affair of a very young man

THE first thing that Keith was aware of was a pair of very dark eyes—and they were looking steadily at him. They were large eyes, and they were sparkly eyes, and, above all, they were knowing eyes.

She was sitting by the breakwater, in a swimming suit, and had evidently been watching him dive.

For a minute he felt embarrassed—he had thought he was alone on the beach; people didn't come down this end much—at least not at this time of day.

The eyes were laughing at him—and suddenly he felt a bit of a fool.

"The water's warm this morning, isn't it?" She had a soft, velvety voice.

"I beg your pardon——?"

"I said I thought the water wasn't quite so cold to-day."

"Oh—rather not—no."

"I'm afraid I disturbed you. You thought you were alone?"

"WELL—I *was* rather surprised to see anyone—it's early yet for bathing."

"I couldn't sleep, so I thought I'd come out here. The other end gets so crowded—and I hate crowds."

"So do I."

"Have a cigarette?"

"Thanks awfully."

"Have you been down here long?"

"Well, I live here."

"Really?—what fun. It's an attractive place."

"Umm, isn't it. I've lived here since I was a kid"

"Heavens, what years!"

"Well, ever since the war—that's quite a while ago, isn't it?"

"A life-time!"

"You're laughing at me——"

"Not really—I should hate you to think that. Forgive me?"

"'Course—of course."

"Good. Now we're friends again." They both laughed then, and she said, "You looked rather beautiful in the water. You made me think of wild things—pagan things."

"I can't look any different!"

"Don't try—I liked it. You looked so young and care-free."

"I suppose I am a bit young. People are always rubbing it in."

"How old are you—or is it rude?"

"Twenty."

"Good gracious, what a man!"

"You're laughing again!"

"Why be ashamed of being young? You'll do all you can to bring youth back one day. Cling to it while you can."

"But it's not much fun, really. I'd like to be about—well, say, twenty-eight."

"A nice age. But twenty is even nicer."

"Oh—do you *really* think so?"

"It's such an interesting age—an age of dreams."

"I wish I thought so. It's a worrying age—I'm always wondering."

"What about?"

"Life."

"And what conclusions do you arrive at?"

"That it's pretty rotten!"

"Why?"

He was sitting on the beach by her side now—"Nothing goes right."

"Oh, surely!"

"It's true. Perhaps it's me—I'm willing to grant that. I'm always wanting to do things, and when it comes to the point something inside me refuses to work. Silly, isn't it?"

"I think it's rather sweet."

"Well, you understand—I know you do. You look as if you could understand anything."

"You know the right thing to say to a woman—where did you learn that accomplishment?"

"I mean it. I sort of feel as if I could talk to you."

"I WISH you would. What's worrying you?" Her voice inspired confidence. And he was bursting to tell someone of his troubles.

"It's the Girl-in-blue."

"The Girl-in-blue——?"

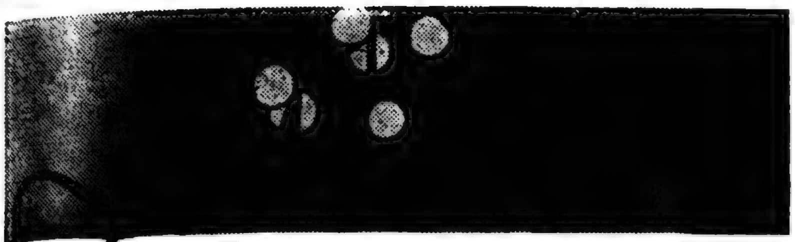
"Yes. She's staying down here for a holiday. I met her at a dance, and she's an absolute darling. And all the evening I wanted to kiss her—awfully. It wasn't that I didn't have a chance—we sat out a lot—but each time it got worse, my wanting to, and not being able. I just didn't seem to know how to go about it!"

"I know——"

"So we just sat there—with me feeling like an unripe schoolboy."

(*Continued on page 38.*)

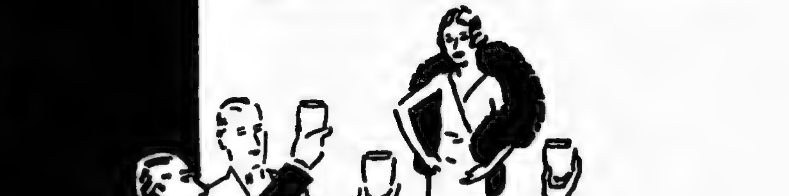
Below: Genevieve Tobin Starring in Universal Pictures.



The MISTLETOE works overtime when the Odol girl arrives

SPARKLING EYES, teeth like glistening pearls, a wonderfully alluring smile. Simply irresistible! She owes the perfection of her teeth to Odol, the whitest and purest toothpaste made—the *perfect* dentifrice. She likes Odol for its delightful flavour, for the way it sweetens the mouth and breath. She knows that Odol keeps teeth sound because it keeps them clean and white *without damaging the precious enamel.* Incidentally, she knows, too, that Odol is British made.

Try Odol for a while yourself and see the difference it makes. If you prefer it, you can now get Odol Solid Dentifrice—just as safe and effective and with a distinctive Odol flavour.



TOOTH PASTE 6d., 1/- 1/9
SOLID DENTIFRICE - - 6d.
MOUTHWASH 1/6, 2/6, 3/6

Use Odol Mouthwash as a safeguard against Tonsilitis.

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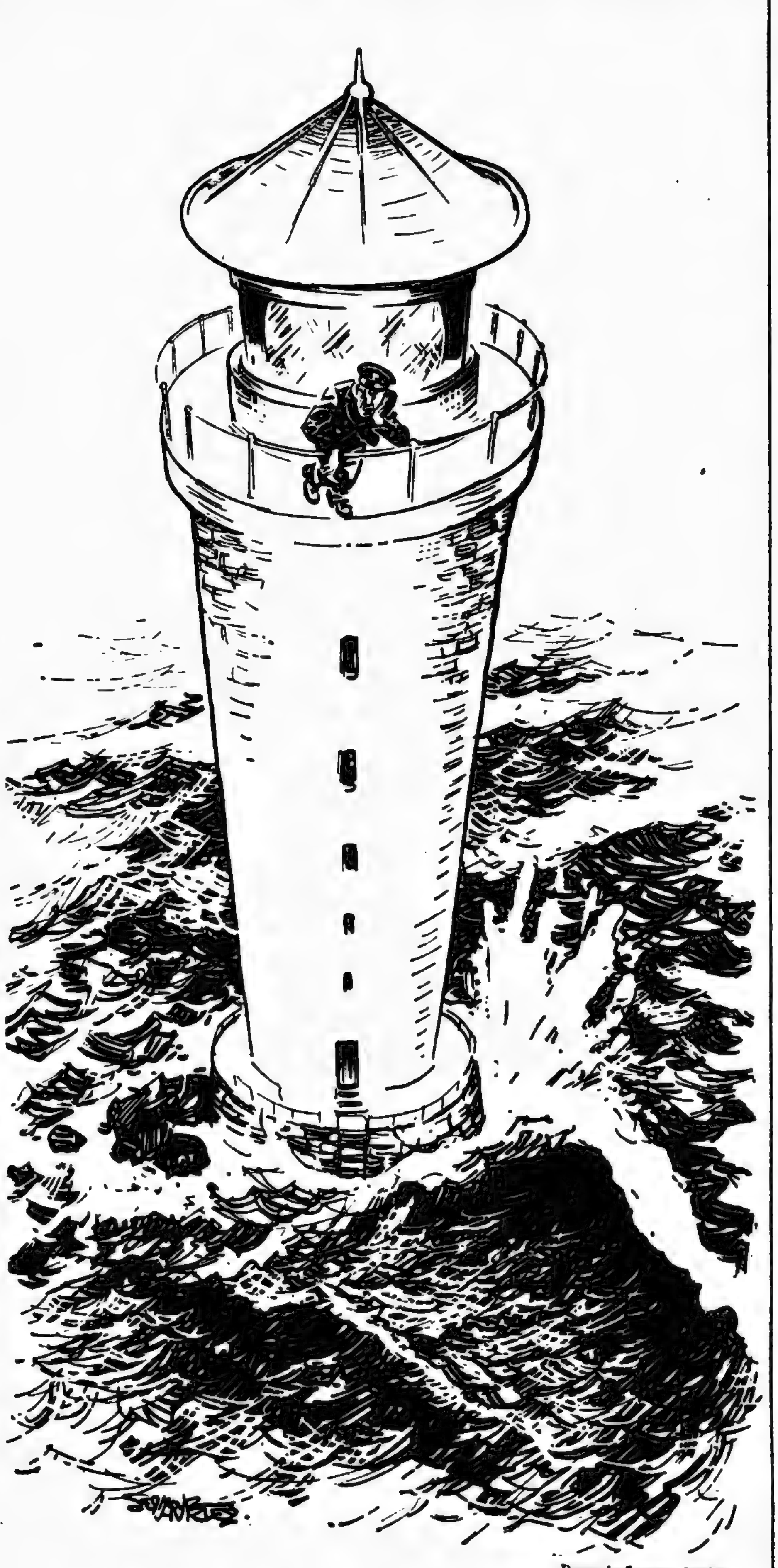


Drawn by Seymour Hurley

FED-UP LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER: "Not even a bloomin' carol singer! It's 'ard to realise to-morrow's Christmas Day!"

BLUES IN THE SEA

(*Continued from page* 36.)

"Why exactly couldn't you kiss her—do you know?"

"I suppose I was—well—I thought I might make a mess of it, and I couldn't have borne that. Besides, she might not have liked it, and then I should have felt a worse ass."

"She would have liked it all right—I expect she was longing for it."

"D'you really think so?"

"If I know anything about girls. Are you going to see her again?"

"I expect she'll be at the Grand Hotel dance on Tuesday. But she won't look at me again."

"Oh, yes, she will. And you're not going to be afraid this time. Show her that you know something about life-with-a-capital-L."

"But that's it—I don't. I shall look at her—and want her—and just do nothing. Goodness knows why. Now if only if only she were something a bit like you——"

"Then——?"

"It would be easy, then."

SHE was very near him—and her hand folded over his—"Easy?"

"Umm—awfully——"

She looked up at him. "That was the sweetest kiss I've ever known. It was like a dream—and I hate waking up, don't you?"

"I never want to wake up from this dream——"

Again their lips met, and she held him close to her. And the look in her eyes told that she was thinking of the days that had gone—happy, young days. And in silence they stayed very near to each other till the tide began to come in. Then she spoke.

"I'm going now——"

"Oh, no——"

"I'm going—and I want you to close your eyes till it is high tide. Then I shall be gone, and it will all seem like a dream. Good-bye, nice boy—and good luck with the Girl-in-blue.

"Now close your eyes——" He felt a warm, soft kiss on his forehead.

Obediently he sat there with his eyes closed—and from the distance her voice came back to him, "Good-bye, Dream-boy. . . ."

THE Girl-in-blue was sitting next to him—and there was a moon. He was aware of their hands touching, and quietly, very quietly, he slipped his arm round her shoulders . . . and the feel of her young lips on his was heaven.

"I—I hoped you'd kiss me last time," she said.

"I wanted to—like anything."

"Then why didn't you?"

"I—I thought you might not like it."

"Silly! . . . What's your name?"

"Keith—Keith Victor. What's yours?"

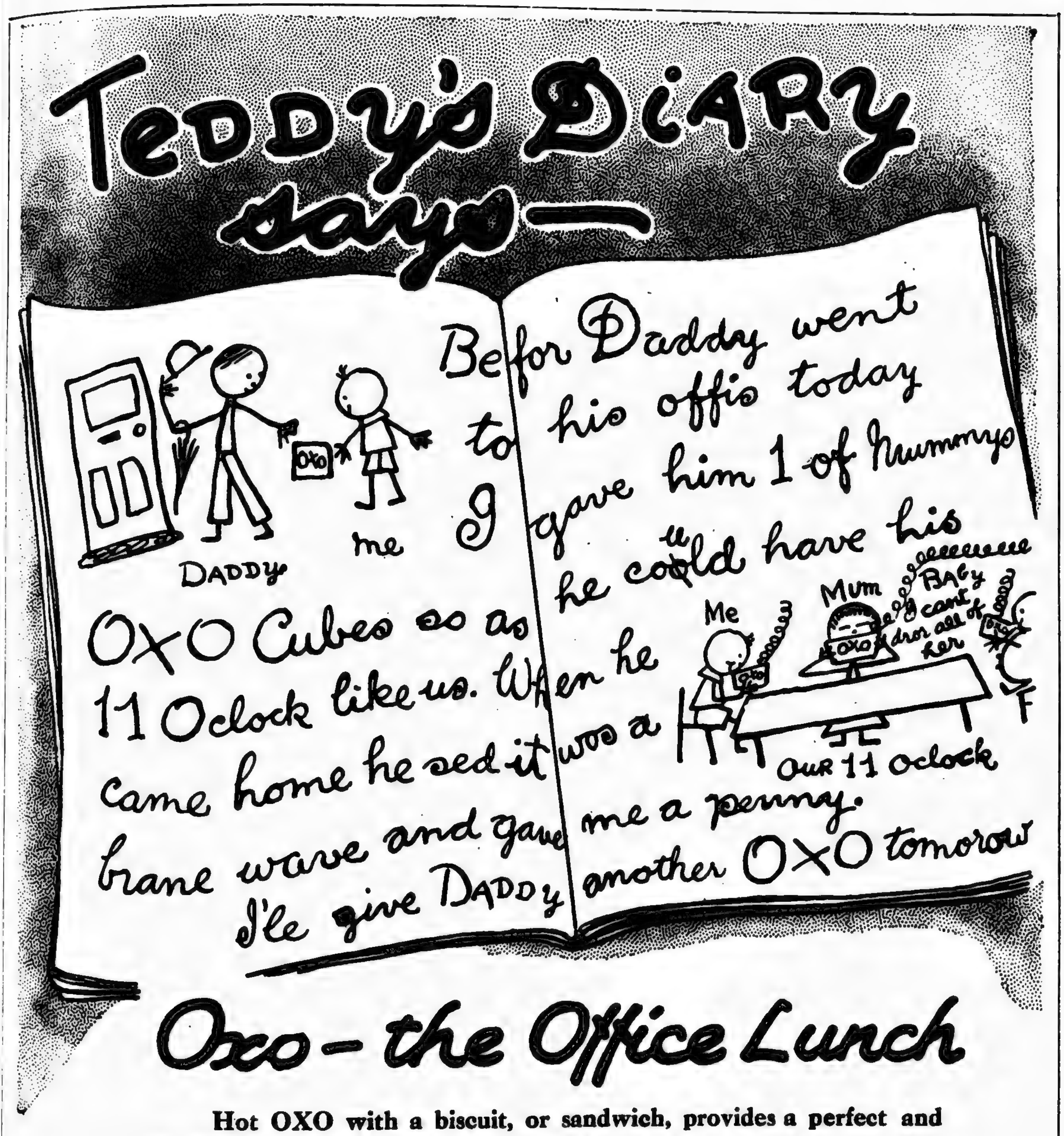
"Colleen Ray."

"It's a sweet name——"

"Hullo, Colleen!" said a voice behind them—a faintly familiar voice. The girl turned.

"Hullo, darling!" Keith got up quickly, and faced a pair of very dark and very sparkly eyes—which seemed suddenly to take on a new look—a scared look!—a wild look!!

"This is Keith Victor," he heard the girl saying. "Keith, this is my mother. . . ."


TEDDY'S DIARY says—
DADDY
me
Me
Mum
BABY can't drin all of her
OXO
OUR 11 oclock

Befor Daddy went to his offis today I gave him 1 of Mummys OXO Cubes so as he could have his 11 Oclock like us. When he came home he sed it was a brane wave and gave me a penny. I'le give DADDY another OXO tomorow

Oxo — the Office Lunch

Hot OXO with a biscuit, or sandwich, provides a perfect and inexpensive meal. The Beef-proteins and extractives of OXO remove fatigue of brain and body and stimulate vitality. During the winter it is more than ever necessary to take OXO regularly. OXO is a *protective* food—it builds up *resistance* to colds and illness.

OXO

TESTED JB

The Perfect 11 o'clock

A RADIO RAG

by
Harrison
OWEN

Our Own Broadcaster's Christmas Revue

When the radio announcer's not announcing
Dull facts about the weather and the time,
And names of foreign places mispronouncing,
His fancy sometimes soars to heights sublime,
As he broods upon the programmes he'd arrange if left alone
And freed from rules official anent "policy" and "tone."

The ether, he feels certain, would be brighter
If the heads would only let him off the chain;
But ev'ry night the poor, unhappy blighter
Must make the old announcements once again—
Unless, with an unprecedented recklessness, he strikes,
And, for one occasion only, says precisely what he likes!

Hullo, everybody!

Long Acre's calling, and I only hope you don't hate my fine, fruity voice as much as I do!

I may mention that I haven't the least idea what the time is and I don't dashed well care, for I see no reason why the John Bull Broadcasting Co. should provide such footling information.

As for the weather in London, it is pretty much as usual—that is to say, absolutely putrid! And I gather that further depressions are approaching from the Atlantic, Threadneedle Street, the Bay of Biscay, Lombard Street, Greenland and Westminster.

I am so heartily sick of reciting forecasts that I refuse even to mention an isobar; but my rheumatism leaves me in no doubt that we are in for a real, old-fashioned Christmas, with the customary supply of rain and mud, to be followed with a large helping of biliousness, a spot or two of indigestion, and sustained impecuniosity.

So, "The same to you—and not too many of them!"

Meanwhile, it may (or may not) cheer you up to learn that the J.B.B.C. has arranged a special Christmas programme, regardless of expense.

Here goes for the first item, "The War Chant of the Bright Young Bounders," which has never before been heard outside Mayfair and Belgravia:

Daily
And nightly,
So gaily
And sprightly,
Hither and thither
We dance and we dither!
Some people assert that we're cracked;
While others contend
That our ways we might mend
If we were but sufficiently smacked!
We wriggle
And giggle;
We twirl
And we whirl
Like half-crazy cocks on a steeple;
Our youths are so [illegible]rish,
Our maids so Mayfairish,
So up-to-the-minute,
So very much "in it,"
So light,
And so bright,
And (at intervals) tight—
The Brightest of all Bright Young People!

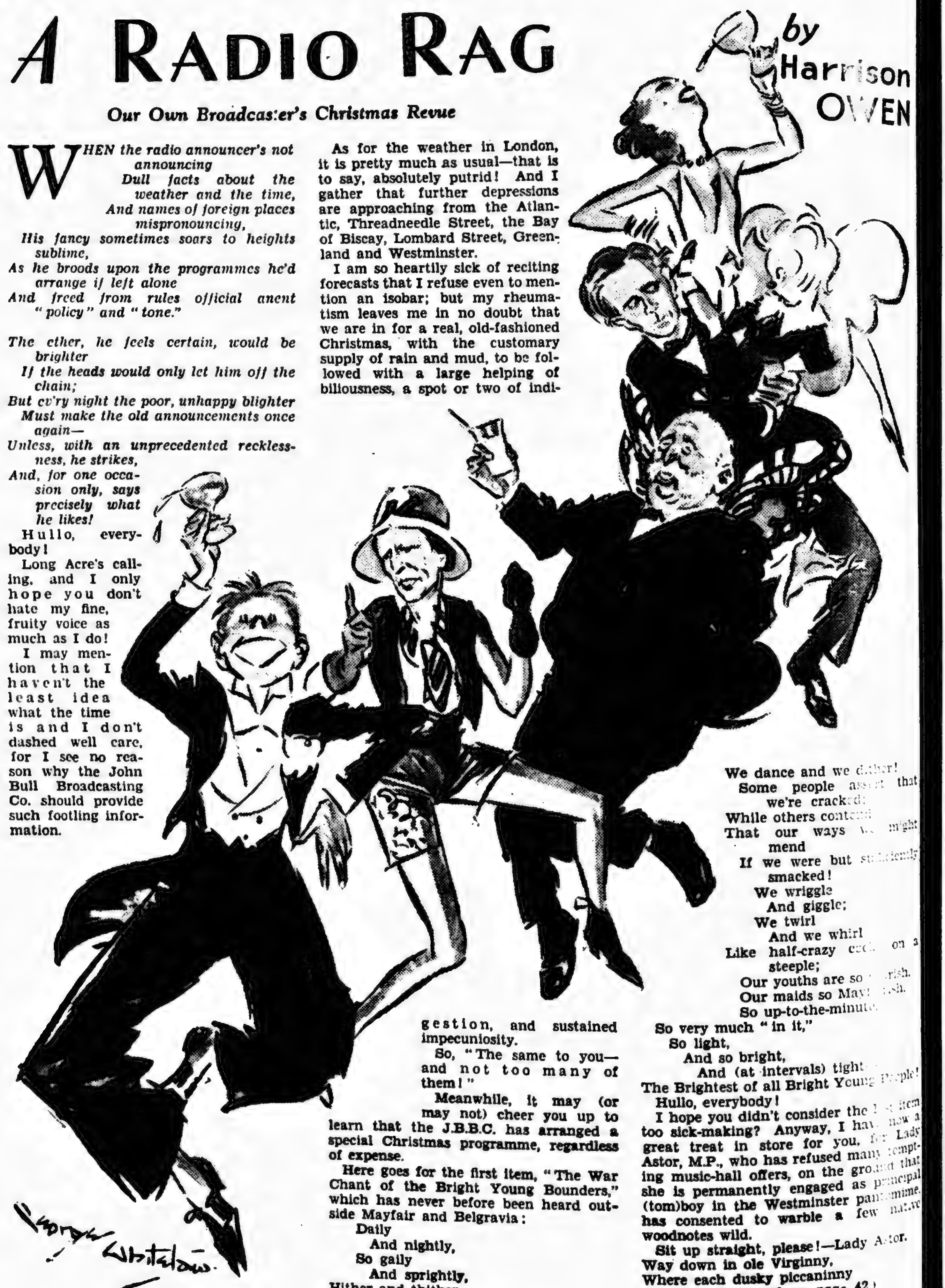
Hullo, everybody!

I hope you didn't consider the last item too sick-making? Anyway, I have now a great treat in store for you, for Lady Astor, M.P., who has refused many tempting music-hall offers, on the ground that she is permanently engaged as principal (tom)boy in the Westminster pantomime, has consented to warble a few native woodnotes wild.

Sit up straight, please!—Lady Astor.

Way down in ole Virginny,
Where each dusky piccaninny

(Continued on page 42.)



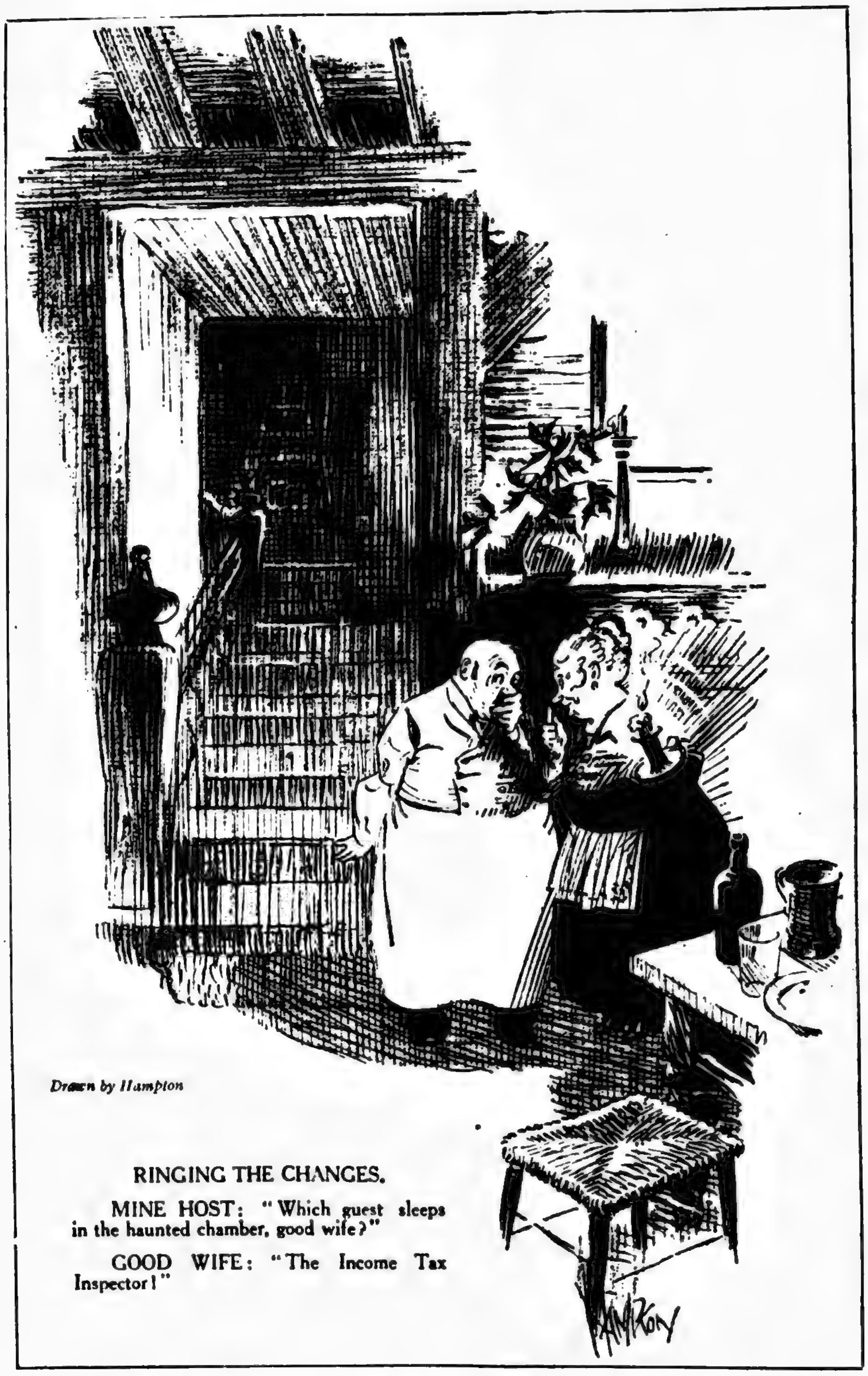
Christmas and Fruit—

"Fruit is not a luxury to be enjoyed just when one feels like it" declares a well-known Doctor. "It should be part and parcel not only of every household budget, *but a course in every meal.* The table is the place for fruit—I repeat again, as a necessity and not a luxury. Include in the Christmas diet a sufficiency of fruit throughout the day."

EAT MORE FRUIT

and keep fit

Issued by the Fruit Trades Federations, Advertisement Department,
New Bridge Street, London, E.C.4



Drawn by Hampton

RINGING THE CHANGES.

MINE HOST: "Which guest sleeps in the haunted chamber, good wife?"

GOOD WIFE: "The Income Tax Inspector!"

A RADIO RAG

(Continued from page 40.)

Seems fated to become a ragtime coon,
I was born; and when I left it,
Of my presence bright bereft it,
They warbled this in sorrow to the moon.

Though Nancy is our fancy,
She's impetuous and chancy,
And she'll never be as clever as she thinks herself to be;
But she's willing and she's wealthy,
She's high-spirited and healthy,
And she'll wake up dat dere Englan' w'en she sails across the sea!
Though by nature I'm a shrinking
Modest violet, I'm thinking
That the hopes with which I sailed were not too high.
And I'm far from being finished,
So, with vigour undiminished,
I will work until I make old England "dry."

So, though Nancy you may fancy,
She's misguided and she's chancy,
And later you may rate her as of liberty a foe;
For with zeal misplaced she's burning—
And, alas! she is not yearning
To return to ole Virginny, where the black-eyed Susans grow!

Apparently Nancy is not the fancy of a number of subscribers, for our boredom-recording apparatus shows that during the last item 73,485 listeners switched on to Moscow, Oshkosh and other stations.

Well, well; perhaps the next offering wi be more in your line. One thing is fairl certain, whether or not you like the son you can't very well help liking the singer so let me introduce you to Everybody' Uncle, the Rt. Hon. George Lansbury M.P.—Mr. Lansbury:

I cannot sing a coon song or a song of ol
Virginny,
Or warble of the Wabash or some ol
Kentucky home;
But fill my glass with lemonade and
will sing a drinking song,
A jolly song, a clinking song, a song t
shake the dome!

I NEVER look on Sherry and for Port
do not pine;
Though some may scoff, I will no
quaff a vintage from the Rhine;
But Uncle George is not the one
To interfere with others' fun
A "squash" for *me*, but *you* are free t
call for beer or wine.

I've given you the Lido, but that's only
beginning;
For I mean to go on bravely, having mad
a dashing start!
Just shout for me a pint of tea and
will sing a swilling song,
A sunny song, a thrilling song, a song t
warm the heart!

I scorn the joys of Claret and from Bur
gundy I shrink;
Never a hop in my ginger-pop will I con
sent to drink;
But who am I to say to you
What you shall have or you shall do
So charge your glasses, lads and lasses—
let them gaily clink!

Although we know no coon songs or th
ditties drear of Dixie,
Just wet your throats and try your note
and sing a song with me!
For, tossing down my malted milk, I'll sin
with you a drinking song,
A merry song, a clinking song, a song o
Liberty!

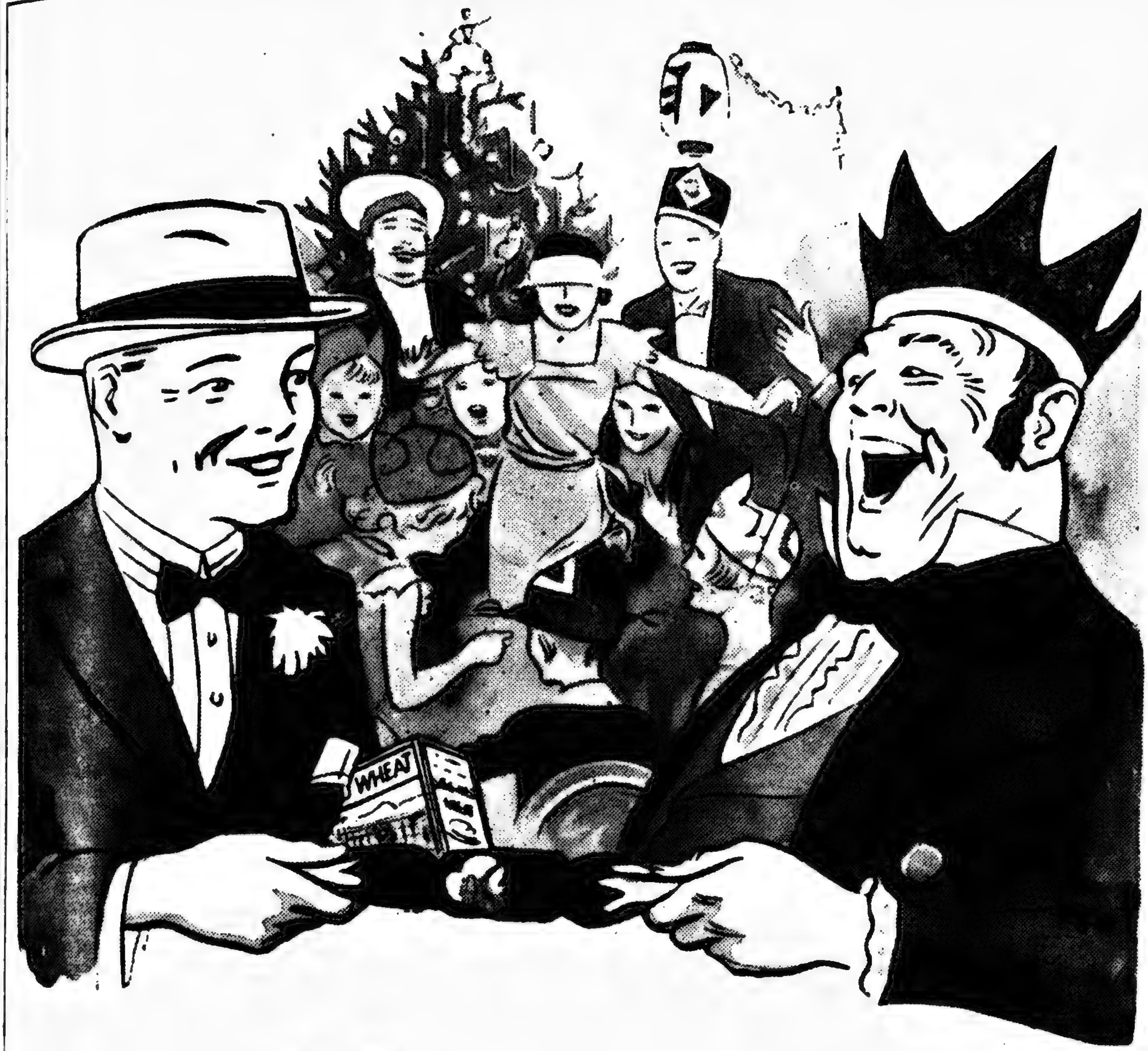
HULLO, everybody! I just wanted t say that you can all go to blaze except the children! We delaye the Children's Hour so that they coul hear Uncle George, and now I have t announce that Mr. A. A. Milne has bee induced to overcome his notorious shyness and read one of his pretty little poems.

Now, children, just listen to this:

It's all very sad,
But the truth I must tell
Of what Christopher said to me
Yes, Christopher Snobbin he said to hi
dad,
He said to his dad, said he:
"You must be glad
That I am not bad,
Like some little boys can be.
I'm not at all common,
I think nice thoughts,
And I bring in the £ s d—
You're really rather
A lucky father
To be the father of ME!
Yet, though I'm so terribly good and nic
And beautifully printed and bound,
Some horrid folk moan
And declare with a groan:
'It's time that that kid was drowned!'"

That's all, thank you. I'm afraid th little ones have stayed up rather late, bu after all, Christmas comes but once a yea —heaven be praised!

Good night, everybody—*good* night!



John Bull:

"A fine sight—so much jollity and happiness!"

Mr. Hayland Hearty:

"Yes, indeed! It does my heart good to see people healthy and happy. That's why I'm so keen on Shredded Wheat. I know it is playing its part in the happiness of so many —keeping them fit to enjoy Christmas to the full."

Do not miss your Shredded Wheat throughout the festive season. It keeps you up to the mark—ready for fun and every sort of enjoyment. A Shredded Wheat breakfast, nourishing but not heavy, is a good preparation for the richer fare to follow. Its well-known regulative action helps sound digestion.

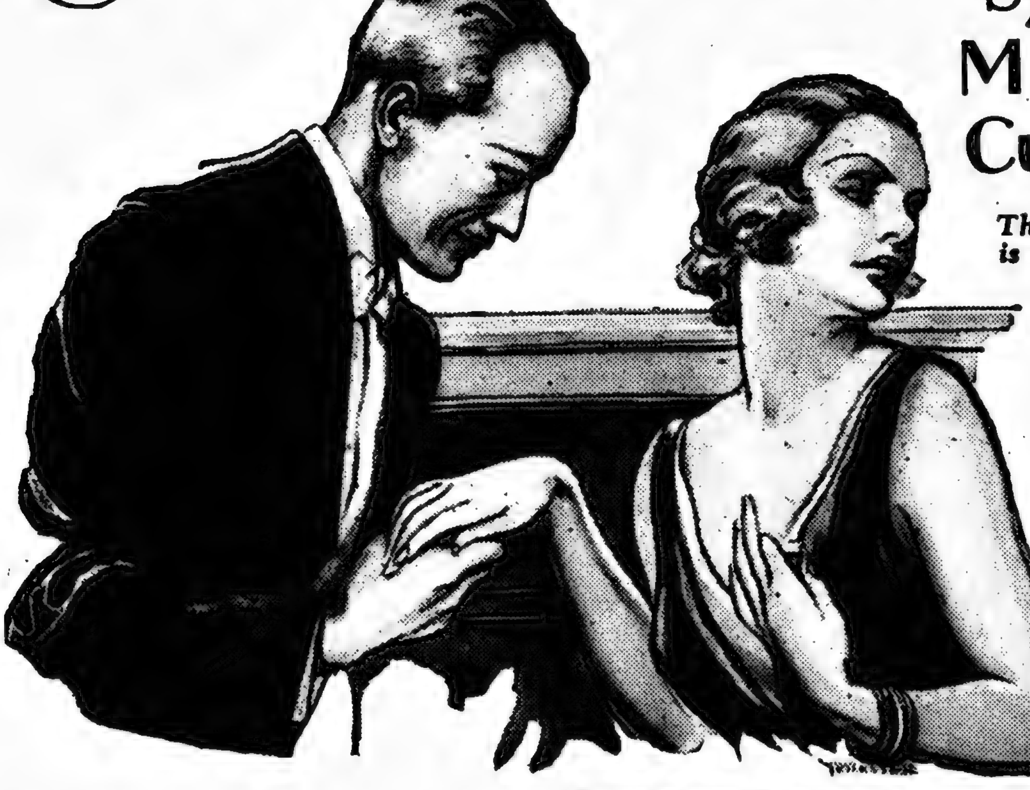
SHREDDED WHEAT

Made by British Labour from Empire Grown Wheat by
SHREDDED WHEAT CO., LTD., at Welwyn Garden City, HERTS.

"Breaking it off"

by Marten Cumberland

The dignity of Mr. Ponting is put to a severe test



"Exquisite as usual," he murmured

MR. PONTING—Mr. Julius Ponting, of Bellasco Square, London, and of Woodhall Spa—rose from his desk a little testily and tore up the letter. It was his third attempt to write what was in his mind, and none had suited his fastidious taste.

The thing was not at all easy! Whilst it was true that he had never become officially engaged to Rosanna, yet for some months there had been an "understanding" between them.

Quite a lot of people knew the terms upon which he and Rosanna stood.

To break things off therefore needed considerable tact and delicacy. It must be done discriminately; with the most careful consideration for Rosanna's feelings; above all, there must be nothing in the rupture that would give rise to anything like a loss of personal dignity.

Mr. Ponting paced the soft carpet slowly. He was sorry for Rosanna, and deeply regretted the various considerations which had led him to his decision.

YET decided he was. Slowly, but inevitably, he had been brought to a realisation that marriage between himself and Rosanna Brady was quite impossible.

It was not only the question of dancing, upon which they had differed frequently in the last two or three weeks. He did not dance. He had never attempted to disguise the fact that he considered dancing unsuitable to a man of his years and position.

He was, it is true, only forty-seven and still young; many men far older than himself danced, but somehow it never seemed quite fitting. But he had never objected to Rosanna herself dancing.

In any case she was old enough to know how to choose her companions and manage her conduct decorously without his advice. She must be at least thirty-five, though she acted only too often as though she were seventeen.

HER unpunctuality and entire lack of a sense of time irritated him. Her sudden impulses caused him misgivings; her hastily-made friendships, especially with artistes and people of that sort, were disconcerting.

Mr. Ponting shuddered and regarded his watch. It was nearly six o'clock, and it seemed impossible to write to Rosanna in exactly the terms he wished to employ. Perhaps it would be better if he called upon her at once.

It was a good time to call, between tea and dinner, there would be no troublesome visitors. In any case, he had better get this unpleasant affair over as soon as possible.

Walking across the quiet square he began to think out phrases in which he could convey his tidings to Rosanna. He would begin by discussing the hopeless disparity in their tastes, perhaps he would touch upon the fact that he was older than Rosanna.

Yes, that would be quite a good line to take, though, of course, the difference between them was negligible. Then he could lead up to the subject of her love for dancing, and of how well a younger man would be suited to her in this respect.

The whole thing would require infinite tact. She woul be distressed. She might eve give way to tears.

It would be extremely awkward if she made anythin like a scene. In that case h would have to be firm—infinitely kind, of course, bu firm.

He turned into Curzo Street, and, noting the orange coloured light at her smal drawing-room window, kne her to be at home.

The parlour-maid opene the door to him, and helpe him off with his coat.

"Any visitors, Annie?" he asked.

"Only Mrs. Carstairs, sir, and I expec she is just going. Will you step this way sir?"

In the cosy little drawing-room he raise Rosanna's fingers to his lips.

"Exquisite as usual," he murmured "Simply exquisite!"

She flushed to the roots of her pale golden hair, and he thought she seemed just a trifle embarrassed. Rather hurriedl she made an introduction:

"Julius, I don't think you've met Mrs Carstairs? This is Julius Ponting. Eileen."

"Charmed," he said, bowing gracefully.

"Julius, I'll have some fresh tea made."

"Thank you. No tea," he said. "I wi have a cigarette, if I may?"

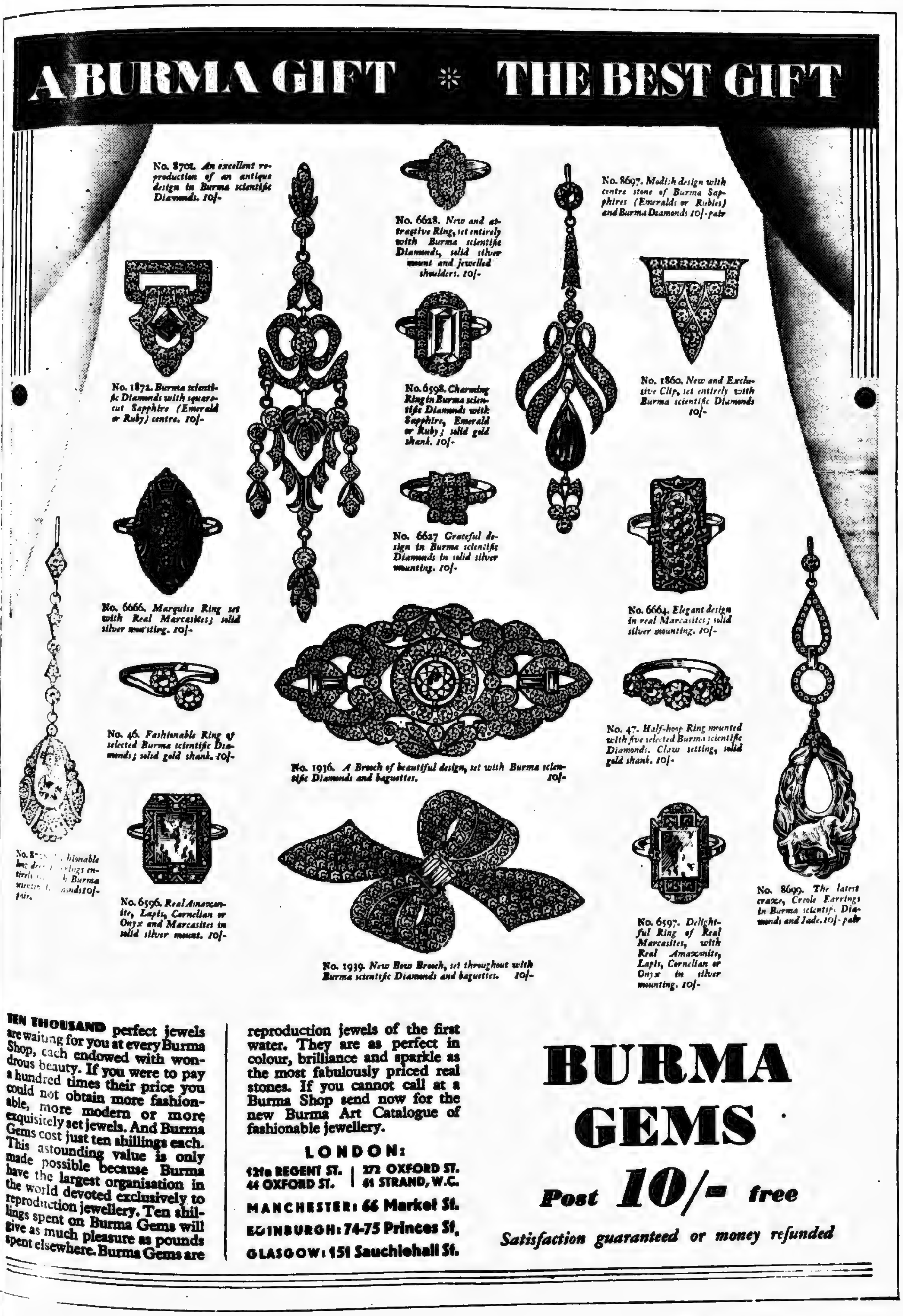
He looked enquiringly from Rosanna t Mrs. Carstairs, and received permission t smoke. Mrs. Carstairs gathered her fur about her and rose to her feet.

"My darling, I must really be runnin way. I have an appointment with m husband and I'm already a little late Harry is such an impatient man, and . . Oh! I quite forgot to tell you. I've dis covered a simply wonderful little woman i Conduit Street! My dear, she remodelle that black coat of mine, and you coul hardly believe . . ."

MRS. CARSTAIRS seated herself, and inwardly Mr. Ponting groaned. A the two women embarked on fresh discussion he looked at Rosanna.

She wore a dress which he had not see before. It was of golden brown velve curiously marked and spotted rather lik the breast of a thrush. The cut was ver simple, but suited Rosanna's slim figur

(*Continued on page 46.*)



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No. 6666. *Marquise Ring set with Real Marcasites; solid silver mounting. 10/-*

No. 6664. *Elegant design in real Marcasites; solid silver mounting. 10/-*

No. 46. *Fashionable Ring of selected Burma scientific Diamonds; solid gold shank. 10/-*

No. 1936. *A Brooch of beautiful design, set with Burma scientific Diamonds and baguettes. 10/-*

No. 47. *Half-hoop Ring mounted with five selected Burma scientific Diamonds. Claw setting, solid gold shank. 10/-*

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No. 6596. *Real Amazonite, Lapis, Cornelian or Onyx and Marcasites in solid silver mount. 10/-*

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"BREAKING IT OFF"

(*Continued from page* 44.)

to perfection. Whatever her taste might be in other matters, she certainly had a wonderful instinct for dress.

Yes, Rosanna was looking very well, beautiful in fact. There was a brightness in her blue eyes and an unusual colour in her cheeks which were most becoming.

Her hair shone under the orange-shaded lights like spilled honey.

Really, she looked absurdly young, with something almost child-like in her face when she smiled. Rosanna was a highly decorative person, and, after all, a wife like that would . . .

His thoughts were broken by a thin scream from Mrs. Carstairs' lips.

"Heavens! Is that the right time? I must simply fly, darling! I don't know what Harry will say, and it's so bad for him to be waiting about in the cold. Good-bye, dearest. I do love that frock—Patou, eh? Good-bye, Mr. Ponting."

ALONE together, Rosanna drew a long breath, and smiled whimsically.

"You must be tired out," he said softly. "I don't know how you stand it!"

"Oh! One is expected to receive occasionally. I regard at-home days philosophically as inevitable! Have you a cigarette, Julius?"

He offered his case, and lit cigarettes for the two of them. There was a little silence broken only by the distant rumble of traffic in Piccadilly, and the crackling of the wood-fire beside them.

Rosanna twisted some bracelets around on her left forearm; Mr. Ponting smoothed down his hair with a plump, white hand.

"And what have you been doing with yourself?" he asked, with a smile. "It seems an infinity since I saw you—two days! You've been to at least one dance, I suppose?"

Rosanna rose to her feet and shook out her skirt. Her cigarette had gone out, and she dropped it into the fire.

"JULIUS," she said. "There is something I want to say to you, something rather important. I went to a dance last night—at the Paramount. I met Inky Weston—Clive Weston, you know?"

"The . . . the artist?"

"Yes, he paints, and does black and white work for the papers. Well, we danced a good deal together. Of course, I've known him for a long time now—almost a year. I don't know quite how it happened, but . . . Julius, I want to break off this engagement of ours—if it is an engagement? I am very sorry if what I am saying hurts you, but, really, if we are quite frank with each other, we must realise that our tastes and whole outlook on . . ."

Mr. Ponting rose slowly to his feet. Mechanically he buttoned his coat, and then unbuttoned it again.

"This Clive Weston, he is a very young man?"

"Thirty-four. He looks younger, but he is thirty-four, only a year younger than I am. I *love* him, Julius, and I've promised to marry him. I don't know how it has happened. One can't calculate in matters like this. . . ."

Her face turned from him again, and she looked down at the fire. Mr. Ponting took her hand.

"Rosanna," he said. "This . . . this is a great blow. But, as you have said on cannot calculate in matters of this kind We cannot control our affections."

His voice, deep and musical, shoo slightly as he spoke.

Rosanna turned and, with a little thr he saw that there were tears in her fin eyes.

"Julius, I'm a beast! A perfectly rotte beast!"

"No, no. These things happen, my dea I am perhaps too old for you. When th heart is young the years creep over u and we never realise their coming, no note the havoc they play. Yes, that is i I am old."

He raised her trembling hand to hi lips.

"Rosanna," he said, gently. "You ar not to worry. I want you to be very, ver happy. Good-bye!"

He turned away, and walked manfull out of the room. In the hall he carefull slipped into his coat and muffler, an quietly opened the front door.

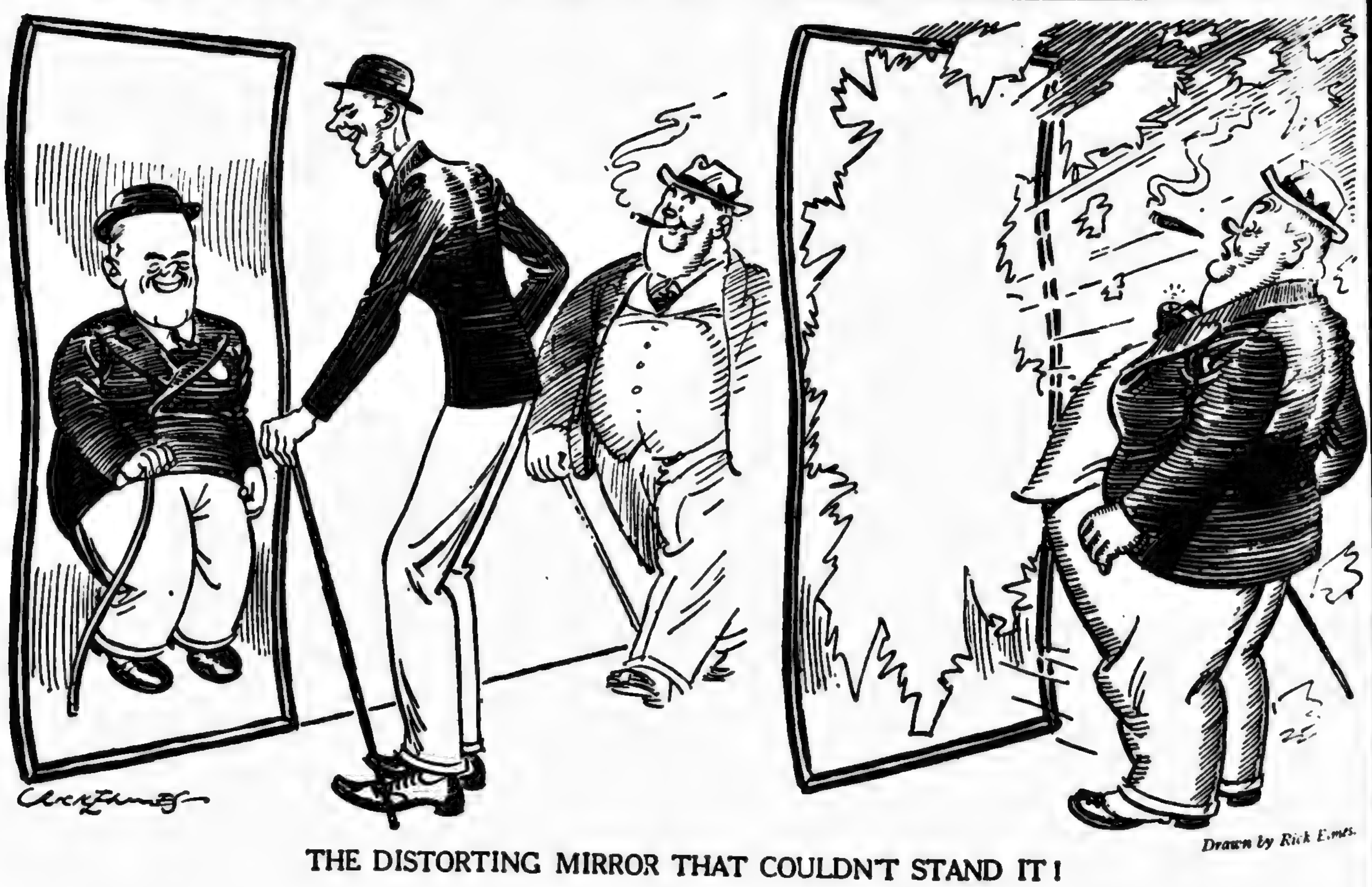
OUTSIDE, on the pavement, a youn man looked at him, and then hel out his hand.

"Hullo, Ponting! How are you, ol man?"

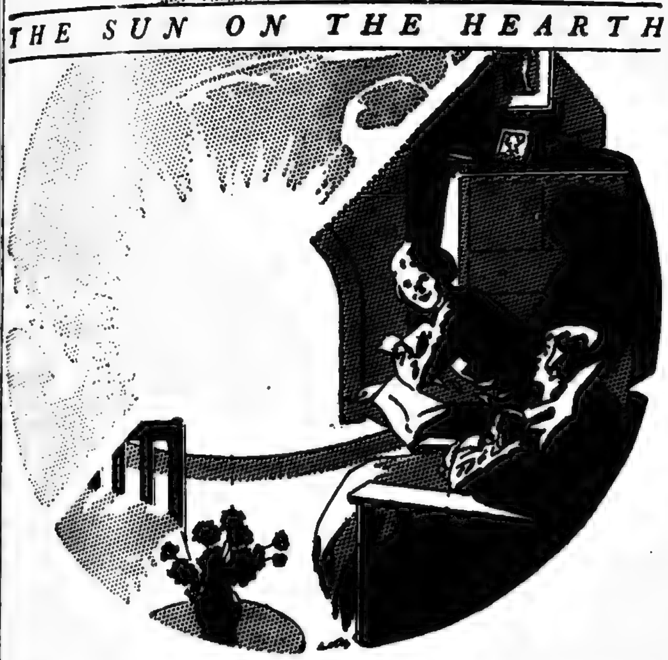
Mr. Ponting paused, and recognise Clive Weston. The older man ignored th outstretched hand completely. He thrus past Weston, and then turned swiftly.

"You . . . you can go to hell!" he said harshly.

Mr. Ponting, in fact, was momentaril thrown completely off his balance. Fo the first time in his life he was not conducting himself like a gentleman. So disturbed was he, that it was fully te minutes before it occurred to him that h had behaved with an entire lack of personal dignity.


Drawn by Rick Elmes.

THE DISTORTING MIRROR THAT COULDN'T STAND IT!


THE SUN ON THE HEARTH

Playing in the firelight

JENNY's getting better now—it won't be long before she's dancing about again. What a comfort on these raw, cold days to know that she's in no danger of catching a chill . . . that the gas fire is there to give glowing sunlike warmth as the colour comes back to her cheeks. A fire that never smokes or flickers out—just steady summer warmth without a penny's waste or a moment's trouble.

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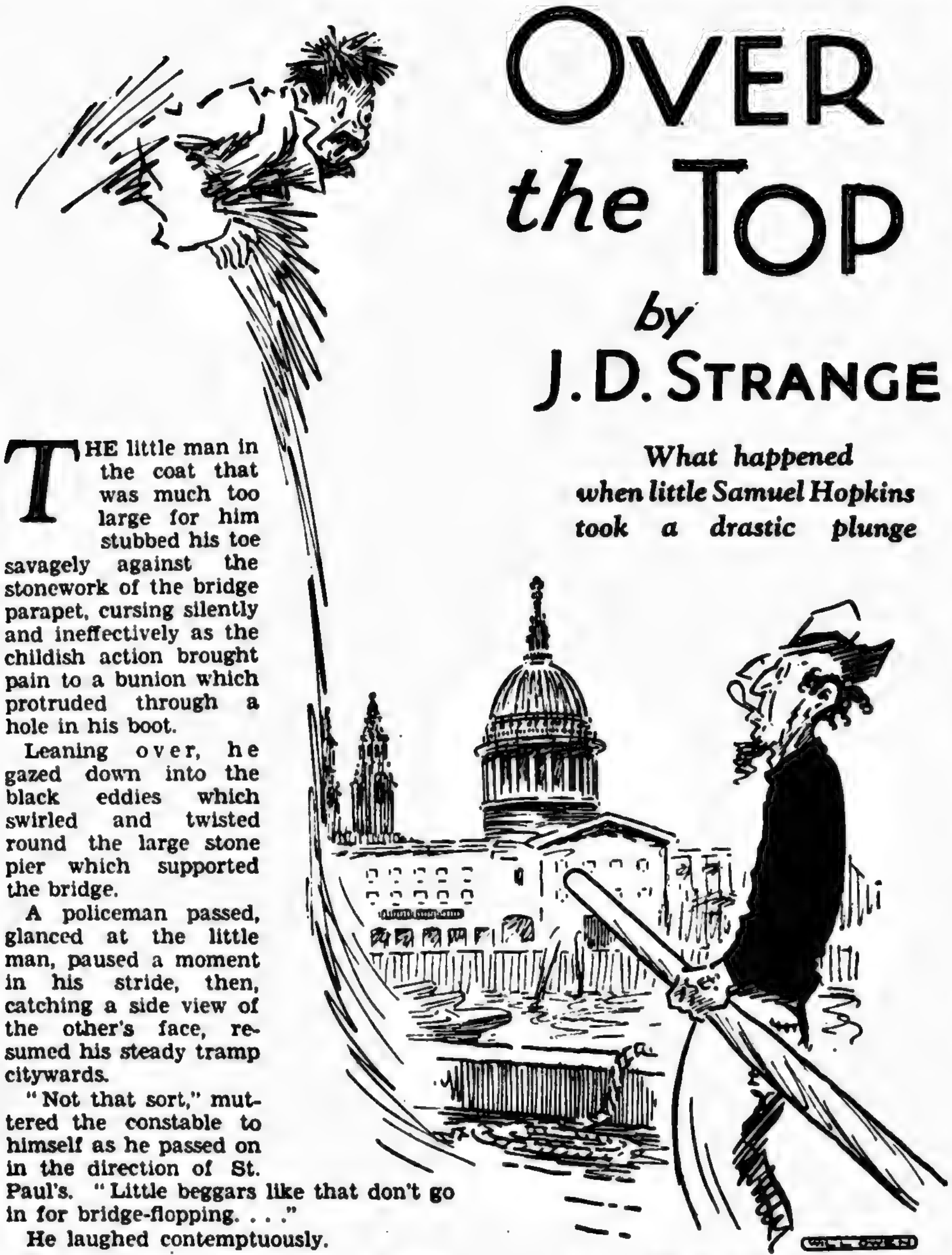
OVER *the* TOP

by J. D. STRANGE

What happened when little Samuel Hopkins took a drastic plunge



"Hi! . . . wot the 'ell d'you mean?"

THE little man in the coat that was much too large for him stubbed his toe savagely against the stonework of the bridge parapet, cursing silently and ineffectively as the childish action brought pain to a bunion which protruded through a hole in his boot.

Leaning over, he gazed down into the black eddies which swirled and twisted round the large stone pier which supported the bridge.

A policeman passed, glanced at the little man, paused a moment in his stride, then, catching a side view of the other's face, resumed his steady tramp citywards.

"Not that sort," muttered the constable to himself as he passed on in the direction of St. Paul's. "Little beggars like that don't go in for bridge-flopping. . . ."

He laughed contemptuously.

Behind him, Samuel Hopkins leaned against the stonework of the bridge and stared at the few early morning figures which were beginning to trickle over the bridge. His brow was sullen, his lips twitched uneasily.

At his back was something which frightened him, yet seemed to draw him with invisible strings. He longed to run away from it. Yet he had said, only an hour ago . . . what had he said to Mrs. Minnie Hopkins . . . ?

His thoughts flew off at a tangent. He was the unluckiest devil in the world. Everything seemed to go wrong with him. If he touched gold it would turn to lead. If his neighbour walked along the street, the said neighbour would pick up a ten-shilling note.

BUT if he, Samuel Hopkins, were to pick up a ten-shilling note (which was, of course, absurd) he would fall on a piece of banana skin and break his neck the next moment, before he could spend the money. He knew he would. Things happened that way. For him.

Single men got jobs—and kept them. Good pay. He, married, with five kids, got a job—and kept it—for five minutes. Something always happened.

Driving that lorry for Hester, the fruiterer—the darned horse had bolted, scared by a passing steam lorry, and had knocked down a lamp-post, two or three winkle stalls, and finished up wedged in an alley. Horse had to be shot . . . Sack!

FOUR weeks out . . . he had tried for another job hard enough, although the missus said he hadn't . . . and they had taken him on at the glazier's down the end of the street.

Samuel Hopkins snorted. Two days . . . steady, and he had slipped up whilst carrying five quid's worth of glass. Crangsh! . . . Same thing.

He had had a holy bust-up with Mrs. Minnie after that. Mrs. Minnie reckoned he was no good . . . he did it all a-purpose. Didn't like work. Samuel's eyes smarted. The injustice there was in the world.

Again this morning the missus had started. Pointing to the kids, she 'ad wanted to know "'oo the 'ell's goin' t' keep this lot, wiv a farver too lazy t' get out of 'is own light?"

'Course, she hadn't meant it. But hadn't she? What was the good of trying for another job? If he got one, he'd fall down and break his leg, or his neck, o something, before he'd been at it a fe days.

He'd do himself in. No trouble abou that, anyhow. Easiest thing in th world . . . for a chap like him. He ha struck an attitude, and told the missu what he'd do.

"Huh!" cackled Mrs. Minnie shrill "Yer ain't got the pluck ter do yerse in, Mr. 'Opkins!"

She'd dared him . . . had she! He' show 'em. He'd flung out of the hous a bitter snarl on his lips, and a heroic feeling in his heart. He'd show 'em!

* * *

Samuel Hopkins came to himself wi a start.

For two long seconds he peered dow into the rushing horrors below him. H could not swim. It would be over in moment. Under the Thames, chokin unable to breathe . . . ugh!

He shuddered, drew back, then, wi one despairing effort, heaved himself u wards, and stood poised above the abys swaying backwards and forwards, his ey closed tightly.

He could not do it! Minnie had sa he could, meaning he couldn't. He woul He'd show her! And he did. His co flapping wildly round his thin frame, h cast himself outwards and downwards.

Down . . . down . . . DOWN . . .

Ages, years, centuries . . . he was fal ing. His stomach rose up within hi . . . falling . . . falling. Dead . . . dea . . . dead . . . choking!

"THUMP!" He was amongst somethin soft . . . something yieldin Hay! He opened his eyes hurriedl Back there, slowly receding, was th bridge from which he had just leapt.

He looked around him. He was movin Then . . . He sat up and wiped the swea from his forehead. He was alive. As h had jumped, a hay barge had passed unde the bridge.

He was not even bruised. He ought t have been disappointed. Samuel Hopkin was vastly relieved.

"Hi! . . . wot the 'ell d'you mea jumping down on my barge like that?"

A voice bawled at Samuel from th stern of the barge. Samuel's though worked with great rapidity. He scrambl to his feet and stumbled aft.

"Looking fer a job, mate," he said t the man at the helm with an ingratiatin smile. "Got anything?"

The fellow stared at Samuel for moment, then nodded.

"Funny way of looking for job," h commented, spitting over the side. "M 'elp fell off the hatch yesterday a smashed 'is arm. You kin take 'is plac If you kin jump orf bridges like that yo ain't going to fall off no hatch like Bi You'll suit me fine."

* * *

MRS. MINNIE 'OPKINS watche her husband enter, her eyes co and forbidding.

"Well?" she insinuated.

"I got a job," said Mr. 'Opkins with certain aplomb, "'elping on a barge."

Mrs. Minnie's attitude relaxed.

"'Ow did you get it?" she aske pleasantly.

Mr. 'Opkins strode over to the table an patted Mary, his eldest daughter, on th cheek with a fatherly gesture.

"'Ow? . . . Jes' fell into it," he sa casually over one shoulder.

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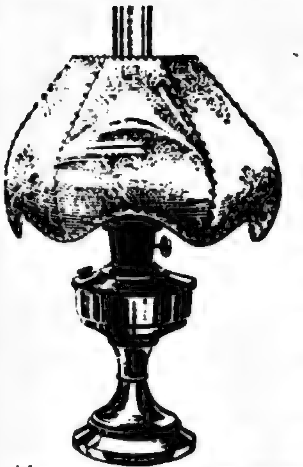

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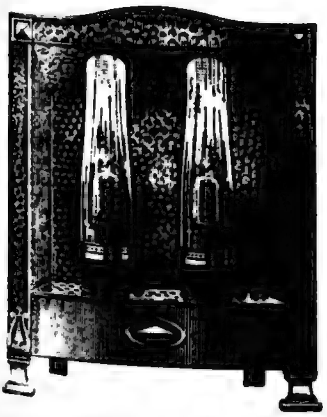

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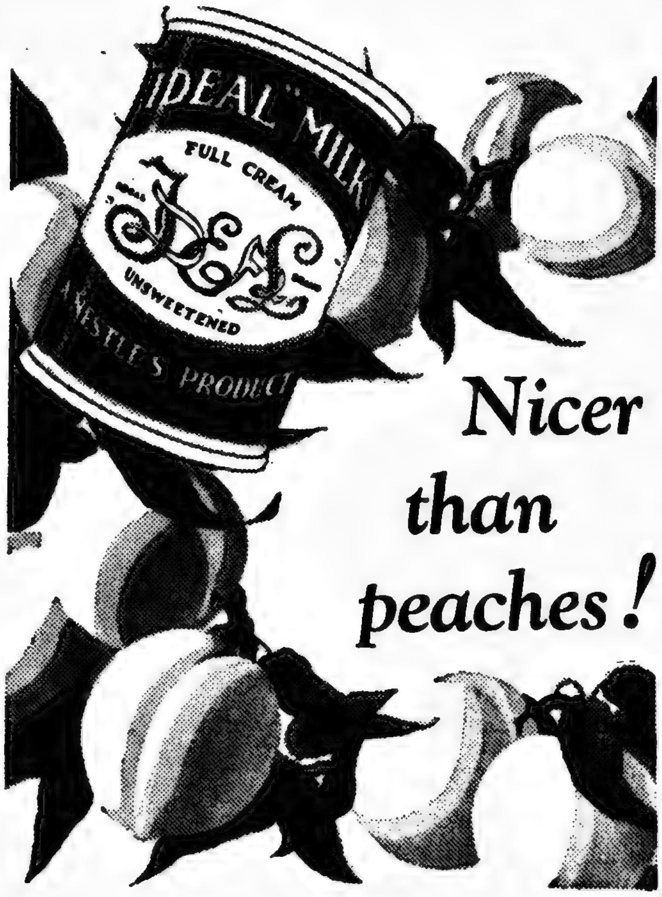

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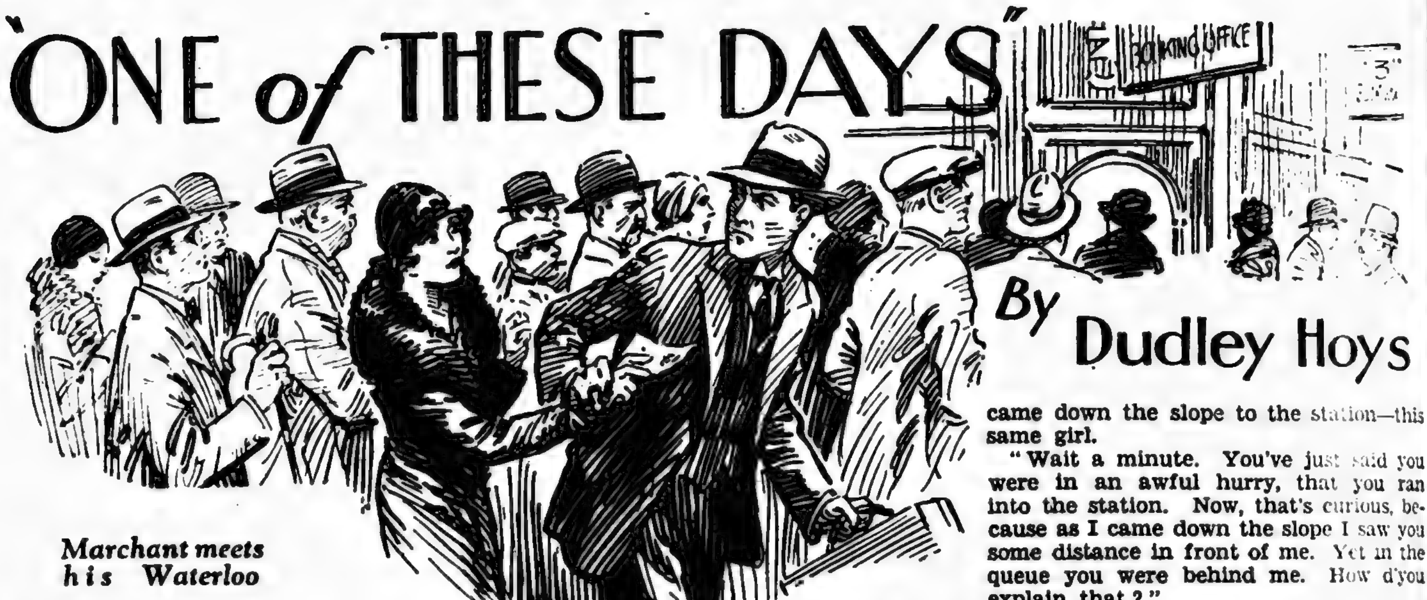

By Dudley Hoys

Marchant meets his Waterloo

He dived his free hand behind his back and caught a slender wrist

MARCHANT had just ten minutes to catch the 1.34, and the queue at the ticket office resembled a battalion in column of route.

In his bigness of body and obstinacy of jaw, he might have made himself a place further up the queue, but his favourite motto was: "Right is Right." Also he had a certain good-humoured if rather pompous outlook on the subject of justice.

He was not more than ten yards from the Holy Grille when he felt something brush against his hip-pocket. There he kept his money—a silly habit, about which his friends had warned him.

"One of these days . . ." they would say.

Immediately it struck him that this *was* one of these days. He could not turn. Human pressure was too persistent. So he dived his free hand behind his back and caught a slender wrist.

He craned his head over his shoulder and found he had captured not a furtive nonentity, but an extremely pretty girl with fair hair peeping out under her small hat, and wide blue eyes. In her imprisoned fingers was a pound note.

Had she been plain, he would have given her in charge then and there. He hated himself for being influenced by prettiness. Right was Right. But her eyes persuaded him to ignore the fact.

GENTLY and powerfully he pulled her clear of the queue, and nobody took any notice, since train-catching there on a Saturday has to be a single-minded pursuit.

He dumped his bag, foraged in his pocket, and produced two pound notes.

"I had three a couple of minutes ago. I catch you fumbling at my pocket—with a pound note in your hand. It's no use trying to bluff."

She drew herself up, and he noticed the smart cut of her costume and the attractiveness of her features.

"Bluff? Don't be ridiculous! I was simply standing there behind you in the queue, with a pound note in my hand, ready for my fare. There was such a crush, I couldn't help touching you. That's all. It's *my* note. Can you tell me the number of it?"

"Of course I can't."

"Well, I can!—J 72 779887."

He smiled wisely, and shook his head. "You've just been looking at it. Now, I don't want to be hard, but——"

"You're being soft," she said, her lip curling. "It's my note, and that's that. If *you've* lost one, then I suppose your pocket's been picked, but as for daring to accuse me——"

Marchant pondered weightily. If he had made a mistake, the consequences would be unpleasant.

HER manner was icy. "My husband will have something to say about this."

"Your husband? H'm." He wondered if she alluded to some man who worked with her. These pickpockets often operated in pairs.

"Yes, my husband. You needn't sneer. He was to meet me——and here he is!" she said, with sudden triumph.

Strolling along, a vague agitation about him, came a middle-aged man.

He wore rimless glasses, and carried an umbrella. His respectability was even more obvious than that of a Sunday-school prize for good conduct.

Marchant looked at him and thought: "Oh, heavens! I've put my foot in it."

"Jack!" called the girl, "this person has accused me of picking his pocket. Did you ever hear anything so ridiculous?"

"I'm sorry," began Marchant lamely, "but the circumstances were so suspicious."

"Nonsense!" The girl tossed her head, and the buckle on her hat gleamed. It was a queer-shaped buckle, of cut steel, and something about it made Marchant forget his awkward position and grope with memory. He had seen it before.

"NONSENSE!" she repeated. "You see, Jack, I was in an awful hurry. I ran into the station with a pound note in my hand, ready for the fare. . . ." She told her story.

"Really, sir!" said "Jack," "really, sir, you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

And a couple of seconds earlier Marchant would have accepted the rebuke meekly enough. But he had abruptly recalled where he had seen that buckle—shining on the hat of a girl in a neat costume, a girl who had been *in front* of him, thirty yards in front of him when he came down the slope to the station—this same girl.

"Wait a minute. You've just said you were in an awful hurry, that you ran into the station. Now, that's curious, because as I came down the slope I saw you some distance in front of me. Yet in the queue you were behind me. How d'you explain that?"

The girl's eyes flickered. "Oh!—of course. I stopped to get some cigarettes. That little kiosk. The man was slow. That's why."

"Are you satisfied now, sir?" demanded "Jack," with meek austerity.

Marchant took a long shot.

"May I see the cigarettes you bought?"

"I won't put up with this insolence!" said the girl.

"May I see those cigarettes?" repeated Marchant.

"Jack" said nothing. The girl made an angry, impatient sound, and opened her bag. She fumbled and fumbled and fumbled.

"I must have lost them," she gasped.

"Oh, ye-es?"

"Really, sir, really!" blustered "Jack," "there must be a mistake somewhere."

"There is," said Marchant grimly. "The mistake was yours, in attempting a bluff that wouldn't work. You'll come along with me to the station-master's office."

THEY walked in silence, until the girl gave a little cry of delight.

"Why, here they are!" She drew her hand from her bag and held up a packet of twenty *Silverflake*.

Marchant turned sick and cold.

There was scornful victory in the girl's eyes.

"Well, are you satisfied now?"

"I—I'm most awfully sorry!"

"Really, sir, really! You certainly ought to be."

"I'm abjectly sorry. But you must admit that the circumstances——"

The girl turned her back on him. "Come on, Jack. As we've an hour to wait for the next train, we may as well have a cup of tea. I'd like to wash the taste of this person out of my mouth."

She gave Marchant one final, cutting glance, and they walked off.

"Phew!" He plumped down on a seat and blew out a long breath. That had been nasty, distinctly nasty. Couldn't blame the girl, of course.

He had some time to wait for his next train. Leaning back on the seat, he felt in his pocket. He was craving for a smoke.

Funny . . . Funny. He'd only just bought a fresh packet on the way to Liverpool Street, a packet of the ever-popular *Silverflake*.

Then realisation dawned, and he swore.

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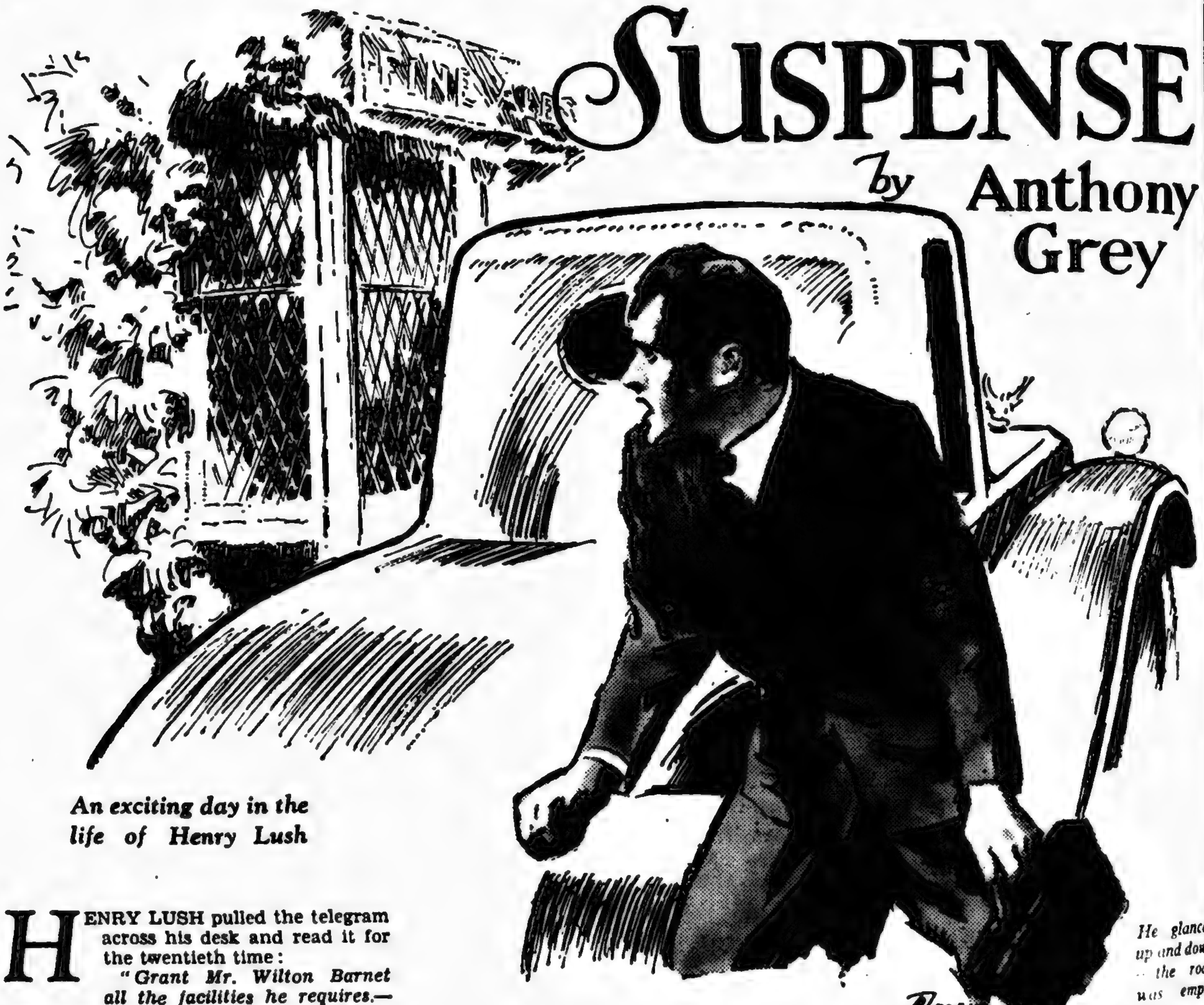
SUSPENSE

by Anthony Grey



He glanced up and down — the road was empty

An exciting day in the life of Henry Lush

HENRY LUSH pulled the telegram across his desk and read it for the twentieth time:

"*Grant Mr. Wilton Barnet all the facilities he requires.—Cassington.*"

Henry Lush stroked his temples and sighed. Already his eyes were tired with staring at the little pink slip, and his brain was tired with thinking of its possibilities.

What facilities could Mr. Wilton Barnet require here at the Hall? Facilities for what, anyway? And who was Mr. Wilton Barnet? And . . . And . . . And . . .

Henry Lush wished his heart would not beat quite so quickly. He opened a drawer in his desk, glanced inside, closed it quickly. He stared at the clock and cursed the slowness of its tick, inwardly raved at time for passing so slowly. Two hours since the telegram had been received, and not yet had anything happened.

"Half-past twelve. Well . . ."

Lush stirred uneasily in his seat, and then suddenly sat upright, still and tense. Into the room came Charles, the butler.

"WELL, Charles, what is it?" Lush demanded irritably.

"Mr. Wilton Barnet to see you, sir."

"Oh! And what does he want?"

"He does not say, sir."

Lush bit his lip.

"All right. Show him in."

Charles went out and the door closed. In a fraction of a second Henry Lush opened again the drawer in his desk, grabbed a revolver and clumsily thrust it into his pocket. Then he sat back breathlessly waiting until Charles reappeared with a middle-aged stranger.

"Mr. Wilton Barnet," said Charles, and withdrew.

Mr. Wilton Barnet had cold and unsettling eyes. Lush covered his inability to look at them for long by rising, pushing back his chair and dragging another forward.

"How do you do? Do sit down."

"You are Lord Cassington's secretary?" asked Mr. Wilton Barnet.

"That's right."

MR. WILTON BARNET slowly seated himself.

"You cannot, of course, have been expecting me."

"In a way," said Henry Lush. "Lord Cassington sent me a telegram."

He pushed the telegram across the desk and Wilton Barnet read it and returned it.

"It doesn't say much," he said softly. "The fact of the matter is I am—er—going to be your assistant for a little while."

"My assistant?" Henry Lush attempted a laugh that didn't quite come off. "But my time isn't half occupied as it is. Why should Lord Cassington think I required assistance?"

"Lord Cassington gave me orders, not reasons," said Mr. Wilton Barnet.

"I see. . . ."

Mr. Wilton Barnet's cold and unsettling eyes stared into those of Henry Lush. For a moment Henry Lush stared back, then he felt compelled to glance down at the blotting pad on his desk and fumble with a pen.

"Lord Cassington's word is, of course, law," he said.

To which Mr. Wilton Barnet did not respond. And Henry Lush tried again.

"Why, if you are to be—er—merely my assistant, must I grant you all the facilities you require?" He pointed to the telegram. "I don't quite understand"

Mr. Wilton Barnet nodded and half-closed his eye.

"Our duties, I imagine, will not clash. The ordinary secretarial work will not be my province. Lord Cassington wishes me to catalogue his collection of jewels and gems."

LUSH, silent, glanced at his finger-tips.

"You are to hand over to me all the necessary keys," went on Mr. Wilton Barnet, "and to let me meet all the members of the staff."

"Queer!" muttered Lush.

"Queer?"

"From the way you put it, Lord Cassington might—might almost——"

(*Continued on page 54.*)

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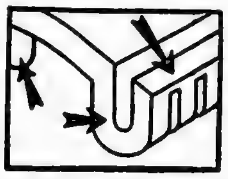

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SUSPENSE

(*Continued from page* 52.)

Henry Lush left it unsaid, and lit a cigarette.

"I mean," he added hastily, "if you've come to catalogue the collection, how is meeting the staff going to help you?"

"Lord Cassington did not say," replied Mr. Wilton Barnet. "He merely gave me my instructions."

"I see," said Henry Lush. And then, after a pause: "You won't be starting your duties before lunch, I take it?"

"I might," said Mr. Wilton Barnet.

"I see," said Henry Lush once again. "Will—will you want me?"

"I might," said Mr. Wilton Barnet.

"I'd better get the keys." Henry Lush rose. "The cases are in the next room, and behind these bookshelves here. It will take you some hours to go over the collection, even roughly. I—er—I—er . . . I'd better get the keys."

HE walked to the door.

"I have a certain amount of work to do before lunch. I must ask you to excuse me. I'll send Charles with the keys."

"Charles?"

"The butler."

"Better bring them yourself," said Mr. Wilton Barnet.

Henry Lush walked slowly back to the desk.

"You know—you know——" he attempted, and stopped short.

"Well?"

Henry Lush laughed timidly.

"Of course, it's just foolish imagination on my part, but—but from the way you put it, it's almost as though Lord Cassington might—might be suspecting one of the servants of—of something . . ."

FROM his low chair Mr. Wilton Barnet stared up with raised eyebrows.

"I beg your pardon?" he said.

"I'll get the keys," said Lush abruptly, and turned on his heel.

Lunch was a dreary affair. Mr. Wilton Barnet ate much and slowly, answered questions after a fashion but asked none, leaving the going to Henry Lush. Lord Cassington's secretary seemed to have little appetite, but a great desire for knowledge.

"You—er—you've started on the job?" he enquired.

"Yes," said Mr. Wilton Barnet.

"Everything all right?"

"Why not?" said Mr. Wilton Barnet.

"Quite!" said Henry Lush.

Leaving a piece of cheese almost untouched on his plate, Henry Lush risked a glance at his quiet assistant.

"You must have thought me rather—rather odd, before lunch."

"Odd?" said Mr. Wilton Barnet.

"As a matter of fact, I—I got the idea you might be a detective."

"Indeed?"

"Lord Cassington has often hinted that it might be wiser to have an—experienced man, here on the spot—with so many valuable things in the place. And, of course, I wondered . . ."

"I see," said Mr. Wilton Barnet.

The conversation dwindled. Henry Lush bit his lip and stared out of the window, and hated the sight of the coffee when it came. He took the first opportunity to leave Mr. Wilton Barnet to his own silent company.

"You—you won't want me this afternoon?" he ventured.

"No," said Mr. Wilton Barnet.

"I have to go down to the village."

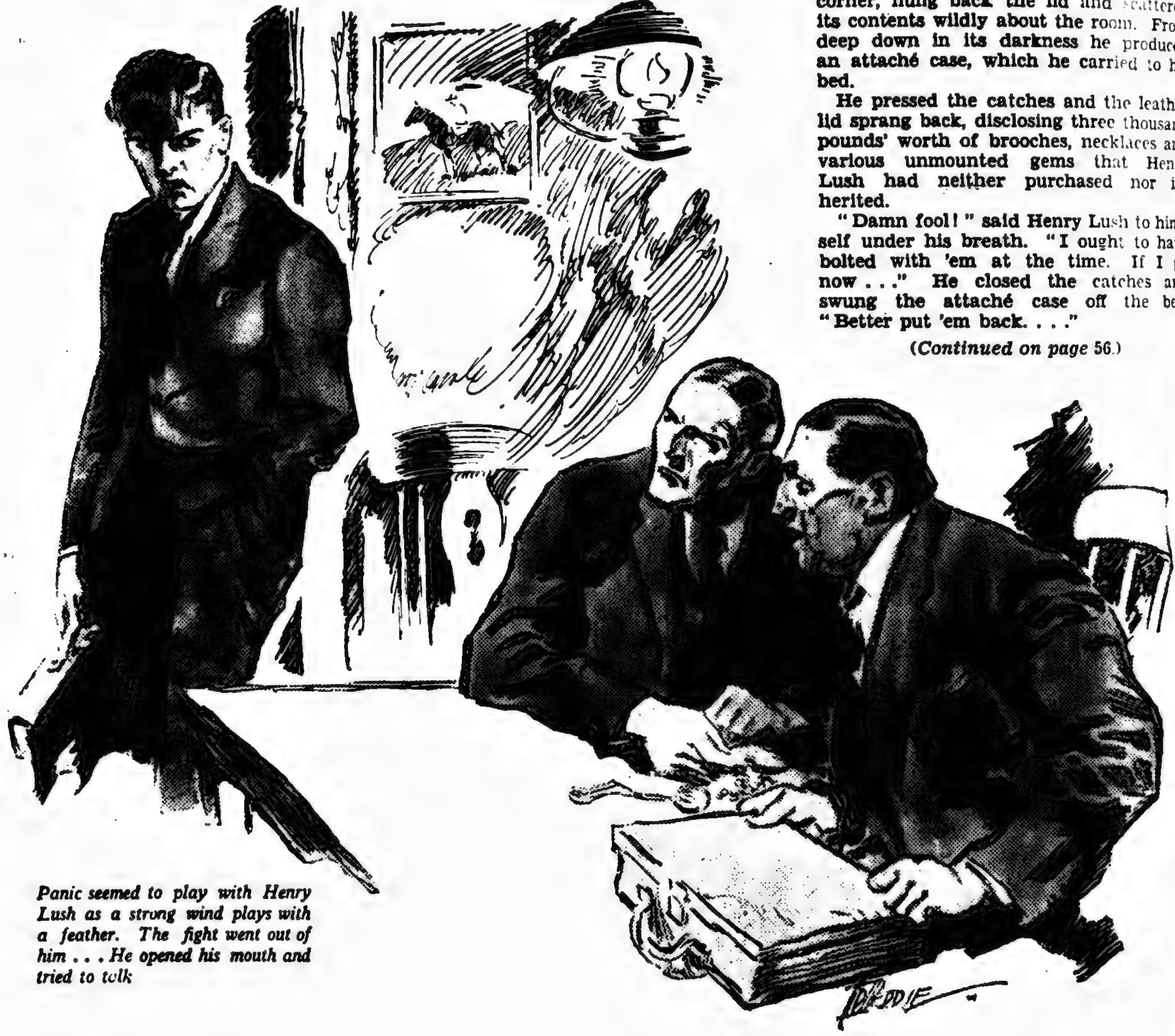
MR. WILTON BARNET nodded but said nothing, and somehow Henry Lush managed to get out of the room and upstairs quickly to his bedroom.

He dragged a travelling trunk from its corner, flung back the lid and scattered its contents wildly about the room. From deep down in its darkness he produced an attaché case, which he carried to his bed.

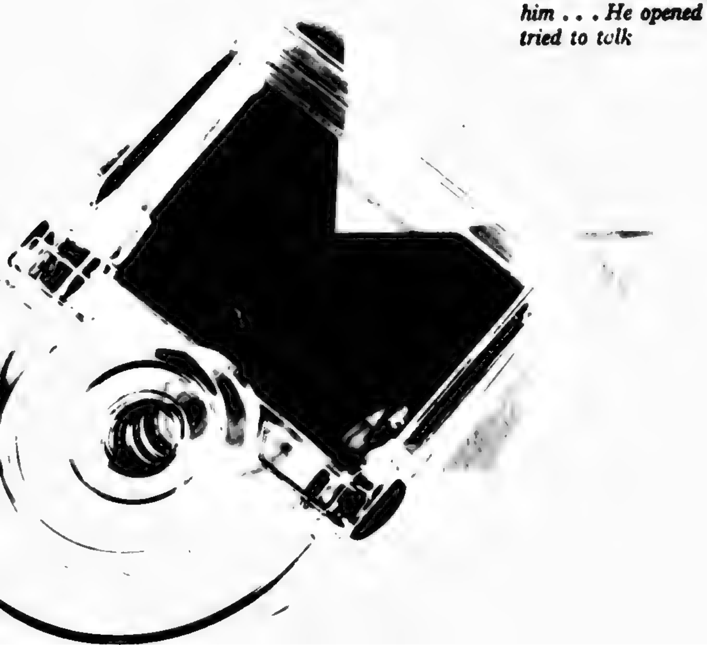
He pressed the catches and the leather lid sprang back, disclosing three thousand pounds' worth of brooches, necklaces and various unmounted gems that Henry Lush had neither purchased nor inherited.

"Damn fool!" said Henry Lush to himself under his breath. "I ought to have bolted with 'em at the time. If I go now . . ." He closed the catches and swung the attaché case off the bed. "Better put 'em back. . . ."

(*Continued on page* 56.)



Panic seemed to play with Henry Lush as a strong wind plays with a feather. The fight went out of him . . . He opened his mouth and tried to talk



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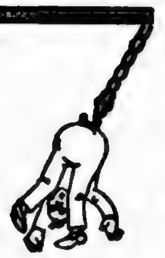

'HI-JOE!'

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If you are in Poor Health you are probably suffering from SELF-POISONING due to Unsuspected Constipation.

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SICKNESS
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YELLOWISH COMPLEXION
PALENESS
LISTLESSNESS
LOW SPIRITS
PALPITATION
BAD SKIN

BREAKDOWN

ONE CAUSE-But Many Ills-

ONE REMEDY-

(Sold Everywhere)

Beecham's PILLS

Worth a Guinea a Box

SUSPENSE

(*Continued from page 54.*)

He opened the door softly and looked out along the landing. The upper floor was silent and empty. He crept downstairs and across the hall. Swiftly along a corridor to the door of the library. Turned the knob, opened the door an inch, and then stood motionless, listening. . . .

"You have been here seven years, Charles, as Lord Cassington's butler. During that time you must have become fairly familiar with this collection. I want you to look at this case. Would you say, at a casual glance, that the contents have been tampered with?"

A PAUSE, then Charles's voice came slowly:

"No. Not without going into details, as it were. No."

"I see." The languid tones of Mr. Wilton Barnet became suddenly crisp. "Lord Cassington's secretary told me he was going down to the village. You might find out if he's gone. If not——"

In panic Henry Lush closed the door and retreated along the corridor. For a moment he played with the idea of taking refuge in his own bedroom, as a rat may find the interior of a trap cosy and inviting.

Then common-sense reasserted itself, and he fled through the great front door to the sandy drive. That he was without a hat did not dawn on him till he was half-way to the gates. The day was hot and sunny, and the absence of his hat not remarkable in the circumstances.

When night fell, of course, it would be different. His first problem then would be to buy a hat. His first problem—and the first clue he would leave behind. . . .

At the gates he turned and looked back at the old house. From the windows of the library a pair of cold and unsettling eyes were watching him. The eyes of Mr. Wilton Barnet. . . .

Henry Lush hurried down the road as quickly as was possible without attracting attention. A quarter of a mile from the village was a seat under a tree. On this he sat to think out a plan.

THERE was a train to London in half an hour. . . . But news travels quicker than trains, and a ghastly vision of waiting men in plain clothes at King's Cross rose up before his eyes.

A motor coach? Many motor coaches, doing the journey in laps? But ten times as dangerous as a train journey, in these days of radio, with its detailed description sent into a million homes in a flash. Then how?

A motor car came snorting along the road, and Henry Lush shrank back into the bushes to escape detection. The car passed, and came to rest at the side of a tavern on the outskirts of the village.

Henry Lush crept out from the cover of the bushes and walked thoughtfully towards it.

It bore the index letters "UF." In his pocket was a small diary, with a list of the index letters of motor cars. He looked up "UF."

"Brighton. . . . Brighton!" He stroked his cheek. The car was a closed coupé with a spacious dickey seat.

And on that dickey seat he kept his eye as he walked towards the tavern. "Brighton. . . . With cheap trips to Dieppe every Thursday—and no passports. And to-day's Wednesday. . . ."

He came to the side of the car and stopped. It had been pulled up just short of the tavern. The tavern's windows did not overlook it. He glanced up and down. The road was empty. He hesitated no longer.

When, ten minutes later, the car drove away from the tavern, the driver did not know that uncomfortably curled up under the lid of the dickey seat was Henry Lush, one-time secretary to Lord Cassington. With three thousand pounds' worth of jewellery that he had neither purchased nor inherited.

MILE succeeded mile on twisting highways. Cramp attacked Henry Lush, attacked him and won. Under the lid of the dickey seat it was dark and stuffy and not too clean. The car was not new and the rattle of the engine at times was almost unendurable.

For three hours Henry Lush was tossed about, then the noise and the jolting ceased.

He let two minutes pass, then raised the dickey seat lid and risked a glance. The car had stopped outside a small teashop. He glanced at his watch.

Twenty-five minutes to six, and the sky was still light. Where they were he ha no means of guessing. He closed the li and waited.

After ten minutes or so there came th sound of muffled voices and the ca swayed as driver and passenger climbe aboard. The engine started, and Henr Lush's agony commenced again.

"The next time it stops—if it's dark— I get out . . ." he said almost aloud.

TWO hours later noise and motion ceased again. He waited until h judged the coast might be clea then he raised the lid of his tiny retrea and again peeped out. All was quiet an now the sky was dark.

A warm glow came from somewher near. He turned his head and saw th corner of an inn window with red blinds

For a full minute he remained thus with the lid of the dickey seat raised a inch. Then he risked all, gripped hi attaché case and climbed out.

He found himself in a village stree empty and—after the dickey seat—col What was more, he knew the village, small place not ten miles from Brighton He walked as far as the door of the in and stood thinking.

To walk the rest of the distance would be easy—after he had had food and drink But food and drink he must have.

SEVEN hours had gone by since lunch and the journey in the dickey sea had been weakening. Nobody kne him in this part of the world. He was saf

And without another thought he pushe open a door with the cheerful word PRIVATE PARLOUR upon its glass panel an walked into a small and inviting room with a large fire, an oil lamp, and tw men sitting at a low table.

Mr. Wilton Barnet and Charles, th butler. . . .

Panic seemed to play with Henr Lush as a strong wind plays with feather. The fight went out of hi and frank confession seemed th easiest way in his weakness. H opened his mouth and tried to talk.

"Those stolen jewels. . . . Lor Cassington's collection. . . ."

Something hit him on the ear an he tumbled across a chair. The do opened and closed violently, and h heard a car start. On the table wa an attaché case, larger than the on he held in his hand.

AS in a dream he pulled it to wards him and found it wa heavier. He opened it, an blinked at the contents.

Six thousand pounds' worth o jewellery that neither Mr. Wilto Barnet nor Charles had purchase nor inherited. . . .

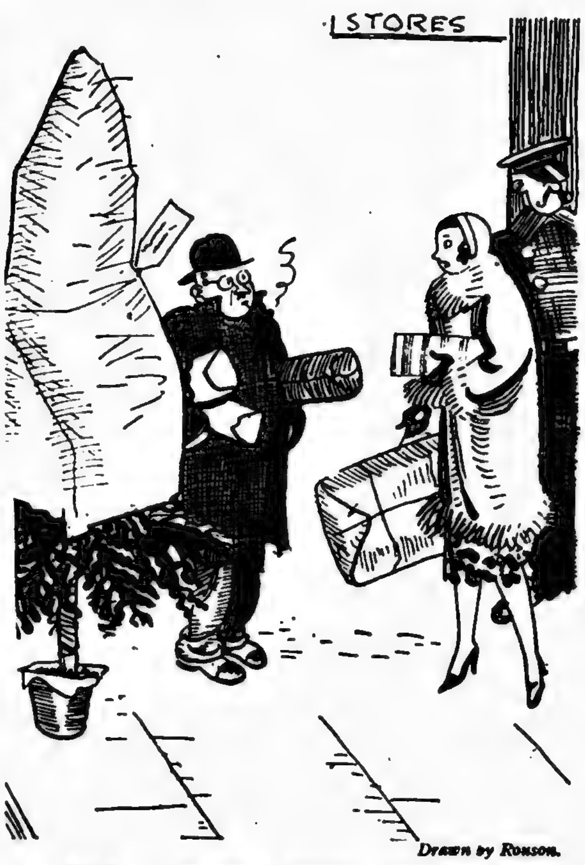
He closed the case quickly as th door opened and the landlord peepe in.

"Yes, sir?"

"Whisky—a double," said Henr Lush.

"Yes, sir. Water or a splash?"

"Neat!" said Henry Lush.



Drawn by Rouson.

WIFE: "On second thoughts, Henry, don't you think that Christmas tree rather large?"

HUSBAND: (Wearily) "Well, it's grown somewhat while I've been waiting for you, dear!"

* * *

Not Missed!

A SPRIG of mistletoe hung in the
landing,
And the light was not very good:
But the fact that there was a *Mis*
under standing,
By me, was not *misunderstood.*

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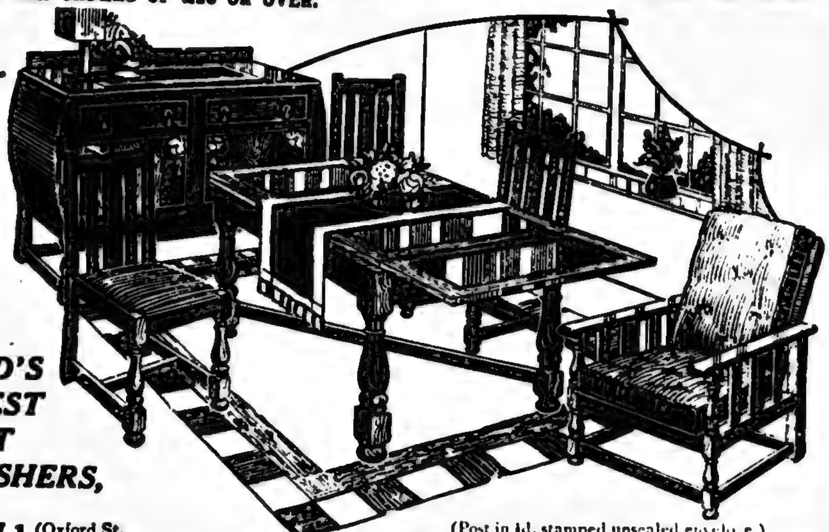

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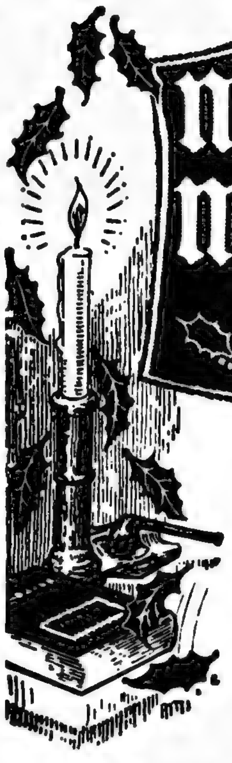

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Ask your Grocer for the ½-lb., 1-lb. and 3-lb. tins, containing famous Mazawattee blends at 2/4, 2/6, 2/8, 3/- and upwards per lb.

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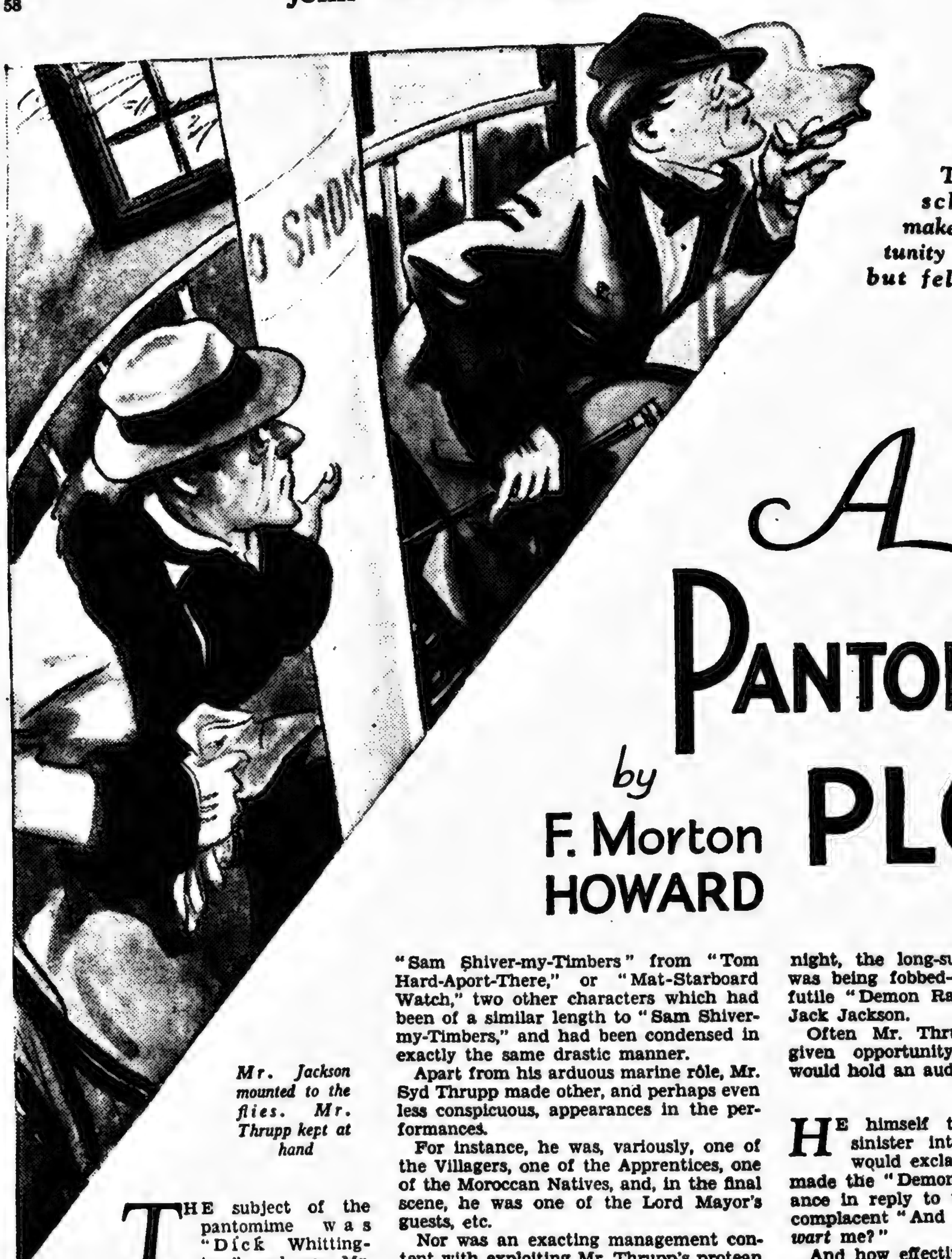


Mr. Syd Thrupp schemed to make an opportunity for himself but fell heavily

Mr. Jackson mounted to the flies. Mr. Thrupp kept at hand

A PANTOMIME PLOT

by
F. Morton
HOWARD

THE subject of the pantomime was "Dick Whittington," and one Mr. Syd Thrupp was of the cast, though, if you didn't read your programme very carefully, you probably missed his name and landed among the cigarette-suppliers and electricians.

On the programme, Mr. Syd Thrupp was indicated as being entrusted with the part of "Sam Shiver-my-Timbers," the author of the pantomime having a pretty and inventive wit in nomenclature.

Originally, the part of "Sam Shiver-my-Timbers" had consisted of five words, spoken in bulk, during the wreck scene in the second act. Thus, in the script:

Sam S.M.T.: Don't the water look wet?

For one reason or another, that immortal line was cut out at the very first rehearsal. So that it was difficult for the inquisitive pantomime-goer to distinguish "Sam Shiver-my-Timbers" from "Tom Hard-Aport-There," or "Mat-Starboard Watch," two other characters which had been of a similar length to "Sam Shiver-my-Timbers," and had been condensed in exactly the same drastic manner.

Apart from his arduous marine rôle, Mr. Syd Thrupp made other, and perhaps even less conspicuous, appearances in the performances.

For instance, he was, variously, one of the Villagers, one of the Apprentices, one of the Moroccan Natives, and, in the final scene, he was one of the Lord Mayor's guests, etc.

Nor was an exacting management content with exploiting Mr. Thrupp's protean talents thus far alone. He was also an understudy.

It was the "Demon Rat," Mr. Jack Jackson, whom Mr. Thrupp was appointed to understudy.

FAITHFULLY, even eagerly, Mr. Thrupp committed to his memory the rôle of the "Demon Rat." Ardently he longed for the opportunity of giving the world *his* conception of a "Demon Rat" to marvel at.

But, with a monotony that Mr. Thrupp found singularly exasperating, no untoward happening ever occurred to prevent Mr. Jack Jackson from appearing as the "Demon Rat."

Mr. Thrupp was profoundly sorry for the great British public. Night after night, the long-suffering local populac was being fobbed-off with the pitifull futile "Demon Rat" as enacted by Mr Jack Jackson.

Often Mr. Thrupp dreamed of how given opportunity, his "Demon Rat would hold an audience spell-bound.

HE himself thrilled at the sheer sinister intensity with which h would exclaim, "*I* will!" when h made the "Demon Rat's" initial appearance in reply to the Fairy Queen's self-complacent "And *wheu* will dare to *ther wart* me?"

And how effective Mr. Thrupp resolve he would make the climax of that scen if ever he had the chance to play it!

His lip curled scornfully when h thought of how Jack Jackson handled tha bit of business. A nice chap, Jack Jackson, to some extent, but he never mad the most of that exit.

The stage directions instructed that th "Demon Rat" was to rush to the window in the back-cloth, and take a running div through it. Distinctly a dramatic dis appearance, especially if the two stage-hands, in attendance to catch the "Demon Rat" on the other side of the window contrived to keep their intervention from view of the audience.

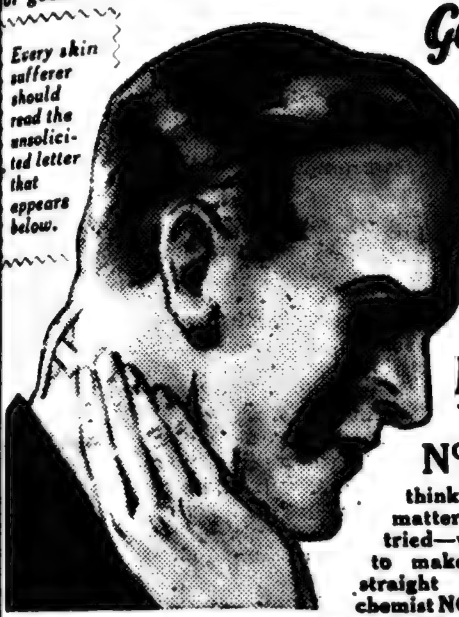
But Jack Jackson was tame [illegible] that exit Mr. Thrupp was quite pained that an

(Continued on page [illegible]

SKIN Sufferers!
—Here's the Best Piece of NEWS for YEARS!

HERE'S the most important piece of NEWS for you in this paper! To *all* who suffer from relentless PAIN and ITCHING—from unsightly RASH or SORES—from stubborn ULCERS or BAD LEGS—from BLEMISHED COMPLEXIONS that shame you in public—from ANY sort of Skin Trouble; there is a definite promise of *real relief, to-day*; now and for good!

Every skin sufferer should read the unsolicited letter that appears below.



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"Oh! that Corn!"

Drop a little 'Freezone' Corn Remover on that aching corn—*instantly it stops hurting*, then shortly you lift it right off with your fingers! Doesn't hurt one bit! Your chemist sells 'Freezone' Corn Remover at 1/3 a bottle, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, corn between the toes or callous, quickly and painlessly. (3 'Freezone' Corn Rings free in every package.)

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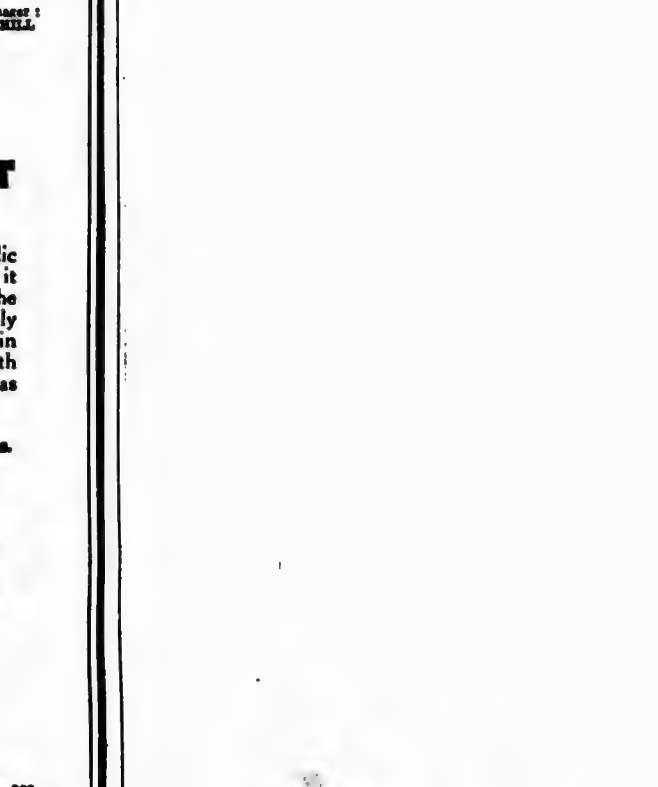
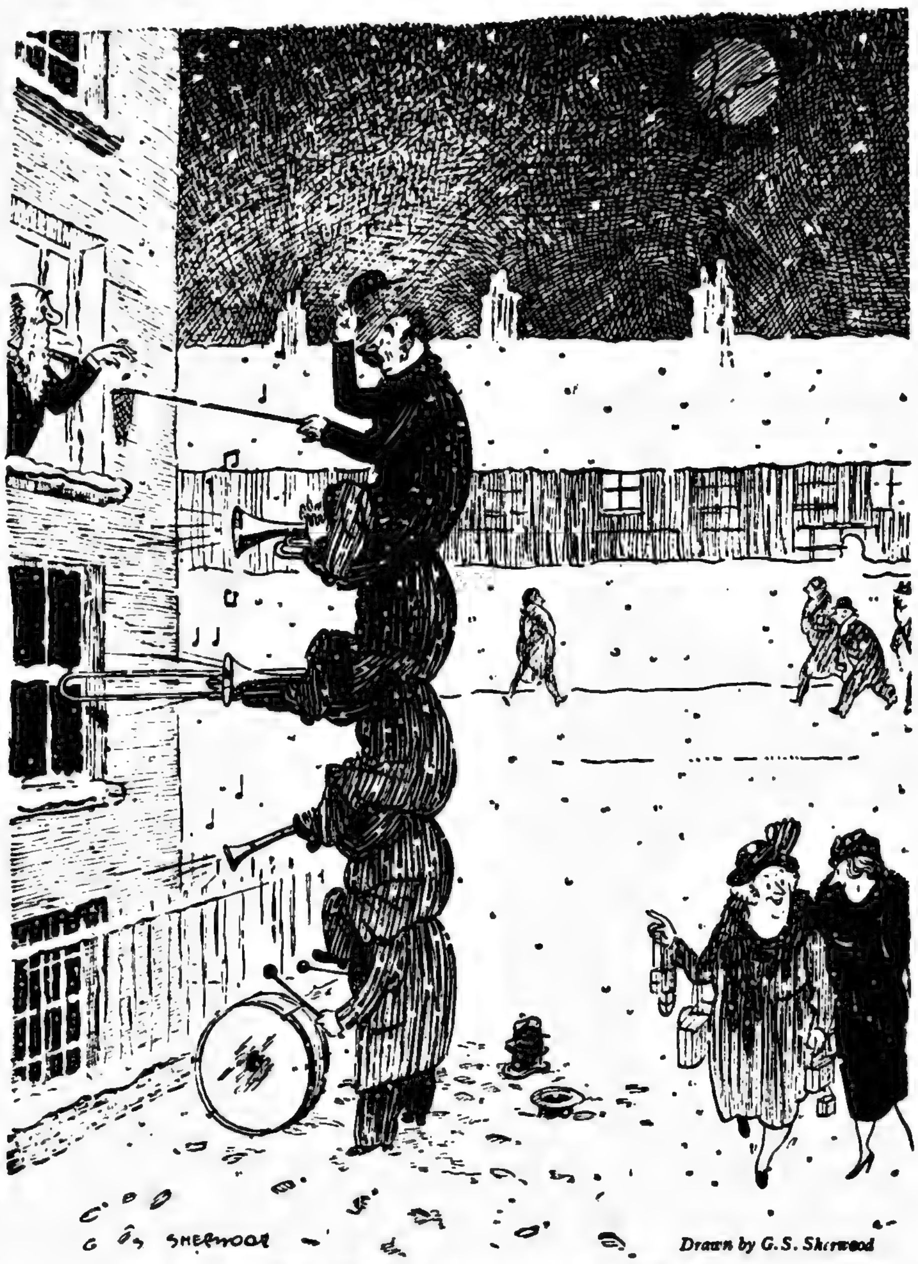
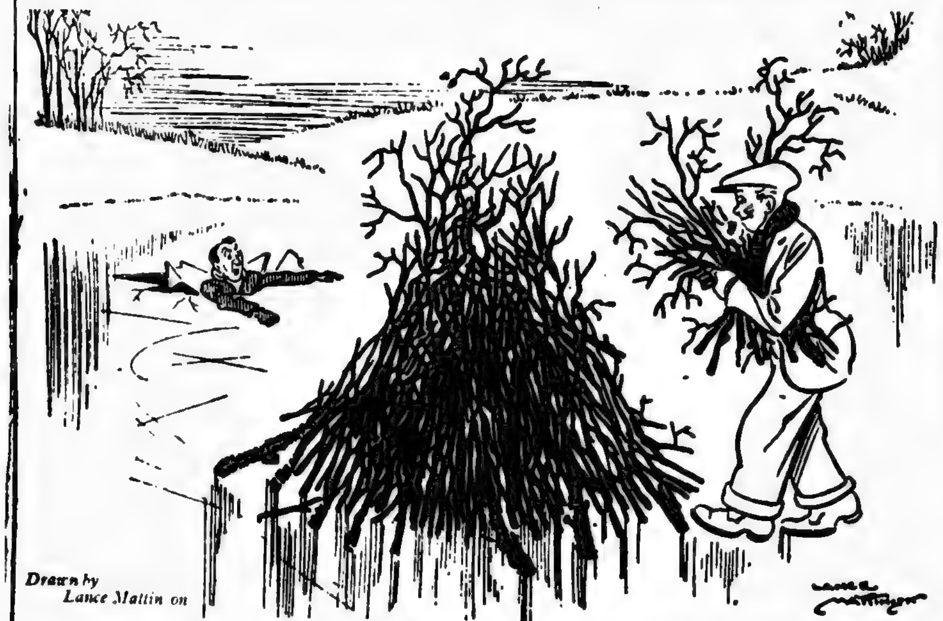




Drawn by G.S. Sherwood

If you are a flat-dweller, look out for Percy Piccolo's Pickaback Waits!



Drawn by Lance Mattin on

HELPFUL PERSON: "All right, all right! I'm going to light a fire to thaw the ice, and then you can swim ashore."

A PANTOMIME PLOT

(*Continued from page 58.*)

public performance could be so lack
in spirit.

If ever an audience should have the lu
to behold Mr. Thrupp in the rôle of th
"Demon Rat," their blood should
curdled by the reckless abandon wi
which, to the accompaniment of
demoniac laugh, he would dive throug
that window.

But nothing went on happening to M
Jack Jackson, and Mr. Syd Thrupp's sym
pathy with the poor British public becam
more and more exigent.

At last, Destiny would be denied
longer, and Mr. Thrupp obtained the o
portunity for which his soul had bee
thirsting.

By some inadvertence, Mr. Jack Jacks
came early to the theatre, one evening.

So, too, for that matter, did Mr. Thrup
This was not due to mere coincidence, b
to the fact that, for some weeks past, M
Thrupp had, whenever possible, taken
stalking Mr. Jackson through the stree
so as to be ready to tear off to inform th
management should any traffic misha
overtake Mr. Jackson.

BY way of filling time, on this partic
lar evening, Mr. Jackson fell to ex
ploring the dim regions behind th
scenes.

He wandered about the dusty, littere
spaces beneath the stage. So did M
Thrupp. Mr. Jackson mounted to th
"flies." Mr. Thrupp kept at hand.

Mr. Jackson peeped about the region
immediately above the stage, and at la
mounted to the deserted, remote territor
that lay right under the roof.

Stealthily Mr. Thrupp tracked his ma

Mr. Jackson's curiosity led him into
small, bare attic of a place, in a far corne
at the end of a long, dreary passage.

Mr. Thrupp, creeping along stealthil
managed to shut the door of that roo
unperceived by Mr. Jackson. Mr. Thrup
locked the door, closed the door of th
passage, and, with a pleasant feeling th
he was striving nobly in the cause of a
returned to the distant stage, below.

When the curtain rose on the perform
ance that evening, Mr. Syd Thrupp,
the attire of the "Demon Rat," was wai
ing in the wings to establish his fame,
a single night.

Duly he appeared to say "*I* will!" voi
ing it with such malignant intensity th
an awed voice in the gallery was impelle
to remark "Oo-er!" in tones of th
greatest surprise.

In due course arrived the moment
the first dramatic exit—that dive wi
which he hoped, literally, to leap in
fame.

With a dreadful, marrow-freezing laug
Mr. Thrupp dived through the window.

SHORTLY before seven-thirty th
evening two stage-hands had bee
conversing.

"Bill," said one, "that Jack Jackson '
been trying to make up to my gal, blam
'im!"

"A blighter, that's what 'e is," averre
the other. "Why, the mean bounder ain
even stood us a drink for a fortnight!"

"Tell you what," observed the fir
"when 'e does 'is stuff through th
window to-night, I vote we don't try
catch 'im."

And they didn't.

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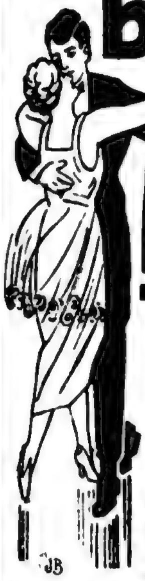
"I Love to Dance but—OH! MY FEET!"



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"Glad you like it. Yes, thanks to the Sharpex de-luxe you gave me"

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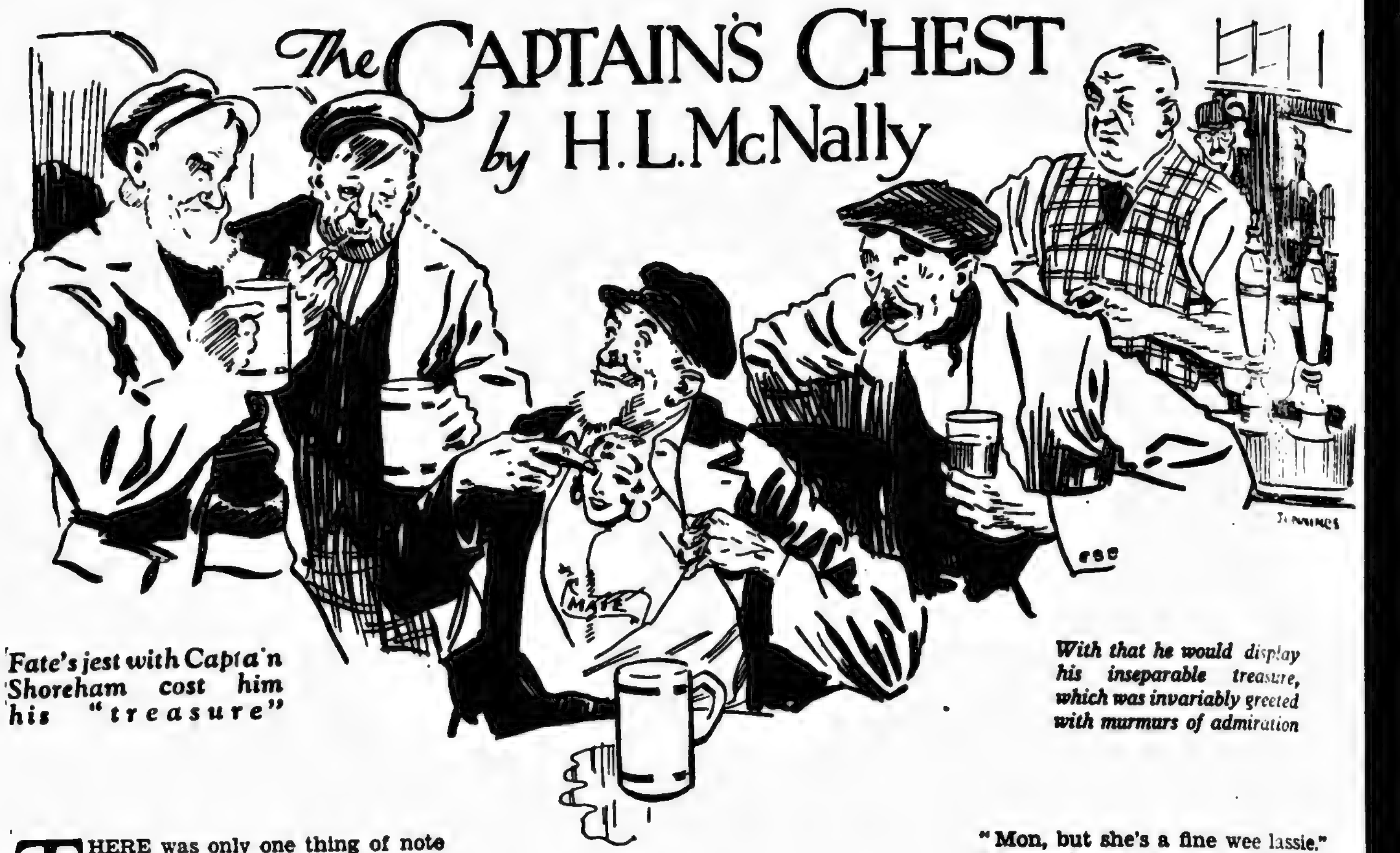
Boots
Timothy White, Taylors,
and all good class chemists. The most appropriate and welcome gift you can possibly buy. There is also a model at 2/-.

GIVE HIM A
SHARPEX
DE-LUXE RAZOR BLADE SHARPENER
Patentees: Pifco Ltd., High Street, Manchester.

The CAPTAIN'S CHEST

by H. L. McNally



'Fate's jest with Capt'a'n Shoreham cost him his "treasure"

With that he would display his inseparable treasure, which was invariably greeted with murmurs of admiration

THERE was only one thing of note about Cap'n Shoreham, and that, as befits a mariner with a courtesy title, was his chest.

Cap'n, his friends called him because, although he had not sailed the seven seas, he had steamed them, and his knowledge of navigation was sufficient for his needs.

He might have rounded the Horn with difficulty, but he never failed to find his way safely home from Aldgate pump to the East India Dock road.

Apart from his chest he was just ordinary. Sobriety made him surly; in his cups he was ever cheerful and reminiscent, loving to sit in a private bar and talk of ambergris, betel-nuts, copra—in fact, right through the alphabet of things landlubbers seldom see but occasionally smell around Hay's wharf way.

Once in a while, when Cap'n Shoreham booked a good order for marlinspikes, clack-valves or compasses, boxed and ready for use, he would unbend sufficiently to tell the story of his chest and even to display it with pride.

"A seaman's chest," he would say, "is his treasure, and no man can ever steal mine."

WITH that, he would unbutton his grey flannel shirt and display his inseparable treasure, which was invariably greeted by seamen with murmurs of admiration and by others with laughter which was instantly silenced by the ferocious scowl which the Cap'n directed at them.

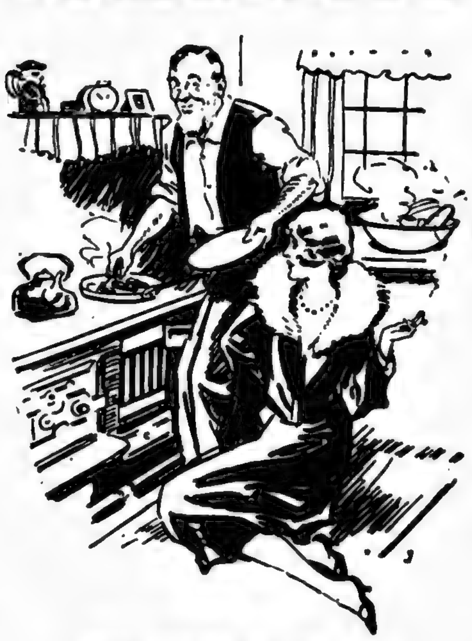
"It's my treasure," he would say, "and my greatest torment. Twenty pounds I paid to a Chink in Shanghai to do it, and I've never seen its equal."

Then he would take a deep breath and show to the onlookers the picture of a blonde, little less than life-size, tattooed over the great expanse which separated his neck from his waist.

Vivid yellow hair, blackened eyes, crimson lips, jade earrings and shapely shoulders: all were drawn with amazing skill on his leathery skin. Beneath it, on a scroll, was the name "Maie."

"Yes," he would explain, "that's Maie. Same as May, but distinguished. She was a one, too. 'She vellee, vellee lovee,' as the Chink said, and he guessed, though he'd only her photo to go by when he did it.

"Girl who travelled with me to Capetown a couple o' times, Maie was. In a touring company—dancing and singing, you know. Could hold her liquor like any seaman and swear with the best."



Maie smoked contentedly, sitting on the floor before the fire

"Mon, but she's a fine wee lassie."

"Sure, she's a beauty entirely."

"She's the goods O.K."

So the onlookers would express their admiration while the picture grew before their eyes as Cap'n Shoreham's chest expanded still further with pride.

Then someone always asked: "But, Cap'n Shoreham, why do you say she's your greatest torment?"

SHOREHAM always paused at this expected question, glared at the questioner, finished his beer, and delivered the following monologue, in which he had become word-perfect by constant repetition.

"Aye," he would reply, "torment. That's the word. Torment.

"It's not Maie that torments me, it's Mrs. Shoreham. You know Bridget, some of you, I think. Well, five years ago the trouble began, the day of our wedding. For I'd not told her of Maie. Why should I have?

"But when she saw my chest, she fair screamed. 'John Shoreham,' she yelled, jumping about the floor in her curling-papers, 'is it insulting me ye are, and on me wedding day, too?

"'Ye base scoundrel, philanderer with women, to face yer wedded wife with a Paris picture like that on yer chest.'

"BUT it was no use my explaining that it wouldn't come off. She took the scrubbing brush and vim to it and almost skinned me; but the Chink's masterpiece was as fine as ever. It took two bottles of port to quiet her that night.

"That's how it began."

At this stage Shoreham always emptied a glass provided by his eager audience.

Blowing the froth off his moustache, he would go on:

"Yes, that's how it began, and it's never

(Contined on page 64.)

C.A.V

THERE IS NO ACID TO SPILL

Perfect
for all
Portables

R3

.... this battery popularised jelly acid cells for portables ....

This C.A.V. Jelly Acid non-spillable L.T. cell has all the advantages of the ordinary free acid battery.

Buy one—use it in turn with your present battery. You will appreciate the difference and suffer no interruption to the continuity of programmes.

Put it in any position—it is quite safe. There is no acid to spill.

You will find it more convenient with any class of Receiver.

A post-card will bring you our Radio Battery Catalogue and a useful booklet on charging and maintenance

Have you tried the new C.A.V Dry High Tension yet?

C.A.Vandervell L^{TD}
WELL ST. BIRMINGHAM.

BIG BARGAINS

FOR EVERY HOME

Thousands of British housewives have chosen the "WORLD-WIDE" Wholesale Club to buy **Bedding, Furniture, Carpets, Rugs, Crockery, Boots, Clothing and Household Goods on Easy Terms, at less than Cash Prices.**

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WHOLESALE WAREHOUSES
(BRANCH OF J.D.WILLIAMS & C^O L^{TD})
CHARLES STREET, MANCHESTER.
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BRITAINS GREATEST BARGAINS

GUARANTEE

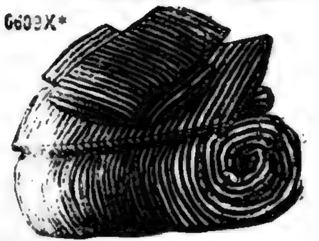
World-Wide Wholesale Warehouses guarantee Absolute Satisfaction. If for any reason you are dissatisfied with any purchase we will exchange it for exactly what you want.

ALL GOODS SENT CARRIAGE PAID.

Goods marked with a ★ for addresses in Ireland, Isle of Man, Channel Isles and Scottish Isles, please send 2/6 extra towards cost of carriage.

BEDDING BARGAIN

No. 6609X*



A full [illegible] Double Bed (4 ft. 6 in. wide) in wool flock, bolster, and 2 soft Pillows, well filled. It is made with reliable sanitary wool flock filling and strong ticking covers.

WORLD-WIDE PRICE £1

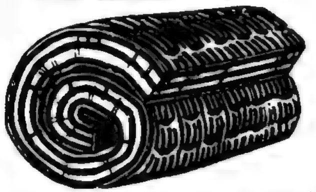
RECLINING CHAIR WITH TWO BROWN VELVET CORD CUSHIONS

Sturdily built and finished in Dark-Oak Shade. The back is adjustable to THREE different comfortable positions. It is because of this model's popularity that we can offer it at this price.

No. 6110X* **WORLD-WIDE PRICE £1**

WOOL MATTRESS

FULL DOUBLE-BED SIZE.



Piped edges, leather buttons, clean bright Ticking. Perfectly made to Government Standard.
No. 6604X*, 4 ft. 6 in. wide. Length 6 ft. 6 in.
No. A6604X*, 4 ft. wide. (State size).
In qualities according to size.

WORLD-WIDE PRICE £1

ORGANISERS WANTED

EASY AND PROFITABLE. NO EXPERIENCE REQUIRED.

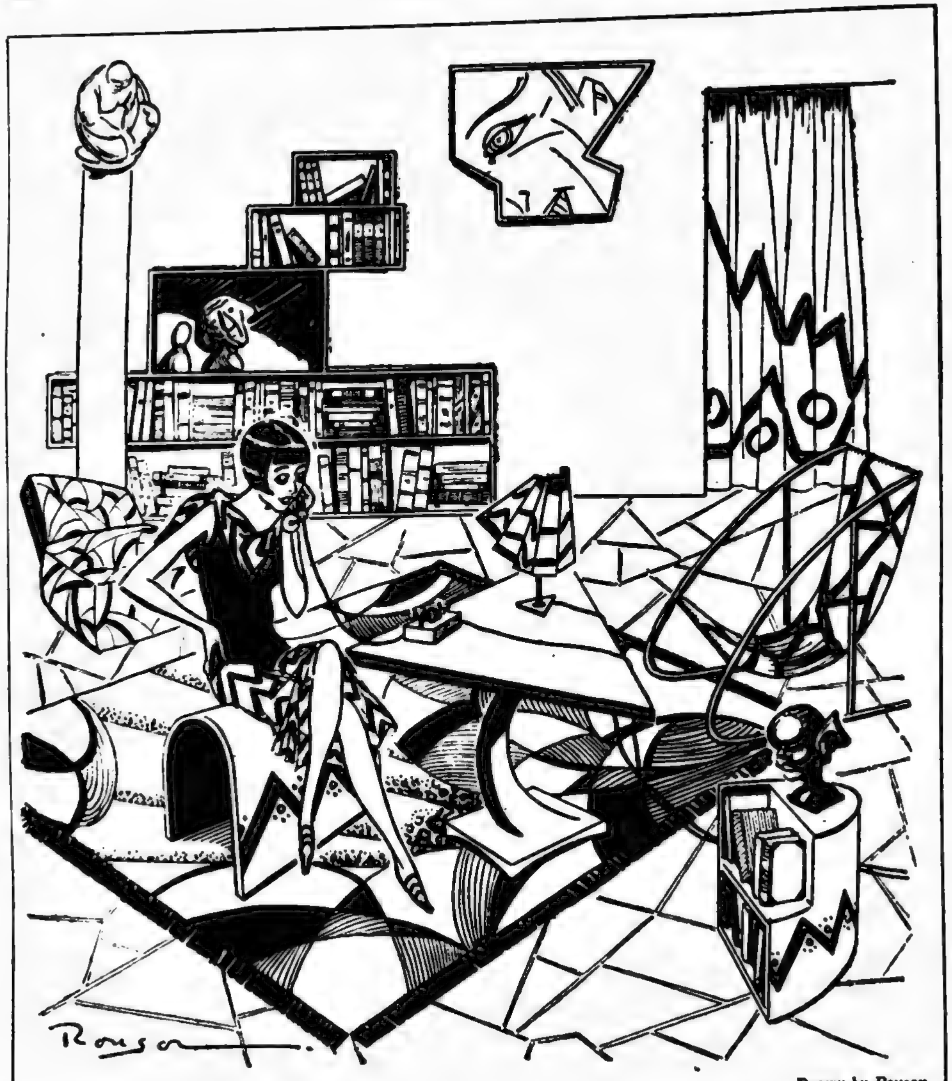
WORLD-WIDE WHOLESALE WAREHOUSES (branch of J. D. Williams and Co. Ltd.), the 56-years-old successful Mail Order House of Manchester, require Organisers for their "WORLD-WIDE" Clubs. To make extra money easily and pleasantly, become an Organiser of a "WORLD-WIDE" Club. Here is your OPPORTUNITY TO MAKE EXTRA MONEY IN YOUR SPARE TIME.

POST THIS COUPON TO-DAY

WORLD-WIDE WHOLESALE WAREHOUSES CO. (Dept. J.B./C).
(Branch of J. D. Williams & Co., Ltd.) **Charles Street, MANCHESTER.**

I'd like to make my spare moments profitable. Please send particulars and interesting Booklet, "HERE'S EXTRA MONEY FOR YOU"—**FREE** without expense or obligation.

NAME M. ....
(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)
ADDRESS ....
(Send in an unsealed envelope—½d. stamp only required).



Drawn by Rouson

HOSTESS (in ultra-modern flat): "You must come and spend a real old-fashioned Christmas with us."

THE CAPTAIN'S CHEST

(*Continued from page 62.*)

ended. I can't even mention my chest nowadays.

"If I've got a cold and ask for the oil to rub on my chest, Bridget goes all up in the air at once and screams at me: 'Yes, oil for the bould Cap'n's chest, is it? Oil for to rub on that unholy picture you've got there. The divil himself would not rub it off if he took a shovel full o' red-hot coals to it, ye ould reprobate, ye.'

"I tell you she goes on something awful. Fair crazy, she is with her divils and her Paris pictures. I'll shut her mouth for her one o' these days, for if I hadn't lost sight o' Maie Bridget'd still be Bridget Maloney instead o' the wife o' Cap'n Shoreham."

EVEN dry-land sailors sometimes go to sea. Shoreham was often on board vessels in dock, selling his anchors and foghorns and whatnot on commission, but a little luck in business decided him one day to go to Bordeaux.

"And mind," his wife told him, "and don't come back with another figurehead painted on yer stern. It's grey me hairs are looking at that hussy on yer chest, ye ould scallywag. Be 'long out o' that now, me bould Cap'n Shoreham."

The Cap'n went to sea, where he told Captain Adams about his trouble and his pride—and Bridget.

"Mon," counselled Adams, "think o' the pheelosophers. Think o' Job. Think o' Solomon an' the Queen o' Sheba. Think o' Socrates that died o' an overdose o' wedlock.

"Think, mon."

Shoreham thought and received much counsel from Adams, so that he spent three weeks in Paris before steaming back from Bordeaux to Tilbury.

There was a new firmness in his step as he walked ashore. His forehead was less wrinkled. Altogether, he looked years younger.

But when he reached his home in the East India Dock Road, there was no smell of cooking nor of washing. His wife was out, and on the table was a letter for him.

"Captain Shoreham," he read, "when you read this, if the divil spares you to do so, I'll be gone where ye'll never lay eyes on me again, nor me on yer painted chest.

"I'll be in Ireland when you read this, where men's decent and not oil paintings on two legs. May ye enjoy yerself with Maie, bad cess to ye, Captain Shoreham.

"Bridget Maloney (alias Shoreham that was)."

"Job . . . Solomon . . . Socrates . . . Adams was right," Shoreham mused a he lighted his pipe with the letter an took the tram to Aldgate, where, in hi favourite bar, he began to celebrate.

"Mrs. Shoreham's left me," he told hi cronies, "gone off, she is. Gone, whe I'd a surprise for her from Paris. That women for you."

Liquid tokens of sympathy soothed th indignant beating of his heart and for week he consoled himself with stron liquors, until one Saturday night on hi way to Aldgate he saw a girl in the tra

HIS heart almost stopped beatin under his variegated chest as h recognised her.

"Maie, Maie." He welcomed her.

"You, Johnnie, again. It's wonderful t see you."

But having visited a saloon bar an found it too public, they retired by ta with appropriate bottles to the rooms i the East India Dock Road so recentl vacated by Bridget Shoreham, that was.

"Let's make whoopee," Maie laughed and danced a Charlestonesque fandang before the fire.

"I thought, Johnny, I'd never see yo again, and I've been all round the worl since we parted at Capetown."

"Well," explained Cap'n Shoreham "I've travelled myself, too. Along th road of life, you might say. I've mar ried——"

Maie jumped up and seized her ha Shoreham gripped her shoulders.

"But you needn't worry," he explained "she was a terrible person and she's le me for good. I'll divorce her and we'll b married."

MAIE kissed the Cap'n and dance another fandango of deligh Shoreham took off his coat an retired to the little kitchen where he ha cooked his meals for over a week.

Maie smoked and drank port con tentedly, sitting on the floor before th fire while he rolled up his sleeves an washed up. Sausages sizzled, baco curled and eggs fried.

Shoreham piled a tray with good thing Maie waited, wrinkling her nose at th delightful smells.

He entered with the tray. "There, Mai darling," he announced.

But Maie stood by the fire, gazing wit horror-stricken eyes at the Cap'n's ope shirt.

"Johnny, Johnny," she screamed, "wha have you done?"

Shoreham made to fasten his shirt, bu Maie wrenched it open.

"Let me explain, darling," he bega but Maie only slapped his face, knocke the loaded tray off the table, snatched he hat and flung out of the house!

CAP'N Shoreham kicked the teapo out of his way and slumped into chair. There he sat for an hou murmuring at intervals: "Job . . . Solo mon . . . Sheba . . . Socrates . . wedlock."

For he fully realised that it would b no use explaining to Maie that his ex tended trip to Paris had been on Adams advice to have her tattoo portrait obliter ated and that it had been transforme into a basket of roses at great cost fo Bridget's sake.

And Bridget had left him in the hou of his supreme sacrifice.

Cap'n Shoreham was a broken man. Hi treasure was gone.

An Annual Problem

WE are all confronted with a common difficulty at this time of the year, namely, the choice of Christmas presents. In fact, a little of the joy of giving these gifts seems to be somewhat discounted by the difficulty in deciding what to buy. The busy man or woman feels more or less inclined to rush in and trust to luck that the selection will be suitable. This is not really the way to buy, especially to buy for others' pleasure. A little method is often better than a large purse, and just as you select colours in clothes, select wisely to suit other people's tastes.

For instance, Father—and Mother, too—would find themselves particularly happy and comfortable in the famous "*Berkeley*" *Easy Chair*, and long after the ordinary gift is gone, the strength, long life and luxurious comfort would still remain. Post the coupon on page 51 for illustrated Catalogue of all models, together with patterns.

Brighten their lives by installing the wonderful *Super-Aladdin Lamp*, whose ingenious draught-controlling feature enables it to be freely moved or even shaken without disturbing the steady light. It burns ordinary paraffin, costs less than ¼d. an hour and gives added brilliancy to the lighting of any room. Full particulars of the variety of shades, styles and colours can be obtained by writing to the manufacturers for the free illustrated *Aladdin* Catalogue (see page 49).

* * * * *

For Cousin Jack, who is a bit of a dandy, I should recommend a few packets of *Myatt Blades* (page 53), that ensure a close yet smooth shave which he would be the first to appreciate. His delight, too, would be a *Sharpex de Luxe Razor Blade Sharpener* (page 61) and some "*Anzora*" (page 55) to preserve his smart appearance. Just a few drops of this wonderful hair fixative will set his hair from dawn to sunset.

* * * * *

Young Daphne keeps fit by drinking a glass of hot water every morning to which has been added a teaspoonful of *Limestone Phosphate* (page 65), and includes in her daily diet some *Shredded Wheat*, the 100 per cent. food (page 45). She would simply adore a "*Burma*" *Gem Bracelet*, *Brooch* or *Ring* (page 45). These modern scientific reproductions of Nature's precious stones, mounted in exquisite settings, are ridiculously cheap. And the secret of her untiring zest for dancing . . . a hot "*Saltrates*" Foot Bath, which works wonders for tired feet! (page 61).

* * * * *

Phyllis, who is engaged to be married, must visit *Jay's Showrooms* (there are branches in every important town throughout the country—see page 57) where all her furnishing problems will be easily solved. A home which will be delivered free and privately can be obtained on simple easy terms. Write for their Bargain Catalogue of Furniture.

* * * * *

Uncle Harry would surely love some Cigarettes. Suggestions are offered on pages 6 and 33. The delightful gift boxes in which the popular Craven "A" and B.D.V. Cigarettes are packed will make a special appeal to the present-giver. Or consider a beautiful "*Platignum*" *De Luxe Fountain Pen*—a choice of a wonderful range appears on page 67. An illustrated list of all models can be secured from the makers.

* * * * *

There are things which we all must have to be up to date—a Battery such as that advertised on page 63, to bring our Wireless to perfection. The comfort of a smokeless *Gas Fire* that never flickers out . . . what sun-like warmth on these raw, cold days! (see page 47).

* * * * *

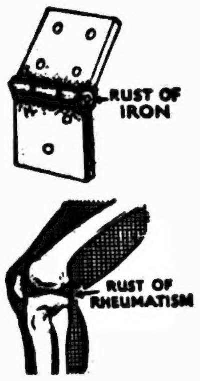
For the fun of the family, and friends as well, the new national game, "*Sorry*," will bring hours of laughter, interest and excitement, for it is the ideal combination of skill and chance appealing to all ages (see page 61). The Cash Prizes offered by the Civic Pipe Co. on page 51 in a simple Limerick Competition will doubtless appeal to the family circle.

* * * * *

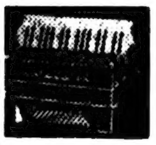
And last, but not least, see that ample supplies of *Nestlé's Milk* are in the house for Baby, and to those who need a little invigoration in the form of a stimulant to soothe jaded nerves, a cup of *Ovaltine* (page 3) or a glass of *Wincarnis* (page 2) will build up reserves of strength and vigour. Or what is more refreshing than a cup of delicious *Mazawattee Tea*? (page 57).

—and Don't Forget

Only reliable firms are allowed to advertise in the "John Bull" Xmas Annual. Of vital importance is the care taken to ensure that no reader suffers any disappointment or loss through any of the goods purchased from announcements appearing in this issue.


DRINK HOT WATER TO RID JOINTS OF RHEUMATISM.

Uric acid, the underlying cause of rheumatic pains and stiff joints, is daily being produced in your system! The food and drink you consume leave behind a certain amount of waste material which if not completely eliminated each day forms toxins (poisons) and uric acid. These noxious impurities find their way into the blood and circulate throughout the system, with the result that grain by grain uric acid collects in the joints much like rust collects on a hinge. Everyone should drink a glass of hot water before breakfast each morning to keep the system flushed of clogging impurities. Those who suffer from rheumatism, lumbago or sore, stiff aching joints, however, should add a teaspoonful of 'Limestone' Phosphate, not as a means to magic relief from pain, but to neutralise and dissolve away the uric acid and prevent more from forming in the system. Thousands of people keep their joints free from rheumatic acids and deposits by drinking a glass of hot water with a little 'Limestone' Phosphate in it. Quite apart from its power to keep down uric acid, this daily health measure proves wonderfully invigorating because it washes away from the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels all traces of acidity, sour bile and poisonous waste and cleanses the alimentary organs so that you look and feel fresh, fit and healthy all day. Most chemists can supply you with a quarter pound jar of 'Limestone' Phosphate for two shillings, and if a teaspoonful is taken in a morning glass of hot water all trace of uric acid will be neutralised and rheumatic troubles kept at bay.


Play this most
POPULAR INSTRUMENT the ITALIAN PIANO ACCORDIAN
30/- secures. Balance weekly.
Send for illustrated leaflets and order form now.
Carriage Paid anywhere U.K.
HESSY'S, 20, Manchester St., Liverpool

Every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in the "JOHN BULL" Xmas Annual.

ODHAMS PRESS LTD.

Make Yourself Popular by playing the Saxophone.

Amuse yourself and entertain your friends on this melodious instrument. Our FREE Tutor quickly teaches you to play successfully. WHY NOT SEND NOW? Hessy's E Flat Alto "Perfected" Saxophone outfit with the "tone-de-luxe," as illustrated, costs only £19 5s. cash, or supplied on first payment of 20/- and 14 monthly payments of 30/- or 7/6 weekly. Fitted with Single Automatic Octave Key, Roller Keys for B, C, C sharp and D. Finish, Silver plated. Pearl finger tips. Complete with Ebonite mouthpiece, Sling, Reeds and Tutor. In professional velvet lined case. Packed and Carr. Paid U.K.

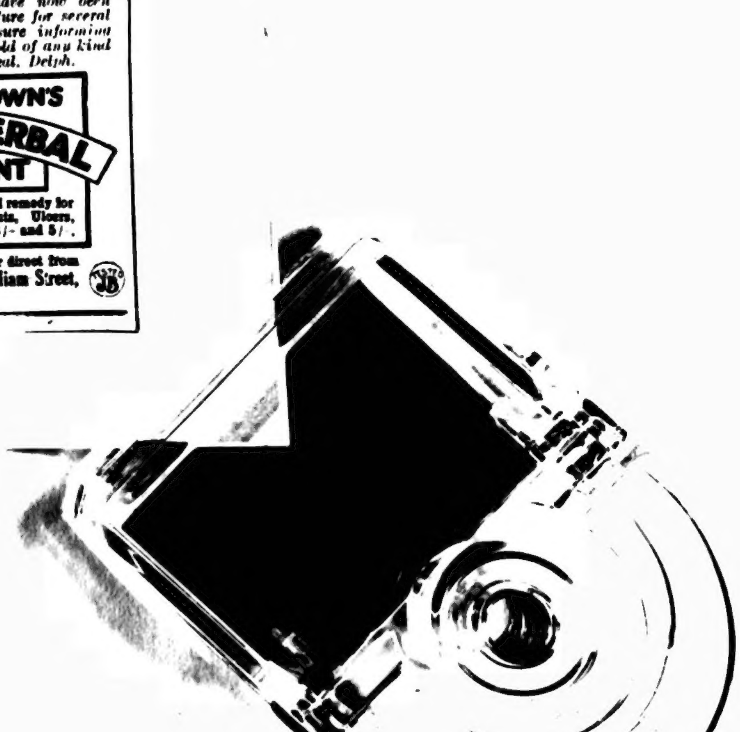
TO BUYERS ABROAD.
The Saxophone will be packed free F.O.B. Liverpool. Extended Terms do not apply Abroad.
HESSY'S, 20, Manchester Street, LIVERPOOL.

DR LANE'S
CATARRH CURE
THE
PROVED
REMEDY

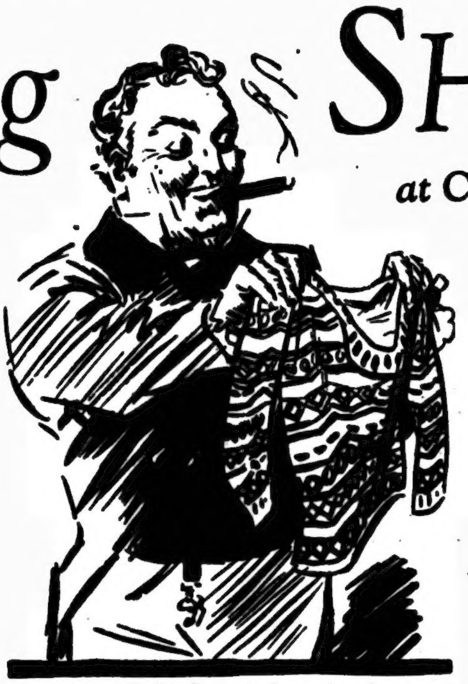
People who have suffered for years from Chronic Catarrh—people who have been victims to the severest kinds of colds, have found certain relief by using Dr. Lane's Catarrh Cure.
It is a simple and effective means of protection against infection.
1/3, 3/- and 5/- per bottle.
From Taylor's, Boot's and all Chemists and Stores.

READ THESE LETTERS:—
"I have suffered for years with Chronic Catarrh, and three weeks ago was recommended to try Dr. Lane's Catarrh Cure by a gentleman who could not speak too highly of it. I couldn't have believed that anything could have had such a remarkable result in so short a time after having tried so many other remedies without the least success."—(Miss) D. R. 26/3/30.
"For many years I have been subject to severe running colds. I have now been using Dr. Lane's Catarrh Cure for several months and have great pleasure informing you that I have not had a cold of any kind during this period."—J. Meal. Delph.

O. PHELPS BROWN'S
NATURE'S HERBAL
OINTMENT
For over 60 years a recognised remedy for Skin Troubles, Bruises, Cuts, Ulcers, Chilblains, Piles, &c. 1/3, 3/- and 5/-.
From all Chemists and Stores. Or direct from
O. Phelps Brown, 75, Fitzwilliam Street, Huddersfield.



Parting SHOTS



at Christmas correspondents

by the Editor

Tim D. (Dublin).—"Holly is dead nowadays." And berried.

* * *

G. K. (St. Albans).—"The farmer told me his troubles." A harrowing tale?

* * *

O. S. (South Shields).—"For a wager a hotel chef recently made a Christmas pudding blindfolded." Blind man's duff.

* * *

P. F. (Lichfield).—"What does the youngster of to-day demand of his elders?" Cigarette coupons.

* * *

J. S. (Alfreton).—"My wife and I would like to give our Christmas party a happy twist. What do you suggest?" A corkscrew.

* * *

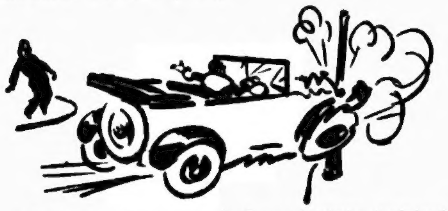
Mrs. W. (Sydenham).—"How much should a mother tell her daughter?" Not much, unless she wants to display her ignorance.

* * *

F. N. (Sudbury).—"A man isn't old if he feels fit." And a woman is always as old as she thinks fit.

* * *

F. W. (Norwich).—"Where is the modern woman going?"



That is what puzzled motorists behind her often wonder.

* * *

P. M. (London, N.).—"I attribute my longevity to our climate." It would put years on anybody.

* * *

H. H. (Rochford).—"There's no place like home." That's why many a man prefers his club.

* * *

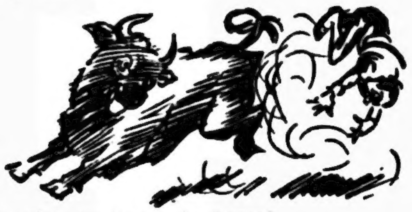
G. K. (Totnes).—"My motto is—Take what comes and carry on." People who receive income tax demands next month will probably carry on dreadfully.

* * *

W. R. (Farnham).—"I understand that coats of lamb's wool will be popular in the New Year." Husbands also expect to be fleeced.

* * *

Traveller (Oxford). — "Bull-fighters must act promptly and cannot afford to stop and think."



He who hesitates is tossed.

* * *

G. W. (Monmouth).—"M.P.s can say just what they think in the House of Commons." That is probably why so many of them keep silent.

Lecturer (Oxford). —" A genius is a man of remarkable gifts." Then we are always a genius at this time of the year.

* * *

G. M. B. (Hampstead).—"There's only one thing that would stop me from living in a haunted house." That's the spirit.

* * *

D. E. (Hastings).—"Women are not inferior to men, they just think they are." We would like to meet one of the latter type just to see what the species look like.

* * *

B. M. (Colchester).—"My firm is sending a free box of crackers to all our M.P.s." Surely it is a bit optimistic to think that they will pull together for once?

* * *

Observant (Clacton).—"The spirit of Christmas is already abroad." But we have kept a bottle of it at home to pour over the plum-pudding.

A BOOKING CLERK'S BILLET-DOUX

December 27.

DARLING,

I did not get your letter until to-day (D). I kissed it a hundred times (B). I cursed the post for not delivering it earlier (Z).

No, sweetheart, you did not see me with Sally Jones on Monday evening (T). Surely, you are not even a little bit jealous of me? (x).

I am looking forward to seeing you to-morrow night (W). We can have a meal at your home (P).

Your hubby to be (E),

JACK.

(D) No service on Christmas Day or Boxing Day.
(B) Non-stop.
(Z) Limited service in fog.
(T) Tuesdays and Thursdays only.
(x) No option of changing.
(W) Weather permitting.
(P) There is always a diner on this service.
(E) In eff[illegible]ch 1.

17 DEC 31

Doctor (Leeds). — "I recently cam across a man who had no tonsils." Another doctor must have got there first.

* * *

D. F. S. (Glasgow).—"Many toughs collect at greyhound race meetings." Then they're luckier with their bets than we are.

* * *

Miss T. (Birmingham).—"I have decided to change my name by deed poll." Wouldn't any man come up to the scratch?

* * *

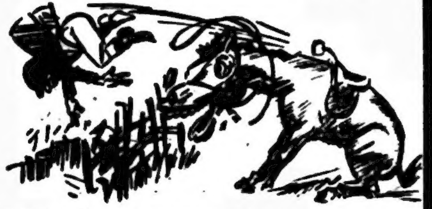
W. D. (Bury).—"A new house collapsed in a Midland suburb." People who live in modern dwellings should not attempt to hang pictures on the walls.

* * *

S. K. (Iver).—"Missing stanzas of 'Home, Sweet Home' have been found." Now that winter is approaching even hikers may give the place a trial during week-ends.

* * *

Rider (Leicester).—"It's a strange sensation to feel oneself going over hurdles."



Especially when your horse won't go with you.

* * *

G. E. (Peckham).—"An ambitious man will get on wherever he goes." Except an omnibus during the rush hour.

* * *

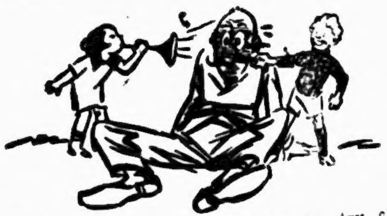
F. L. (Margate).—"Divorce, gambling, arson, fraud, theft and murder are unknown among certain African tribes." The Sunday papers *must* be dull.

* * *

G. M. (Bath).—"Talkies are now being shown in many of our schools." It is to be hoped that boys will not get into the deplorable habit of saying "O.K., Baby!" to the more youthful lady teachers.

* * *

D. R. (Cambridge).—"The way to keep young is to live with young people."



And the way to get old is to try and keep up with them at Christmas-time.

* * *

Generous (Repton).—"You remember the cigars I sent you last Christmas . . ." That's all right, in times of good will to all men, we will forget and forgive.

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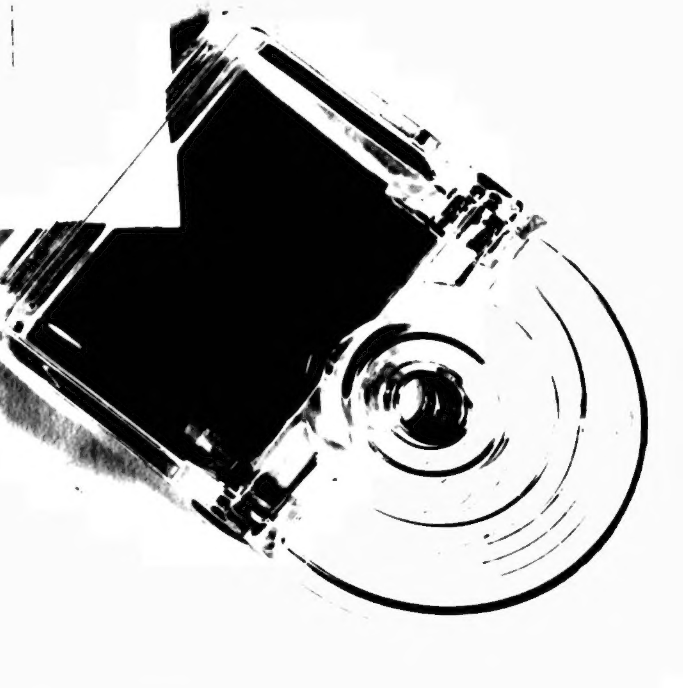

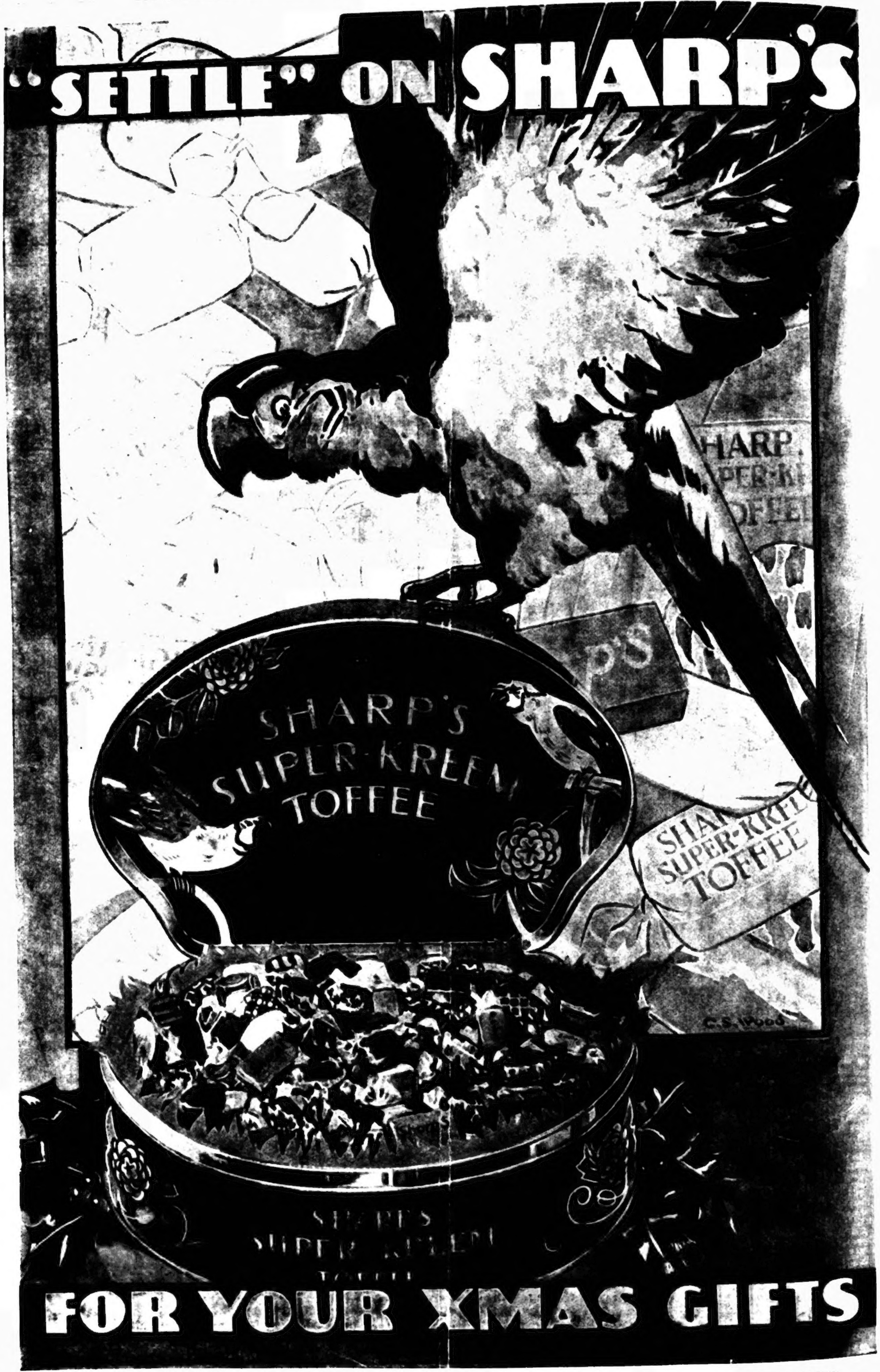
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